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WEEKLY EDITION.

FIRE!

The Terrible Story of the Last Wisconsin Hamlet that Fought the Hurricane of Fire.

Cowards and Heroes.

[Ahnapee, Wis., Letter to N. Y. Tribune.]

Human annals do not surpass, in equal time and space, the immensity and intensity of suffering and death crowded into the meager epitome of one single hour. The scene of a thriving industry, and the home of nearly a hundred people, the place, though isolated from any human vicinity, had maintained a flourishing and tranquil vitality. The shingle mill, with its coadjutant industries, gave employment to the entire people, women and children dividing the easy labors of shingling and binding. There were but four buildings on the clearing—the mill, the general boarding house, a store, and the barn. Economy and convenience, curious to say, had dictated the selection of this remote spot. The timber inexhaustibly covered the place, and it was of unequaled quality; a lazy little stream meandering through the gnarled roots and soft soil offered a supply of water, enough with artesian wells to drive the mill machinery. It was cheaper to work the great logs into marketable shape here, where they were right at hand, than establish the mills on the lake or bay and drag the immense timber over miles of wretched roads. The fiery experience of the west shore—of the whole Northern Wisconsin—had been the experience of this wood-immersed hamlet. For weeks, incessant, laborious battle had been waged night and day, reliefs of men, and even women, taking turns in the exhausting contest. It was hoped that all danger had been warded off when a wide belt, fully a mile deep, had been burned outward from the clearing. The serenity of assured safety had come upon the people when this black circumvallation was complete—the very night before the calamity. On that fatal Sunday morning the mill operations suspended, and the men who had homes in the neighboring towns of Big and Little Sturgeon made an early start through the woods. When night came some kindly Providence detained them, and the massacre was so much less. The night came on tranquilly, the humid air gave grateful promise of coming rain, and the last lingering distrust was banished from the timidest inhabitant. Early in the night most of the little population in the hamlet were in-doors or in bed. It was still early when those casually astir outside saw a great glowing light shoot athwart the southern sky, and, spreading rapidly west and northward, continue with dazzling brilliancy. Presently a slender column of fire shot forward, and, caught by a whirlwind, came plowing through the solid timber toward the mill. By this time the sleepers and all had rushed from the barrack in a wild, clamoring consternation.

Three brothers, Williamsons, owned the mill, and had in the colony mother, father, sisters, wives, and children. Hastily charging the women to care for themselves, the brothers set about saving the property if possible. But before the hose could be brought to bear, the saving of life alone became the stake in the dreadful encounter. The brothers, as proprietors, seem for a time to have been full of calm, brave discretion, and, with the full realization of the sudden danger in the first rush of the tornado, attempted systematic plans of preservation. The women were directed as far as possible to put on men's clothes throughout, as offering less chance for the fire to catch. So far as known, not a woman heeded the advice. Had they done so, their lives might not have been sacrificed on that ignoble pyre. Even if life had not been spared, the most revolting sights of the massacre would have been spared the heart-broken survivors. This was the last shred of coherent conduct among the frightened people. Swift whirling columns of flame had cut through the intervening timber, and fell voraciously on the light frame buildings. The whirlwind lashing the trees into fragments caught the fire in roaring surges, and flung it about in billowy waves among the tree-tops. Slender tongues of fire falling from above played in malevolent currents across the clearing. A desperation of terror filled men, women, and children—a terror as natural as fatal, for had common fortitude led the group not a soul need have perished. With one impulse the frantic mass, battling and crowding, rushed to the potato patch. Here a rising ground was crowned by a shallow pit, not six feet around, and hardly, at the deepest part, two feet below the surface of the ground. Men now living, who came almost unscathed through that night of doom, tell how, before the evil time, when the fires were raging, this spot had been fixed on as a place of safety, because, almost in the center of the clearing, with no inflammatory matter near, it seemed to promise a breathing in case of a general conflagration. There had been constant jocosities and banter about this "center of salvation," and some one actually attempting to enlarge the cavity had been driven off by good-natured ridicule. Even as late as Saturday it had been used as a place of refuge notwithstanding, and, when the actual danger came, the credulous mass remembered the delusive pit. If that fatal spot had not been, if the whimsical belief had not obtained a firm hold, there is not the slightest doubt but the forty-seven that perished would have escaped in the neighboring woods. Into that cramped place, crowding, buffeting, begging, cursing, imploring, praying, shrieking, men, children and women elbowed and fought in the frenzy of a hideous desperation and terror. Not large enough to admit a dozen by the closest packing, nearly fifty wrestled and crowded in and about the fatal spot. With ostrich instinct, in the abjectness of their unreasoning fear, men plowed their burning heads under the living pyre. An inextricable pyramid of bodies, in all sorts of conceivable postures, stood in the flame-swept place.

There were a few in this awful time that preserved an amazing equanimity. The engineer of the mill, Byron Merrill, a young fellow of marked character and intelligence, battled resolutely till the last chance to save his employers' property, and only when the futility of the effort and the danger to life became obvious was his self-imposed duty resigned. A bit of romance tinges the glaring picture. His sweetheart was the relative of the mill-owners, Miss Maggie Williamson, a girl, it is said, of rare beauty and attraction. The young fellow, bright and cultured beyond his kind, regarded with favor and affection for many a mile around, had won her heart, and the two were to have been married. The girl, with her kindred, had fled to the potato-patch, and here, suffocating with smoke, their garments in flames, and writhing in awful agony, the young fellow found the chief part of the people. He tried to scatter the infatuated group; with his hat pressed closely over his mouth and nostrils, he directed the group to break and take shelter in the edge of the timber. Hopeless! The roar of the hurricane, even the blood-curdling shrieks of the sufferers drowned his voice. He tried by main force to tear the hideous mass asunder, but the strength of a giant could not have broken the maddened clutch of the wretched sufferers. The group was immovably fixed to the fatal spot, and rose from burning sand a fiery Laocoon struggling with the coiling flames. Merrill, hastily fetching wetted blankets, threw them over the nearest sufferers, meantime shouting to them to break for the timber, not twenty steps away. Useless. With the skin hanging in shreds upon his hands and forehead, he carried water and poured it on the infatuated group, while the ignoble crowding went on madly among the swiftly roasting crowd. The tumultuous struggle had been from the first a loathsome, unreasoning fear; a moment's coolness, a moment's cessation of the frightful effort to wedge downward, would have given life to all. The time came, however, when the faithful Merrill, stripped almost of clothing, and burned beyond recognition, had to give up the heroic effort, and, plunging through the darting flame, dashed his burning body in the well. Earlier in the catastrophe a half dozen heavy sleepers had found tardiness their salvation from the potato patch, and they darted into the timber belt, which had been carefully burned out long before to keep the fire from the houses. Here, prone on the ground, they protected themselves, while the mad crowd, not ten yards away, roasted in their blindness. The falling trees could be guarded against, but nothing could save from the encompassing fire in the clearings. One came, too, whose frail chance of life the meanest creature struggling in that hot pit would not have refused, an old tottering, half blind, trembling woman, mother to the owners of the mill. She must have been forgotten in the first rush, for when she came toward the potato patch it was filled with a swarming crowd thrown prone upon their faces in the shallow depths of the potato pit. Seven of her kindred writhed in that hideous knot. Passing on with decrepit step, the venerable mother, whose eighty-four years had not worn out coolness and discretion, came upon a great bowlder near the edge of the timber. Climbing on this, although half suffocated, she covered her head with her skirts, and, with clothes carefully tucked up from the running flames, kept for hours on the back of this unique salamander. The only son that came out of the fire with his life, it is said, did not forget his duty, and aided his mother to this forlorn refuge. Be that as it may, with a thick blanket well wetted over her body and her skirts out of reach of the hot incendiary sand, the brave old lady perched on that rock through the long night of agony, every shriek of her roasting kindred splitting her ears, and their burning bodies almost within reach of her helpless arms. Twice through the night she received succor, once from her son, who came up and wetted her covering, and once from the barnmaster, Bush, who also bathed her head and gave her cool water to drink. Through the whole unspeakable tragedy of piteous cowardice ran this vein of simple fortitude and heroic endurance.

The mill blacksmith, Michael Adams, stands out as though of almost antique mold. He was a man of gigantic figure and grave, rough reserve. When the danger came, he gathered his three children and baby in his great strong arms, and with his wife strode to the center of the clearing, where he calmly placed them on wetted blankets, and, covering them with his coat, quietly brought water in buckets and saturated the frail protection. The flames hissed and roared about him, but he never desisted. Resisting the hot torrents with wonderful endurance, and even when his hair was ablaze, his hands fleshless, and the coals eating into his flesh, he continued his efforts for wife and child. The young engineer and the barn-master shouted to him to fly to the woods. He seemed to hear them, but calmly shaking his head remained at his post. As his strength and sight began to fail, he looked with unutterable yearning toward the helpless group at his feet, then glanced anxiously toward the wood. Whether he saw that there was the better chance of safety can never be known; he reeled suddenly and dropped like shot in his tracks. When help came to that group the next day, an unscarred babe lay in the arms of its dead mother, the father's arm about both. They were, of course, all dead, but the father alone, with one arm burned off, was unrecognizable, save by his giant frame. Even the dog that howled, smothering in the hot air and kept in an ecstacy of restless motion to prevent being roasted on the hot sands, seemed impressed by this man's devotion. Wagging delirious inquiry with his tail, and interjecting sharp barks, he seemed to plead with his obdurate master. Hopeless of recognition, then he would poke his nose under the wet blankets, and, after [illegible] through cooling, emerge dejectedly, as though deprecating the weakness while his master stood exposed. Sands growing hotter and hotter, the forbearing brute made for the woods, but in mid-career, and almost in the performance of a jig—his legs were kept moving so briskly to keep his feet from burning—he turned longingly, as if reminding the man that this was the way to safety. No heed was paid him, and with painful limps and piteous whines he returned, and settling his feet on the blanket, stared eagerly at his master. His poor singed body was found in that attitude of love and duty.

At the well, which stood nearest the house, a wretched group had taken refuge—not only at, but in it. Six people flung themselves into this last resort, counting confidently on it as a place of security. Finally, when crippled by the fire, and exhausted by his long efforts, the young man Merrill threw himself into that crowded pit also, the place was packed. Even here his presence of mind was all that saved a life where life had very little chance. The frail wooden curbing above the mouth had taken fire, and the flames began to run downward fiercely. The paralyzed group dared not put out their heads, lest the flames should smother them. But Merrill, without an instant's hesitation, uprose and flung the dangerous thing away, and the barn-master, hovering about the edge of the woods, presently refreshed the smothered victims by a bucketful of water. The well was, notwithstanding, a place of death. The flames, sweeping savagely over the clearing, lurched and spit down hatefully into the crowded pit, and soon the steady blaze from within indicated the fate of its inmates. Merrill still held his mind, and resisted the flames. In this he was aided by Brush, who helped him to his final deliverance. He aided all who would listen to him manfully, and to him the few that were saved, in a large measure, owe their lives. He brought water from the creek to aid the group on the potato-patch, and kept the sheltering blankets saturated as long as he dared venture inside the line of fire. It must not be supposed that outside the clearing stretched a solitude of safety. On the contrary, the ceaseless explosions of breaking trunks and splintered branches were so terrific, mingled with volumes of flame in the tree tops, that the great part of the people preferred to risk the dangers of the open ground. But the thick wood had its security, and with care the people that lay down near the edge found themselves, when the frightful morning came, substantially uninjured.

Here the climax comes; the tragedy is complete in this one terrific picture; the light of the new day revealed only the machinery of the horrid masterpiece. The red glare of night had changed into the bleak dawn, and the dawn had changed into high noon before a helpful hand broke into the black Golgotha. The barnmaster Bush, when silence had fallen upon the place an hour or two before dawn, took horse and attempted to make his way to Little Sturgeon; as well try to ride through a stone wall. Leaving his horse behind, he struggled, by the bright light of the burning pines, and, after incalculable trouble in the way and out of the way, some time about daylight he came upon the ruins of a lumberman's cabin, which by the regular path was not more than two miles from the mill. He had been hours in reaching it, and, worn out by the labors and agony of the night, he sat down to rest. Presently the owner came, and together the two men started back to the settlement. They came first to the well. Merrill, apparently quite dead, was taken out first. Six more after, all dead, save a child, crowded below its mother at the bottom. Merrill soon gave feeble evidence of life, and was cared for at once. Bush ran to the stone to aid the old woman; the blankets were rolled away. The stone was bare, and no vestige of Mrs. Williams could be found. Then they came upon the pit. An indistinguishable heap of arms, legs and bodies, perfectly still and wholly naked, was all that remained of the mass that came there in abundant life a few hours before. They were all dead, and few of them recognizable. Seven Williamsons perished in the group, among others the young girl, whose long black hair was found clutched in masses in her uncharred hands.

The darkness of a new night threw a pitying vail over the scene when the first relief from the outside had succeeded in cutting a way through. The work of burial began next morning, and 59 were accounted for in the fatal clearing. The venerable mother was found on the road to Big Sturgeon the day after her terrible exposure, very feeble and worn out. She was tenderly cared for, and is in a fair way to regain what she can count but little—her health. One son out of three was spared. Her husband laid his gray hairs in the terrible holocaust; her whole kindred passed away in the ravages of that deadly night. To this day the woods are not clear of their dead. Bodies in every stage of decay are constantly brought in by the committees, and until that is ended the grand total can only be a matter of conjecture.

THE ELECTIONS.

[Special Dispatch to the Courier-Journal.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 8.—The Administration is very jubilant over the result of yesterday's elections. The President and Secretary Boutwell remained up till midnight waiting for the returns, and seemed to be greatly overjoyed over the news from New York. The Administration papers here boast that it settles the campaign next year in favor of the re-election of Grant. One of the results of the New York election will probably be the retention of Collector Murphy.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—No election in many years has been as full and peaceable and fair as that of yesterday. In all but four of the Assembly districts of the city either the Republicans or reform candidates were elected.

Sigel's majority for Register is five thousand.

Barrett, for the Supreme Court, beats Ledwith, the Tammany nominee, by a heavy majority.

Tweed is the only Tammany candidate for the Senate elected.

Eighteen Republican candidates from the city are elected against three Tammany candidates.

The entire county ticket of the Committee of Seventy is elected, and also all the reform candidates for aldermen.

The vote fell behind the registry in many districts in the State.

Probably 22 Republican Senators against 10 Democrats are elected. The Assembly will be thoroughly Republican.

NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.

The Times says: "The people have nobly responded to the appeals made to them. We have gained a greater victory than we dared to hope for. Once more can we be proud of our city and State; and rest in perfect security that the long reign of the rascals and outlaws is over."

The World says: "Returns from the State indicate the election of the Republican ticket by at least 20,000 majority. As it never rains but it pours, the majority may be even more than this. We have lost the State Legislature, and the Republicans will not fall far short of a two-thirds vote in either house."

The Star (Tweed's paper) says: "We have met the enemy, and candor compels us to announce that we are very decidedly theirs. There is no good in blinding the facts. Tammany's ticket is overwhelmingly defeated."

The Express says: "Tammany is completely smashed."

The Commercial says: "The election yesterday shows that the people can vindicate their claims to self-government." It urges a continuation of reform organizations.

The Post congratulates the public on the victory of yesterday as evidence that the people are capable of self-government.

HOW BROOKLYN VOTED.

The Brooklyn Union this morning concedes that the city has gone Democratic, but stoutly maintains that it has been carried by dishonest counting. Powell (Dem.) is elected Mayor by 13,000 over Booth, and 10,000 over both Booth and Kalbfleisch. The State Democratic ticket in Brooklyn was carried by 10,000 majority.

Further returns from Brooklyn confirm the previous dispatch that the Democratic city and county ticket is elected by about 8,000 majority, as stated.

Tweed's exact majority is 12,984, a loss of 10,000.

The Assembly will stand 71 Republicans to 57 Democrats.

The vote cast in the Twelfth ward exceeds the total male residents.

On the State ticket the Republicans gain one Senator and two Assemblymen.

GENERAL RETURNS.

Further returns show that Johnson, Democrat, is elected to the Senate in the Twenty-sixth District of the State, making that body stand 24 Republicans and 8 Democrats, including one Tammany (Tweed).

In the Assembly the Republicans have about 40 majority.

Horatio Seymour was defeated by Thomas C. Fields by 1,341 to 2,218.

Samuel J. Tilden has 3,500 majority.

Aleck Frear, Tammanyite, has 15 majority in the Fifteenth District. There is one precinct to hear from.

Hall, Democrat, is elected in the Twenty-first District.

Curtis and Sedgwick, Democrat and Reform, were chosen for the Superior Court over Jones and Spencer by about 22,000.

Spaulding, Republican, is elected for the Marine Court by 21,000.

Barrett's majority over Ledwith is nearly 44,000.

In Brooklyn, Powell's majority is 4,329 over Booth, while the latter beat Kalbfleisch 6,128.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Nov. 8.—The returns are in from most points reached by the telegraph, and indicate the election of the Republican State ticket by from eight to ten thousand majority.

Governor Austin runs some behind his ticket, as does also Jennison for Secretary of State, owing to a diversion of the Scandinavian vote for Folk.

The Pioneer concedes the election of Austin for Governor.

The Press comments significantly on the fact that at the last election the Democratic majority against Austin was two thousand and twenty-seven, while this year it is but thirty-two.

NEWARK, Nov. 8.—The latest returns from all parts of New Jersey indicate that Parker, Democrat, for Governor, is elected by about 4,500 majority, being about the same as Gov. Randolph had three years ago.

The Legislature is Republican in both branches. The Senate has 12 Republicans and 9 Democrats, and the Assembly 38 Republicans and 22 Democrats, a Republican majority on joint ballot of 19, being a gain of 4 members.

Newark city gave Parker 826 majority, being a Democratic gain of about 1,600 over the charter election of last month.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The State returns since morning indicate the majority to be about 5,000 for Parker. In the Legislature the Republicans have 37 in the Assembly and the Democrats 29. Senate—Republicans 12, Democrats 9. Complete returns may vary these figures a trifle.

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 8.—The election returns to-day indicate that the House of Delegates will be about the same in political complexion as the last, which was two-thirds conservative. The Republicans probably gained one or two Senators.

ATCHISON, Nov. 8.—The entire Republican ticket was elected in this county yesterday by majorities ranging from 65 to 500.

In Doniphan, Nemaha and Marshall counties the Republicans elect their officers.

MONTGOMERY, Nov. 8.—Samuel F. Rice, a leading Republican of Alabama, is defeated for the Legislature by Knox by over 3,000 majority.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.

EMIGRATION RETURNS.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Emigration returns of the port of Liverpool for the month of October, show a total of 14,263 departures for the United States.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

The British expedition for the observation of the total eclipse of the sun on the 11th of December, prox., has arrived at the Island of Malta.

CHICAGO RELIEF.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—The Lord Mayor's fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Chicago fire had reached last evening the amount of £47,100. Contributions from the interior towns from individuals still continue to be received.

ABOUT THE MORMONS.

The Times, in a leading article approving the action of President Grant in regard to the Mormons, urges in strong terms their severe punishment.

REMAINS OF GEN. ANDERSON.

LONDON, Nov. 8.—The remains of General Robert Anderson will be conveyed to America in the U. S. steamer Guerriere.

FRANCE.

NEW MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

PARIS, Nov. 7.—Baron Gaulderie Balleiu, recently French envoy at Lima, Peru, has been transferred to the mission at Washington.

GERMANY.

THE WORKINGMEN.

BERLIN, Nov. 6.—A congress for the consolidation of trades' unions will be held here on the 19th inst. A union of all workingmen's associations for co-operative purposes is proposed.

AUSTRIA.

RESIGNATION OF VON BEUST.

VIENNA, Nov. 7.—Count Von Beust, Chancellor of the Empire, has tendered his resignation on the ground of ill-health. The Vienna Presse, the organ of the opposition, hints that the retirement of the Premier was involuntary, and that he had received from the Emperor an intimation to the effect that his resignation would be acceptable.

It is said Count Androssy will take the portfolio of foreign affairs.

THE MAXIMILIAN STATUE.

The unveiling of the statue of Emperor Maximilian took place to-day with solemn and imposing ceremonies. Emperor Francis Joseph, the archdukes and members of the ministry took part. The solemnity of the large crowds of people who attended manifested their respect for the ill-fated monarch by impressive silence.

RESIGNATION ACCEPTED.

The Emperor has accepted the resignation of Count Von Beust.

CONFIRMED.

He has also confirmed the appointment of Count Andrassy, who is rapidly completing the *personnel* of his administration.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Facts and Rumors Concerning the Recent Kuklux Arrests—The State Plundered by its Officials.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The Tribune's special from Columbia, S. C., says in York county over one hundred men have been arrested, including four negroes, and nearly as many more have voluntarily given themselves up, who confessed that they belonged to the Kuklux Klan, and have told the whole story of their connection in Spartanburg county. The number of arrests thus far is about one hundred, many of whom made confessions. The greater part of the men apprehended belong to the poor white class. The reports published in some of the New York newspapers of the arrests of women are untrue, as are all other stories about the prisoners being subjected to cruel treatment or unnecessary hardship.

THE STATE PLUNDERED.

The World reiterates the report regarding the plundering of South Carolina by State officers. It says later information shows it not only to be correct, but even so tempered in the interest of truth and justice towards all, as to fall far short of the real condition of affairs.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

Senator Scott has received a letter from Yorkville, S. C., dated October 29th, which states that Tomlinson and Bratton, together with twenty or thirty others of the Kuklux, have precipitately fled. About sixty delivered themselves up. The evidence is very strong against them. There is confirmation of large numbers having engaged in whipping and also murders. Brown, and Leet, and Roundtree, besides a few other murderers not heretofore suspected, were arrested. Thirty men concerned in various murders are in jail. Most of them have confessed. There is rejoicing among the people for the relief which has been afforded them.

TEXAS.

Safe Arrival of Big Trees at the Penitentiary—Resolutions of Censure—Died.

GALVESTON, Nov. 7.—The Indian chief Big Trees, whose sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, has arrived safely at Huntsville penitentiary.

RESOLUTIONS OF CENSURE.

The following was adopted by 44 to 33.

Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That the action of his Excellency E. J. Davis, in declaring martial law in the counties of Freestone and Limestone, is hereby disapproved as being unnecessary to the ends of public justice and uncalled for, as the courts of the counties were in the unobstructed exercise of their proper jurisdiction, and illegal, as the Legislature was then in session.

Resolved, further, That the governor be and is hereby requested and instructed to restore civil authority in said counties, and withdraw all armed forces therefrom and disband the same, and that he inform this Legislature of the expense of the same, that action may be had with reference thereto.

The belief is now strong that Judge Oliver will be impeached. It is said he was the cause of all the trouble at Groesbeck.

DIED.

Don Campbell, Lieutenant Governor, died this morning.

GEORGIA.

Proceedings in the Legislature Against Bullock—He is Suspected of Having Committed High Crimes and Misdemeanors.

ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 7.—Both branches of the Legislature have adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Rufus B. Bullock, late Governor of the State, who has resigned his office, left the State under circumstances leading to a grave suspicion that he is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, and has, in charging in a letter bearing date of October 23, 1871, addressed to his political friends and the people of Georgia, that a majority of the House of Representatives had pledged themselves and their votes for articles of impeachment against him without investigation, and had determined to unseat a sufficient number of Representatives and Senators to secure his conviction, without regard to truth and validity, defamed this General Assembly by charges which are untrue, and that the statement in the same letter, to the effect that the people of Georgia have recently denounced or ignored the Constitution of the United States, is false and defamatory of the people of this State. On the contrary, we assert that the people of this State do now, as they did six months ago, when, according to the letter of said Rufus B. Bullock, they were peaceably disposed and acquiesced in the result of the war; neither do they entertain any hostility toward the United States nor deny any person within the limits of the State the equal protection of its laws.

UTAH.

Thanksgiving Day—Important Mining Suits—Receipts of Bullion—The Saloon Keepers vs. the Authorities.

SALT LAKE, Nov. 6.—Governor Woods this evening issued a proclamation for the observance of the 30th of November for public thanksgiving and praise to almighty God. The Governor says: "We have been the favored children of the republic. No great calamity has visited us. Peace and prosperity everywhere prevail. Our granaries are full; our mines are rich and inexhaustible, and our future is full of promise. Let all the people rejoice and the praise of God be lisped by every tongue."

IMPORTANT MINING SUITS.

The second U. S. District Court at Provo, Judge Strickland presiding, is occupied with highly interesting mining suits, brought by the Eureka Mining Company against Aspinwal, of New York, and others. The property involved is worth millions of dollars, comprising some of the most valuable mines in the Territory. The question is one of title, growing out of identity of ledges and veins.

Winter is fully upon us. It has been snowing all the afternoon.

DEEP SNOW.

The weather is reported extraordinarily severe in some of the mining districts. In Big Cottonwood to-day the snow was four feet deep on a level, with fearful drifts. As high as twenty dollars were offered to carry sixty pounds of provisions up the canon, but no teams could be found to attempt the passage. It is feared that the miners will suffer for want of food.

General C. C. Augur and family arrived yesterday. The General is said to be acting under direct instructions from the President. He leaves to-morrow evening for Washington.

BRIGHAM'S WHEREABOUTS.

The Mormons say that Brigham Young is at St. George, and that he went there to attend the semi-annual conference of the Church for that part of the Territory.

☞ A San Francisco newspaper, for one of the head lines of its accounts of the Wisconsin fires, has the following: "Not enough wood left in the towns to make coffins for the dead."

LOVES OF THE SAINTS.

Curious Revelations of Mormon Inner Life—Erroneous Opinions About Getting Wives.

The Sealing Process.

[San Francisco Chronicle's Salt Lake Letter.]

THE NOVELTIES OF MORMONISM.

The telegraph constantly informs you in regard to the legal questions now pending, wherein the leading lights of the church are being tried for lascivious cohabitation with women other than their wives. According to the revelation on polygamy the women are held to be wives by the Mormons, and the question to be decided is, whether a Territorial statute punishing adultery can be applied to men who live in polygamy. The Prophet himself, George Q. Cannon, a probable successor of the prophet, and others have been indicted and held to bail. The people, of all shades and classes, await with the greatest anxiety the result in the case of Brigham Young. If he is found guilty and imprisoned, you may except to hear of a lively time. At the Conference just passed, the vast Mormon audience cried out "Amen" every time that the polygamy doctrine was proclaimed as coming from God. The private secretary of Brigham Young, who has but one wife, boldly proclaimed from the Tabernacle stand, before ten thousand people, that he would enter polygamy on the day Brigham was found guilty. These people will not give up the doctrine of "spiritual wives," as they politely call it, and are determined to leave this city and the whole Territory in ashes, when it comes to the worst. Before the late legal proceedings were instituted Mormonism was considered dying out, but viewed in the light of persecutions the Mormons, who were cold in the faith, are now among the most fanatic defenders of the institution. Even E. L. T. Harrison, the brains of the Godbe movement, has discontinued his "Religious and Philosophical Department" in the Salt Lake Tribune, of which he was the principal pillar. This "Department" was striking sturdy blows at Brigham and the priesthood. Harrison naively says in his valedictory that he has been laboring in the good cause for three years and now wants rest. Now for other matters.

ERRONEOUS OPINIONS ABOUT GETTING WIVES.

There are thousands of deluded bachelors in the outside world who think they have nothing to do but come to Salt Lake, and that the Mormons will furnish them with ready-made wives, with the same facility that a clothing-merchant could furnish them ready-made clothing. This is a serious mistake, and the aforesaid bachelors will find it out if they should ever come here. Even a professed Mormon has to earn by hard work a second wife before he can get her. At conference times a certain number of Saints are called to go on missions to various parts of the earth, to be absent generally three years. Some go to the Sandwich Islands, others to Australia, some to England, and others to different European countries, chiefly Denmark, Norway and Sweden. If these missionaries are faithful and make converts, upon there return to Salt Lake, if they so desire it, they can have an additional wife by applying to the Prophet, Brigham. In such a case the missionaries usually pick out some "sister" whom they converted during their absence, and between whom, according to the Spirit, there is a decided "affinity." As to the Gentile bachelor this is the poorest country in the world for him, for should he attempt to play the role of seducer, or even a lover, to any of the Mormon girls, a thousand eyes are upon him, and his life is at stake every movement he makes. Every Mormon is a policeman, ever watchful of the households of his brother saint, and woe to the intruder who foolishly invades any saintly abode with evil intent. Knowing this, the Gentile bachelors are very cautious, and they consider life even sweeter than stolen sweets from Mormon maidens.

HOW A DYING GIRL MARRIED AN EDITOR.

It is a doctrine of the Mormon Church that no woman can get to heaven without the aid of a man, except in very special cases. To be married and a mother in Israel is eternal salvation in heaven for the saintess. Without this, in the other world the deceased saintess must serve as a kitchen-girl or waiting-maid to some resurrected mother in Israel. This strange doctrine is thoroughly believed by the Mormon women, and hence their eagerness to be married, either in or out of polygamy. A case illustrating this has come to our knowledge. A beautiful young girl of seventeen was on her deathbed, and being unmarried she requested that a certain well-known editor should be sent for, to whom she wished to be "sealed," and thus gain eternal glory in the kingdom of God. The elders complied with her wish, the editor reached the deathbed, and there, in the presence of witnesses, the living and the dying were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The editor was already a married man, but his religion made him take the dying girl to wife. Instances of this kind are not rare. Such a marriage is considered doubly sanctified, owing to the solemn surroundings.

HOW A WOMAN MARRIES THE MAN SHE LOVES.

When a saintess falls in love with some brother in the church, whether married or single, and she despairs of getting him through her own fascinations, or he will not respond to her affectionate yearnings, she goes to the Prophet and makes known her wishes, stating that "the spirit" (neither devil nor wood-chuck) moves her to marry Brother Smith or Brother Jones, as the case may be, and that by him she wants to be a mother in Israel and raise up angels to the Lord. This might be considered an indelicate movement if attempted in the Gentile world; but here the affair is managed as a matter of fact, and the man so platonically chosen is rather envied than otherwise. Well, the Prophet sends for the chosen one and makes known the facts in the case, usually slapping the brother on the shoulder and good-naturedly remarking: "Ah! brother, you are a happy man." This little sally of pleasantry meets the candidate chosen for the slaughter matrimonial. Dear sister Sarah Jane or Sophronia Ann is sent for, a mutual recognition takes place, probably for the first time, and arrangements are made to carry out the marital programme. It often happens that the candidate is already deep in polygamy, but the addition is considered an extra jewel in the household crown. The other wives are seldom consulted in the matter, and the harem may be increased without their knowledge. Strange to say, young unmarried men are seldom attacked in this manner, such women, strange to say, usually preferring polygamists. Well, there's no telling what a woman will do when she takes a notion into her head.

MOTHERS WHO ADORE POLYGAMISTS.

Will it be believed that any woman would so far forget her duty as to prefer that her daughter would rather marry an old and gray-headed saint, already over head and ears in polygamy, than a single man? Such is the fact, however. Of our own knowledge we know of mothers who rail with fanatic fury if their daughters keep company with single men, while old married men are welcomed to the household with open arms. The fanaticism of such mothers is lamentable, but in nine cases out of ten a mother always carries her point. It cannot be said that such mothers are in the majority here, yet there are enough thus blinded by religious zeal to sacrifice their daughters on the unholy altar. Indeed, they quote the Old and New Testaments, the Holy Bible, in corroboration of their matrimonial mania. Sometimes, like Barkis, the girls are willing, and sometimes they are not.

THE MAN WITH SEVEN WIVES.

Do you know how a saint manages seven wives? We will briefly explain in a social and domestic way. Take seven weeks as the time to make the tour all around, and you have it. The first week he stays with No 1, exercising all the rights and prerogatives of a husband. Then comes No. 2, who has another week; and when No. 7 has had her turn, the "muchly married man," as A. Ward had it, commences again and goes the rounds. But while he is doing this lord and master business for No. 1, the dutiful husband is not prohibited by law or custom from visiting his other spouses. If the women all happen to live under the same roof, the wives do the house work week about, so that they are only engaged in domestic drudgery one week in seven. If they live in separate houses, then each has to do her own work. If one becomes sick it is the duty of one of the well wives to take care of her and act as nurse. If the polygamist is called away on business affairs, the first wife is supposed to be the head of the family; though generally some brother acts as a proxy, and manages the most serious duties in the absence of the chief of the household. This is the theory and practice, whether a man has two wives or twenty. Sometimes, however, the theory is left to take care of itself, and the practice is principally applied to the favored wife or wives.

THE WIVES CALL EACH OTHER SISTERS, ETC.

The various wives of a polygamist do not call each other by the name of their husband, but simply as sisters. For instance, Sister Maud, Sister Jennie, Sister Nancy, Sister Kitty and Sister Nellie are all married to the same man, and that man is named Smith; if Maud wants to speak to or of Jennie, she says "Sister Jane," and not Mrs. Smith. The husband, when in the presence of one or more wives, in speaking of or to them, usually says Sister Kitty or Sister Nelly, seldom calling her by the endearing name of wife. The wives, in the same manner, call their husband Brother Smith. They are all "brothers" and "sisters." It takes some time to know who is who, even among the initiated. It is told of Brigham himself that one day one of his wives called upon him for some favor, saying, "I am Sister ——," and Brigham, astonished, answered that he had not seen the sister before to his recollection. And so goes the world of Zion.

HOW OLD MEN COURT YOUNG GIRLS.

When any of the venerable old sinners in Zion gets his eye upon some innocent young virgin he does not act like an old saint in the Gentile world—that is, to get up stolen interviews, make costly presents and appeal to her vanity, love of dress and luxury. The father in Israel goes boldly in open day, or by the smiling moon, calls upon the object of his devotion, and then talks *religion* to her. The Holy Book is quoted, from Genesis to Revelations, and plural marriages are proved to be of God. Appeals are made and continued, and if the beauty remains unconvinced; then the climax is attained by the further biblical proof that "the Saviour of Mankind, the Lord Jesus Christ," came of polygamous stock, and, hence his great power and eternal glory. Finally, the poor girl yields to this religious onslaught and is led like a lamb to the delicious slaughter. This may all seem like a dream or a huge joke to the wicked world outside Zion, but it is a matter of solemn religious duty here. Old men, who have been "faithful to the Lord," who have built up the kingdom of Israel and suffered persecution for its sake, are thus, like David of old, rewarded with the virgins of the land.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE "SEALING" PROCESS.

Nothing. Some parties who pretend to know everything—those individuals with noses long enough and sharp enough to punch a hole through this ball of mud on which we vegetate—have written on the mysterious subject, pretending to explain the whole thing. We doubt, however, if any other human being, save and except the initiated, can say what transpired during the "sealing" operations. To all others the thing is as invisible as a woman's heart. That such a rite is performed there can be no doubt. All second, third, fourth, and fifth wives, and wives without number, have to endure the ceremony; also those old women who are left widows and are "sealed" to the living, for the dead, not exactly as wives—for it is contrary to the doctrines of the Church to cohabit with such—but rather as "wards," who are to be cared for in their old age. A brother who takes such wards knows that when he pegs out to the "spirit land" some surviving brother will do a like favor for his aged marital female mourners.

THE CHICAGO RELIC MARKET.

A Review by the Chicago Evening Post.

Less activity is manifested in the relic market to-day. Local buyers have fallen off, but orders from the country occupy the time of jobbers. Since the fall trade set in pieces of the court-house bell have been in great demand, and shipments are active. It is estimated that two car-loads of pieces have been shipped from the city. Our reporter was informed by a dealer that he had contracted with a Pittsburgh brass foundry to supply the demand, which has been extraordinary. Dolls are dull and declining. At a meeting of dealers held yesterday it was resolved to close out the present stock, and recall all orders for the manufacture of a further supply. In order to work off their stock in hand, jobbers are melting down dolls, causing them to fuse in pairs, and to present the appearance of Siamese twins. As the call for tax for legitimate purposes is very pressing, no more will, for some time, at least, be melted down for the relic market. Bottles have greatly fluctuated. First they had an upward, then a downward tendency; bottles that gurgle at the neck are greatly preferred. As an evidence of the enterprise that has been manifested in the trade, it may be mentioned that two prominent dealers have gone into the business of selling Mrs. Leary's cow. They had sold eighteen of her to as many different traveling museums, and announced that they are well stocked with the article—as their motto is low prices and quick sales, they expect to have a monopoly of the trade. Five barrels of oil taken from the exploded lamps have been disposed of, and the demand continues. There is no inquiry for worthless safes, as such are not regarded as curiosities. Considerable inquiry has been made for chips of stone from fire-proof buildings, but as nothing remains of such structures it has been found necessary to supply the market from a stone quarry on the West Side.

The failure of one dealer is reported. He bought up a large number of photographs of Sam Medill in his unrivalled act of brushing live cinders from the Tribune building. The article proved a drug, and the dealer's paper coming due he was obliged to suspend.

How Chicago is Protected.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The writer of the "Parsee" letters in the New York World has been making an estimate of the amount by which the so-called protective tariff has enhanced the damage caused by the Chicago fire. He places the sum as follows upon the articles named:

On iron	$11,000,000
On lumber	5,000,000
On window glass, paint, putty, varnish, stoves, door-latches	5,000,000
On carpeting	2,500,000
On furniture	3,000,000
On crockery and glassware	1,633,000
On bedding and blankets	1,500,000
On clothes and clothing	1,666,000
Total	$31,299,000

These sums have been arrived at by a careful and intelligent series of computations, founded on the amount of the articles named necessary to replace Chicago where she was before the fire, and the amount of tax assessed on these articles for the benefit of certain manufacturers (and of course to the damage of all consumers). A large amount of the property stolen by the local thieves, on the night of the fire, has been recovered by the officers of the law; the most of that which the stockholders of certain wealthy insurance companies have attempted to get away with will also be forced from them; but these thirty-one millions, which the iron-masters and a few others are preparing to filch out of our misfortunes, will not be recovered unless the tariff is materially altered at the very earliest opportunity. An adjustment of duties to the uses of revenue, and a withdrawal of the wrongful levies now imposed upon the people generally, for the benefit of a few manufacturers, would be the most appropriate "relief" measure which Congress could adopt.

A Girl Surgeon.

Italy, that land of wonders, at present has a sensation in the person of La Regina dal Cin, a peasant, whose skill in setting dislocated limbs surpasses that of trained Italian surgeons—at least those who practice in and about Ceneda-Vittoria, where she lives. Her mother had a "natural gift" for correcting distorted limbs, straightening them out and setting them when they were dislocated, and this gift she seems to have bestowed upon her daughter. When yet young the girl was accustomed attentively to examine the legs of fowls and other small animals, and thus picked up some knowledge of comparative anatomy, which she afterward complemented by examining that of a man at a hospital to which she was admitted. She was unable to read or write, and was, in fact, so grossly ignorant as not to know the names of the bones which she nevertheless set, when more learned practitioners declared that such an operation was impossible. Her great success attracted the attention of physicians, who managed to have her sentenced to two months' imprisonment, although the sentence was not carried into effect. Finally, however, public opinion decided that she was not to be interfered with, and the authorities gave her permission to attend to as many cases of luxation as she should choose to, and so her native town has become famous, and cripples from all parts of Europe flock to it to be healed.

The Whaling Fleet Disaster Causes a Rise in Oil—Insurance Losses.

BOSTON, Nov. 6.—News of the disaster to the whaling fleet has advanced whale oil from 60 cents to $1 per gallon.

Boston insurance offices had little if any risks. New Bedford offices lose one million.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6.—The disaster to the whaling fleet was fully predicted by the Esquimaux, but no attention was paid to their warning. The Esquimaux were boarding the ships and carrying off everything of value to them.

DIED.

Dr. Woodbridge, surgeon of the Moses Taylor, died on the return voyage from Honolulu.

THE WRECKED WHALERS.

Sixty officers of the wrecked whalers started East overland this morning, the Central Pacific having reduced the fare to a nominal rate for them.

How the Mistake Was Made.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

The mistake in the President's Kuklux proclamation by which Marion county, South Carolina, was put under martial law instead of Union, occurred through the impossibility of reading the lists of counties which Mr. Akerman sent to the Attorney General's office in his own handwriting. All were satisfactorily deciphered except the word "Union," and all the experts in bad penmanship in the office finally decided that it was Marion, and so the proclamation including the latter county went forth.

☞ An ingenious Californian has, after several years of labor and an expense of many thousand dollars, succeeded in producing a machine for grading railroad tracks, turnpikes and other embankments. It consists of a common plow, with a somewhat extended mould-board, which may be raised or lowered at pleasure. A circular table or wheel, twelve feet in diameter, inclines at an angle of twenty-five degrees toward the plow. Within the outer edge of the wheel is arranged a series of scraper-shaped buckets, with adjustable bottoms. To avoid friction this wheel or table is geared to a center shaft, at the top of which is a cam-attachment, with rods leading to each bucket, for the purpose of emptying. This circular table receives its motion by means of a driving wheel similar to that used in a reaping machine. There is a steering apparatus at the rear. To do the work thoroughly it takes sixteen horses, four abreast. It is claimed for the machine that it will do the work of one hundred and twenty-five men with shovels.

☞ Experience has taught that the so-called lead-paralysis, common among painters in the form of a loss of motion of the wrist-joints, is chiefly produced by the habit of washing the hands in turpentine. It is probable that it is not the turpentine alone which produces this fatal result, but chiefly the particles of lead or zinc-paint on the hands, which, by the turpentine, are brought in a condition to penetrate the skin more readily and to be absorbed; therefore, painters should avoid, as much as possible, the use of turpentine for washing the hands.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—A women's industrial aid society has been inaugurated in this city, which has for its object to give relief by light and agreeable employment to women and children who have become reduced in circumstances through the agency of the great fire, and who prefer to earn their livelihood rather than depend upon the benevolence of others. The ladies and gentlemen engaged in this new organization are among the most respectable in the city.

☞ In Wisconsin there is a ten-acre lot of potatoes, which are roasted as nicely as if done in an oven.

NEW YORK.

The Fight with Fraud—How the Battle with Tammany Began—Ex-Sheriff O'Brien and the Young Democracy—Fanny Fern and Parton.

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 2, 1871.

The city at present is in a strange state. People eat, drink, sleep, go about their daily duties, and take recreation. The streets are crowded as usual; business is brisk, and outwardly everything looks as usual. Yet the whole community is deeply agitated over our political affairs. The popular feeling has been stirred to the depths, and the smoldering flame may burst forth with volcanic violence at any moment. Our people have been long suffering, but at last their patience is exhausted, and they demand reform.

The history of our shame is long and disgraceful, and I will recite it briefly. It is a story of public apathy and neglect, individual frauds and aggrandizement, and general political corruption. As a result of these causes certain men have gained the control of our municipal administration and treasury. Their names are known to everybody—Wm. M. Tweed, Peter B. Sweeny, A. Oakey Hall, and Richard Connolly. The first, who began life a chair-maker, then became a foreman of a fire company, and afterwards a local politician, has, by pure force of character and unscrupulousness, became virtual dictator of New York. He is fabulously rich, lives like a prince, and spends money on his friends and followers with lavish generosity. A man of coarse, brutal nature, he is simply a successful demagogue, with few traits to redeem his sordidness. Mr. Sweeny is an adroit, underhand schemer and wire-puller, whose faculty for planning and carrying on frauds has given him his position as secret leader of Tammany. A man of some cultivation, he is of low origin, and of no special refinement. He is wealthy, but lives in retirement—his place of action being in the committee-room and behind the scenes on the stage of politics. Hall is a clever charlatan, smart, flippant and often ridiculous. He has made himself useful to the Ring in various ways, principally as a spokesman on the platform and in the press, and though he has not been involved in their peculations, he has made money through being made counsel for the various city commissions. Connolly, or "Slippery Dick," as he is called, is a model of blarney and duplicity. He is timid, weak, and not of much account, though quite as guilty as any of his confederates. These four constitute "The Ring," at whose hands this metropolis has been plundered so mercilessly for the last ten years. Having control of the courts, the city patronage, and all the machinery of elections, not to mention several of the principal newspapers, is it any wonder that they managed things so completely their own way, or grew audacious in their villainy? Matters got to such a pass that nothing could be done except at the beck of Tweed or Sweeney.

Affairs went on this way until, as in the case of all factions, a split occurred. Among the followers of the Ring in times past was one James O'Brien, ex-sheriff and one of the most popular men in the city, being fairly idolized by the Irish population. Though of very common parentage, and almost no education, he has great talents as a political leader, and might become a second O'Connell had he the latter's education. He is no speaker, strange to say, and looks like a quiet, well-dressed young Irishman, who cared for little but to pass the time as pleasantly as possible. He is really the leading spirit in the present fight with the Ring, though he has kept in the back-ground most of the time. It was he who hired Copeland to copy the accounts in the Controller's office which he afterward sold to the Times. He is animated by ambition; by desire to be revenged over Sweeny, whom he hates with a true Celtic detestation, and last, but not least, by the wish to collect a claim of a quarter of a million from the city which is in dispute. Personally, he is a fine young fellow; open, generous, and a good deal of a gentleman. Every year he has given away several thousand dollars' worth of coal to the poor of his ward—an act which Tweed, with much publicity, imitated last year—and he is the idol of the Young Democracy.

It was O'Brien, as I have said, who began the present war against the Ring. He supplied the Times with the city accounts, and other material for its editorial thunder. This attracted public attention, and led to the formation of the Committee of Seventy. The application for an injunction against the various departments, Connolly's resignation and Andrew H. Green's appointment as Deputy Controller, the suits against Tweed, Woodward, Ingersoll, Garvey and others, the appeal of the Committee of Seventy, and other proceedings followed in the regular order of events, with what final result time will soon show.

O'Brien was, of course, not alone in bringing all these momentous consequences to pass. Of himself he could command the votes and support of many thousand devoted followers, but he could not induce men of influence who had hitherto been indifferent or opposed to his undertaking to join in it. Neither was he capable alone of directing a contest with so shrewd and sagacious an opponent as Peter B. Sweeny. In doing these things he has had the aid of several advisers, the principal one of whom was Thomas Boese, former clerk of the Board of Education, one of the ablest, most experienced and far-sighted politicians in the city, and a deadly enemy of Peter B. Sweeny. Among other friends and advisers of O'Brien were William H. Wickham, A. R. Lawrence, W. E. Curtis, W. C. Barrett and Benjamin Wood, all well-known gentlemen in New York. Great credit also belongs to the leaders of the Committee of Seventy and those who sided them, including Messrs. Barrett, Pierrepont, Havemeyer, Schultz, Stebbins, Henry Clews, Tilden, O'Conor and Barlow for their labors in the reform movement.

I have thus hastily sketched the origin and history of the raid on the Ring up to the present time. To predict the future I shall not venture. It is too delicate a task, and is certain to result in error. I may say, however, that the general opinion seems to be that Tweed is likely to be elected next week to the State Senatorship; but that also the chances of his conviction and punishment in the courts are very strong. The World and Sun, if anything is indicated by such changeable weather-cocks, both assail him violently, and it is believed that Chas. O'Conor and his associates will prove victorious in their suit against the arch-corruptionist. Whether Hall, Sweeny and Connelly will get off scot free, or be also punished, is uncertain.

A LITERARY PAIR.

The Indian summer has set in and vacations are over. The artists and authors who have been out of town have nearly all returned to the city and to their work. One of the latest arrivals among them, Mr. Parton, who has been spending the summer at Newport, I saw lately on Broadway taking his afternoon walk with his wife, "Fanny Fern." They have both enjoyed the season at Newport, and speak in the highest terms of its climate and society. Parton worked like a horse as usual all the time while there, besides bathing daily in the surf and driving out in a one-horse phaeton with his wife. He will soon start on a winter's lecturing tour, and will be absent some months. The home of this literary pair is a most attractive place, thoroughly expressive of comfort, and filled with books and other proofs of taste. A colossal bust of Clyte stands by the window on a pedestal, and peeps through the curtains at the visitor coming up the steps, as if it were living. Chromos and engravings, encircled by living ivy, hang on the walls. On an etagere filled with well-bound books stand busts of Beecher and Butler, moral antipodes as public men, but both warmly admired for their personal qualities by the occupants of the house. Mr. Parton's working-room is up stairs, and is a veritable literary den, simply furnished, and rich with the odor of Russia-leather bindings. The general appearance of the house is like that of any other cultivated family, and it has nothing peculiar or bizarre about it.

An evening spent in the society of Mr. Parton and his wife is a treat indeed. Both are good talkers, but Fanny Fern is the superior. Her powers of description are excellent, and she talks with great energy and dramatic power, telling stories, in particular, with striking effect. She has had a varied experience, and her reminiscences of the past and anecdotes of the literary and other celebrities whom she has known are most interesting. There is a heartiness, also, in her manner which warms one to her, and the visitor soon feels quite at home in her company. Parton talks quietly and deliberately, but if at all interested, he rises into enthusiasm, and at intervals has flashes of fine sentiment expressed in his happiest way. I have met few persons whose talk was more suggestive, or who commented more keenly on the events of the day.

Mrs. Parton is bound by her engagement with Bonner not to write for any other paper than the Ledger, and of a necessity there are many topics which could not be discussed in the columns of that paper, yet about which she feels very deeply. Her wish is to make a book about some of these, and possibly before long she may enlighten and perhaps astonish the world with an expression of her views on certain subjects now before the world. The labor of writing a whole book, however, is too great to be done in a short time, especially by one with her household cares. FELIX.

☞ During the recent terrible fires in Western Michigan, there were three brothers, owners of valuable mills and other buildings, which they and their neighbors (some of whom were Christian men) were defending from the fires until all were exhausted and in despair. One of the owners, a frank, rough, wicked man of huge frame and generous impulses, said many hard words about God's permitting the destruction of so much property for no good to any one, etc., etc. Finally, he gave up and said to his neighbors, "Go home, go home, nothing more can be done for us, God can do as he pleases." Just then a few drops of rain fell; looking up, they saw the cloud, and all redoubled their efforts. A slight rain fell, the fire was checked and the mills saved. The rough man dropped upon his knees, great tears rolled down his face, his hands were clasped, head bowed, and he agonizing to express his thanks. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, vigorously swinging his hat, and with the most intense earnestness shouted "*Hurrah for God!* HURRAH FOR GOD!"

☞ The Martinette and Peshtigo Eagle says shanties are springing up on the site of Peshtigo, in various directions; real estate is changing hands, and incipient life begins to show itself in various quarters.

HARRY BASSETT.

What is to be Done With the Invincible Colt?

[From the Turf, Field and Farm.]

The question, now that the legitimate racing season East has closed, is, what will they do with the invincible colt Harry Bassett? By his performances this year, running and winning at all distances, he has placed himself at the head of the American turf, and won for himself unfading fame. To oppose Bassett has been a losing game. He has won all his three-year-old engagements, and capped the climax by beating the best five-year-old in the country, Helmbold, four mile heats, over one of the heaviest courses we have ever seen. He is not only decidedly at the head of the turf, but, in our opinion, is the best colt that has ever appeared in America in any year, at least since the days of his thrice-renowned sire, Lexington. He possesses in the highest degree all the requisites of a first-class race-horse—marvellous speed, and unlimited endurance. His achievements as a three-year-old throw the boasted performances of any horse, of any year, completely in the shade. West Australian was the first horse that won the great triple event in England, followed by the mighty Frenchman, Gladiateur, who also won the Grand Prix at Paris; but Harry Bassett has not only won all the great stakes in America, but placed himself still higher in rank than either West Australian or Gladiateur, by winning a great race at four-mile heats, beating Helmbold, the best five-year old in the country, a horse capable of running four miles in 7:25 or :26. His race at Baltimore was more trying than five-mile heats on a good track, and must remove any lingering doubt as to his capacity and endless endurance. Although Helmbold, by his game and unflinching race, lost no honor, Bassett beat him just as he has beaten all his opponents over shorter courses—with the most consummate ease. To our eye, and we watched the race with the most scrupulous care and attention, never taking our glass off of him during the entire eight miles; he was never extended in any part of the race. He looked as fresh as paint after each heat, and the next morning was as playful as a kitten. What will they do with Bassett next year? All the cup races are at his mercy, and we doubt if any one will enter the lists against him. He has beaten all the best horses that are likely to be on the turf next year, save and except Longfellow. If Mr. Harper will but bring Longfellow East next season, possibly he would test his running qualities. A series of races for the cups between Bassett and Longfellow would create a vast amount of interest, and would be very betting affairs, as Longfellow has a host of friends and admirers. A cable dispatch gives a rumored report of a proposition which Mr. Edmund Tattersall is authorized to make between Sterling and Bassett. If such is true, the proposition will come through our office, and we forbear comment until it is received. But this much we can say: it is utterly impossible for Col. McDaniel, with his large stable and the numerous engagements of his youngsters, to make the trip to England, and if the English really desire a meeting between these two turf celebrities, they can have a more favorable proposition if they will run the race, or series of races, on this side of the Atlantic.

If Longfellow will not meet Bassett, and Sterling refuses to come to America, we see nothing left for Harry Bassett to do but to run against 7:19¾ at Saratoga next Summer, carrying the same weight as his illustrious sire, Lexington, 103 pounds, in his great match for $20,000 at New Orleans, April 2, 1855. That he is capable of accomplishing the feat we have no doubt, and we know his veteran trainer, Col. D. McDaniel, has full faith that he can even beat Lexington's time, and take off some seconds from this hitherto unparalleled record. This would be the crowning chaplet of fame to an almost uninterrupted career of success, and he could retire from the contests of the turf to the more charming delights of the harem, with a reputation brighter and greater even than the old hero of Woodburn.

POLITICS AND BUSINESS.

Why Business Men Violate Their Most Solemn Duties.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

The American citizen has escaped from the old world, where the rulers have done the thinking for the nation. Here, the citizens think they do their own thinking. So they do, in a sense. And they do it through organizations. No opinion about current affairs is supposed capable of hatching out into action, unless it be brooded by the vivifying heat of a meeting which shall incubate as formally as an old hen. So many weeks sits the hen, and lo, chickens! So many things does a public meeting, and lo, action! But to cure a public evil, it is taken for granted that there must be a call, a meeting, a temporary chairman (with a neat speech), permanent chairman (with a neat speech), a gang of vice presidents, secretaries, a committee on resolutions, more speeches, resolutions, an executive committee, and so on and so forth. But this habit of organization has come to that pass that individual action, as such, to bring about public reforms, or to oppose the oppression of some monopoly or abuse, is a rare and strange phenomenon. In politics this lack of individualism is often greatly re-enforced by avarice. Thus the thieveries in New York arose from the avarice of New York business men. These shrewd financiers struck a balance somewhat thus:

My Political Duty, In account with my Business.

Dr.	Cr.
To public stealings, my share of taxes, as far as I couldn't dodge paying, say.....$50 00	By time saved for business, in not nominating, organizing, or voting, say....$100 00

To violate the most solemn duties which the merchant owes to his country and his fellow-men is a clear gain of fifty dollars, and he violates accordingly. Hence Tweed. So of the baggage-smashers and back-thieves, generally. To follow up one small cheat and punish him costs a hundred times as much cash as to suffer his imposition; therefore, suffer it. This would be sound reasoning if there were nothing but cash to live for. Now here is a story of something that happened: A certain man was charged five cents extra in a railroad car, for not having bought his ticket at a station-office, although that office had not been open as it should have been. Under the threat of instant expulsion from the train, he paid it. On reaching his destination, he went at once to the president of the road—it was the late James M. Bunce, of Hartford, Conn.—and stated the case, adding, "Pay me that money, instantly, or I'll thrash you where you sit. That's the way your conductor talked to me!" And he received the five cents—with an apology. Now, if the run of travelers would do their duty as men, in such a self-sacrificing spirit as that, could impositions on the traveling public exist? No abuse could stand for a week.

In the habit of organized action, we Americans are disusing and forgetting our individuality. What the resolute will of one man can do, is practically unknown in the United States of America.

La Grande Revue.

A Bavarian has written a bitter parody upon the celebrated "Review of the Great Napoleon," by Sedlitz, of which we give this outline:

THE GRAND REVIEW.

(1900.)

Towards midnight the drum stirs in its winding-sheet; it begins to beat the roll with a strange sound. Then come forth from the tombs all the soldiers that are dead—those of Forbach and Wissembourg. They gather, in close ranks, weapons in hand, and their wounds gaping.

As two o'clock approaches, the trumpeter also comes forth from his bier; he passes on his phantom steed, sounding the charge. All the dead cavalry rise silently; the chasseurs of Woerth and the cuirassiers of Reischoffen range themselves for battle upon the slope of Sedan.

Then awakes in his turn the general. He advances with a limp, twisting his moustache. A wounded eagle follows him, flapping its wings. A dull murmur runs through the troops, an unearthly sound, imperceptible to mortal ears. Then the soldiers cross bayonets; the horsemen draw their swords. * * * Terrified, the general takes to flight, and a grand hunt takes place in the moonlight, all around the ramparts, while voices from the darkness cry, "Sedan! Sedan!"

The cock crows; all disappears, and until the 2d of September next the dead Cæsar sleeps in his tomb under the sod of England.

☞ An English writer has recently asserted that an undue proportion of lime in the system is the cause of premature gray hair, and advises us to avoid hard water, either for drinking pure or when converted into tea, coffee or soup, because hard water is always strongly impregnated with lime. Hard water may be softened by boiling it; let it become cold, and then use it as a beverage.

☞ The Ohio County (Indiana) Record says: "Those farmers who talked of plowing up their potatoes because the bug was destroying them, can now scarcely find teams and hands enough to market them. Two of our farmers, who, by the way, had no idea of plowing theirs up, raised ten thousand bushels, while crops of one to three thousand bushels are very common in this neighborhood."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Stillingia or Queen's Root—Commonly Called Queen's Delight—Extract from U. S. Dispensatory.

"It is an indigenous perennial plant, grows in the pine barrens from Virginia to Florida, flowering in May and June. From the reports in its favor there is no reason to doubt the efficacy of this medicine in scrofula, secondary syphilis, cutaneous diseases, chronic hepatic affections, and other complaints ordinarily benefited by alterative medicines. Stillingia is advantageously combined with sarsaparilla and other alteratives." At this season of the year the system naturally undergoes a change, and a good blood purifier will be found an assistant of the greatest value. Wintersmith's Iodized Sarsaparilla and Stillingia is unequaled as an alterative and blood purifier. It has all the virtues of the best Honduras Sarsaparilla and of Stillingia, with three grains of Iodide of Potash to the dose. Every bottle contains fifty-six doses, making it not only the best, but the cheapest alterative in the market. It is prescribed and recommended by our leading physicians.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA.
CATARRH, INFLUENZA.
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!

Strong and Pure Rich Blood—Increase of Flesh and Weight—Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Has made the most astonishing cures; so quick, so rapid are the changes the body undergoes under the influence of this truly wonderful medicine, that

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular diseases, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald-Head, Ring-Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy Blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure—a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

DR. RADWAY'S

Perfect Purgative Pills,

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter-stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you. oc1 weow26*

WINTERSMITH'S

Tonic Sirup

—OR—

IMPROVED CHILL CURE.

A Certain Remedy for Every Form of Fever and Ague.

The Cure is Permanent—The Chill Once Broken, Will Not Return.

THIS preparation contains no quinine or arsenic, nor any deleterious substance whatever. All who have had chills and fever, and have taken quinine, calomel or arsenic (which are the principal ingredients of most of the medicines now in use), are aware that the medicines often leave the system in an unhealthy condition, making it more difficult to relieve it of their effects than of the original disease. Wintersmith's Improved Chill Cure leaves the system in a perfectly healthy condition, with no bad effects in any way to be worn off. Unlike chill remedies generally, it requires no purgative to be taken with it, the medicine itself acting gently and agreeably upon the liver and bowels, effectually removing the cause of the disease, not merely temporarily checking it. Herein consists its great superiority over all other chill preparations. The cure is a permanent one; the chill will not return periodically, as is the case when broken by quinine or other medicines.

Testimonial of E. C. Colgan, corner of Third and Breckinridge, Druggist and Proprietor of Colgan's Breath Purifier and Tooth Preserver.

DR. WINTERSMITH:

SIR—I have sold, during the past season, a large quantity of your Tonic Sirup or Improved Chill Cure, and not a single case has been reported wherein it has failed to effect a cure. It gives more satisfaction than any chill remedy I ever sold. Respectfully,

E. C. COLGAN,

Practical Apothecary, corner of Third and Breckinridge streets, Louisville, Ky.

TESTIMONY.

Certificate of Bridget Griffin.

She was cured by Wintersmith's Tonic Sirup, after all other remedies had failed:

LOUISVILLE, March 18, 1870.

DR. WINTERSMITH:

DEAR SIR—For several months last year I was suffering with fever and ague. During that time I had two doctors attending me. They gave me dose after dose of quinine and other medicines, but with only temporary effect. They would break the chills, but in a short time they would return again. I tried several other chill remedies I saw advertised, but it was just the same thing; they would break the chills for a short time only, when they would come back again worse than ever. I was advised to try your Tonic Sirup, and was told that it never failed. I took only one bottle. It cured me right off, and, though it has now been several months since, I have had no more chills. BRIDGET GRIFFIN.

Testimony from Indiana—A Sure Cure for Chills and Fever.

SALTILLOVILLE, IND.

DR. C. H. WINTERSMITH:

DEAR SIR—I write you these few lines, knowing it is my duty to my family as well as yourself. I cheerfully recommend your valuable medicines to the public. This is to certify that three of my family were taken with the chills and fever, all about the same time. Our family physician being absent, I was advised to try a bottle of Wintersmith's Tonic Sirup, and, to my utter astonishment, it cured like a charm. I only used half of the bottle, and it cured all three of my family.

Thanking you for your valuable remedy, I cheerfully say to all, try it.

C. H. RICHARDS.

September 9, 1869.

Chills and Fever Cured—Certificate from Joseph Molan.

STEAMER CELESTE, MEMPHIS, ARKANSAS AND WHITE RIVER PACKET CO., AUGUSTA, ARK.

DR. WINTERSMITH:

DEAR SIR—I had been suffering for several months with chills and fever, and had taken every preparation I saw advertised, or that was recommended to me as a cure. None of them did me any good. Last fall I fortunately met Captain Jack Horne, the representative of the drug-house of Peter, Powers & Cooper, of your city, who kindly presented me with a bottle of your valuable Chill Tonic. I commenced taking it according to directions, and after the second or third dose I felt much better, and before I had taken half the bottle the chills were broken effectually, and have had no symptoms whatever of a return since. I take more than ordinary pleasure in recommending your Tonic Sirup as a certain cure for chills and fever. I am, very respectfully,

JOSEPH MOLAN,
Steward Steamer Celeste.

☞ Price $1 per bottle; six for $5.

ARTHUR PETER & CO.,
Wholesale Agents, 272 Main st., Louisville, Ky.
au4

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU.



HOTTENTOTS SEEN GATHERING BUCHU LEAVES AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FOR H. T. HELMBOLD.

BUCHU.

[From Dispensatory of the United States.]

DIOSMA CRENATA, BUCHU LEAVES.

PROPERTIES.

Their odor is strong, diffusive and somewhat aromatic; their taste bitterish and analogous to mint.

Medical Properties and Uses.

Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the urinary organs.

They are given in complaints of the urinary organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostate Gland, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections and Dropsy.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu

Is used by persons from the ages of 18 to 25, and from 35 to 55, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement or Labor Pains; Bed-wetting in children.

In affections peculiar to Females, the Extract Buchu is unequaled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrous State of the Uterus.

Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel and Dropsical Swellings

This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu

HAS CURED EVERY CASE OF DIABETES

IN WHICH IT HAS BEEN GIVEN.

Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Retention of Urine, Diseases of the Prostate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick-dust deposit and Mucous or Milky Discharges, and for enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Eruption on the Face, Pallid Countenance, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, etc.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu

Is Diuretic and Blood-purifying, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, excesses and imprudences in life, impurities of the blood, etc., superseding copaiba in affections for which it is used, in connection with

Helmbold's Rose Wash.

Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. Price $1 25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6 50.

Describe symptoms in all communications.

HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS. Established upward of 20 years. Prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD, Practical and Analytical Chemist,

594 Broadway, N. Y., and 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere. se6 We&Sa&weowtf

EDUCATIONAL.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

MARION COUNTY, KY.

(Founded in 1821.)

THIS college, situated on the Lebanon branch of the Louisville and Nashville R. R., has been placed, by the Rt. Rev. W. McClosky, D. D., Bishop of Louisville, under the care of ecclesiastics of "The Congregation of the Resurrection of our Lord," and is now being refitted preparatory to its reopening for the education of young men on Monday, September 4th.

The salubrity of its situation, its easy access by railroad, its total seclusion from all that is calculated to divert the mind of youth from study, and its thorough equipment, adapting it to all the requirements of the physical, mental, and moral culture of its inmates, afford advantages to parents and guardians unsurpassed by any college in the country. In addition to the

Remodeling and Renovation,

now in progress, it is presided over by a religious order of learned ecclesiastics who are

Bound by Most Solemn Vows

to devote their lives and best energies to the material and moral welfare of their pupils, and whose number embraces a corps of efficient professors.

The plan of studies embraces a thorough "Commercial Course" and a Classical Course of Ancient and Modern Languages, with the various auxiliary studies as pursued in the best European and American Universities. While the strictest supervision is exercised over the morals of the pupils, the RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF NONE WILL BE INTERFERED WITH.

TERMS—For ordinary Collegiate session, of ten months, $200.

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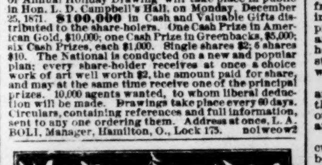
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For prospectus and further particulars address
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au16 wtf

FORTUNES FOR SOME!

A Grand Christmas Gift for All

Who take a share in the Great Holiday Drawing.



ESTABLISHED in 1869 for Educational Purposes. NATIONAL GIFT ENTERPRISE.—Our Seventh or Annual Holiday Drawing will take place in public in Hon. L. D. Campbell's Hall, on Monday, December 25, 1871. $100,000 in Cash and Valuable Gifts distributed to the share-holders. One Cash Prize in American Gold, $10,000; one Cash Prize in Greenbacks, $5,000; six Cash Prizes, each $1,000. Single shares $2; 6 shares $10. The National is conducted on a new and popular plan; every share-holder receives at once a choice work of art well worth $2, the amount paid for share, and may at the same time receive one of the principal prizes. 10,000 agents wanted, to whom liberal deduction will be made. Drawings take place every 60 days. Circulars, containing references and full information, sent to any one ordering them. Address at once, L. A. BOLI, Manager, Hamilton, O., Lock 175. no1weow2

WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"For health comes sparkling in the streams,
From cool Chocorua stealing;
There's iron in our Northern winds;
Our pines are trees of healing."
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Cures Sore Throat.
POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cures Colds.
POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cures Coughs.
POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cures Diphtheria.
POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cures Spitting of Blood.
POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cures Pulmonic Affections Generally.
POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cures Kidney Complaints.
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MAD. F. LANG,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Millinery, Cloaks, & Fancy Goods,

No. 296 N. E. corner Eighth and Market.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE attention of merchants from the country is especially called to her large assortment of Hats, of her own manufacture, for the wholesale trade. Orders will be filled with the strictest care.

☞ Velvet Cloaks made to order at reduced rates.
no1 wim

$10 from 50 cts.

12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. WOLCOTT, N. Y.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—LAND—I wish to sell my farm, containing twelve hundred acres, lying in the counties of Muhlenburg and Hopkins, on the Madisonville and Greenville road: two hundred and fifty acres cleared land; a large farm dwelling, two stories high, sixty by twenty feet, with an ell forty feet long, and containing eight rooms and a cellar, ice-house, carriage-house, barns, and good out-buildings generally. There are five good springs on the plantation, and never-failing stock-water, making it especially desirable as a stock farm. There are three strata of good coal on the land, three, four and seven feet thick, in good mining order, within fifteen rods of Pond river, and convenient for shipping. I will sell the whole on favorable terms for purchasers, and terms will be made liberal to those wishing to buy. HUGH W. McNARY. oc11 weow4

FOR SALE—FARM—I will sell, at private sale, on accommodating terms, the well-known and desirable farm on which I reside, and containing about 320 acres of very superior land, lying about four and a half miles from the city of Owensboro, near the Knottsville road. This farm is highly improved; the improvements consisting in part of a two-story brick dwelling of four rooms, twenty feet square each; a hall, 12 by 20 feet; a dining room and bed-rooms attached; a large porch, with upper gallery; two cellars, with a large number of out-buildings; kitchen, weaving-room, stables, barns, &c. A fine orchard in full bearing; wells of never-failing water, with a running stream of water through the center of the farm. This place presents a rare opportunity to secure one of the most desirable as well as beautiful farms in Southern Kentucky, either as stock or crop farm. Also another tract of from one to two hundred acres, adjoining the above, which I will sell in tracts to suit purchasers. Terms will be made easy. Call on the undersigned, on the place, or address WILLIAM NEWTON, Owensboro, Ky., or to S. M. WING, at Boone Tobacco Warehouse, Louisville, Ky. no1 weow3m

FOR SALE—NEWSPAPER—A SPLENDID CHANCE—A good country Democratic eight-column weekly newspaper, with books, accounts, and good will, published in Mt. Carmel, Wabash county, Illinois. Has a good, permanent business, and is well supplied with material. Best reasons for selling. Price $1,600 cash. For further particulars address J. F. M. CALVO, proprietor, Mt. Carmel, Wabash county, Illinois. oc28 d&w4

FOR SALE.

A Valuable Farm,

SAW-MILL,

And Copper Distillery.

HAVING engaged in business in the city of Henderson, I now wish to sell my farm in Daviess county, Ky., situated on the Henderson and Owensboro road (the best natural road in Kentucky, and in as good neighborhood for society, churches, and schools as has an existence), 9 miles from Owensboro and 1 mile from Green river, containing 257 acres, with 175 acres of cleared land, all under good fence, and as fine up-land as nature's law ever made. The wood-land is rich, lays well, and timbered to perfection, with the following improvements, viz:

A good, substantial dwelling-house with six rooms, smoke-house, poultry-house, ice-house, carriage-house, large storage-house, two large frame tobacco-barns, large frame stock-house, all in good and neat condition, with handsome picket fence around both yard and garden; there are also on said premises four good tenement-houses, distant from each other, with good frame stables and all necessary out-buildings, with wells or springs of purest water.

Also an old apple orchard of excellent fruit, and young apple orchard of over 1,000 trees, three years old, of choicest fruit obtainable from our Kentucky nurseries, and peach trees, budded and seedlings, in abundance.

Also, on said premises, a No. 1 stationary circular saw-mill, 20-horse power, double return flued boiler, lath saws, grist-mill, and first-class sour-mash copper distillery of four barrels per day capacity attached thereto, with warehouse, corn-house, office, Fairbanks' scales, power sheller, and every other convenience for business, all of which are as good as new and in perfect running order, and work like a charm.

I will sell the whole improvement together, or will sell the saw-mill and distillery together or apart, or will divide the farm, which is well adapted to division, to suit the purchaser, all on the most reasonable terms, and would exchange, in part, for property in the city of Henderson.

A. S. WINSTEAD.

For further information see S. M. Wing, Louisville, Ky.; W. H. Perkins, Owensboro, Ky.; Wm. M. Winstead, near premises.

HENDERSON, KY., May 30, 1871. ja14 wtf

KENTUCKY

TOBACCO ASSOCIATION.

SALES WAREHOUSE

No. 459 Main st., bet. Eleventh and Twelfth.

WM. HALLADY, Pres't. C. E. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

WM. B. HUMPHREY, Warehouse Manager.

Stock issued $12,000
Stock authorized 300,000

☞ All tobacco consigned to this house is insured under an open policy.

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BEST AND CHEAPEST IN USE.

Have taken over 250 Premiums at Fairs throughout the South. Send for illustrated Catalogue with Price List, and certificates of planters who use them.



SOLE MANUFACTURERS, BRINLY, MILES & HARDY, Louisville, Ky.

FACTORY: 128, 130, 132 & 134 E. Main Street.

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COURIER-JOURNAL

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1871.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily Courier-Journal.

One year....$12 00
Six months....6 00
Three months....3 25
One month....1 25

To city subscribers, per week, 25 cents, payable to the carrier, or $13 per year when paid at the office. To News Agents at three cents per copy.

Sunday Courier-Journal.

Devoted to News and Literature, and issued every Sunday morning.

One year, by mail....$2 00
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The DAILY COURIER-JOURNAL, including Sunday issue, by mail, $14 00 a year; delivered to our city subscribers, $15 50 a year.

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Single copy, one year....$2 00
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Five to ten copies, one year, each....1 75
Ten to twenty copies, one year, each....1 65
Twenty copies and over, one year, each....1 50

An extra copy is allowed the club agent for every club of ten at $1 65 each, and an additional extra copy for every additional ten subscribers; and an extra copy is allowed for every club of twenty at $1 50 each, and an additional extra copy for every additional twenty subscribers. After one full club has been made up, additions from time to time may be made singly at the same rate.

Payments Always to be Made in Advance.

Money may be sent in postoffice orders or bank drafts or checks or by express. We wish it distinctly understood that *we will not be responsible* for money lost in its transmission to us by mail.

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis on application.

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110 and 112 West Jefferson street,
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Proceedings of lodges or meetings on the death of individuals, or pertaining to matters not of general public interest, and obituary notices must be paid for as advertisements. No attention will be paid such communications unless accompanied by the money.

Notice to Subscribers.

In making remittances for subscriptions or advertising, always, when practicable, send drafts or checks or postoffice orders. When these cannot be procured, send the money, but always in a *registered letter*. We wish it distinctly understood we will not be responsible for money lost in its transmission to us by mail, unless it is in a duly registered letter.

In New York a candidate is not required to live in the district in which he may be a candidate. Thus HORATIO SEYMOUR was defeated for the Legislature by a constituency who had no personal knowledge of him.

What a commentary it is upon the consistency of some people, that the most vehement assailants of the Tammany thieves are the most persistent supporters of the thieves who are plundering the General Government, and the thieves who are plundering the Southern States.

It is generally believed in New York that Boss TWEED will not be permitted to hold his seat in the Senate. Opinions differ as to how he will be deprived of it. Some think he will be refused admission, others think that he will be admitted and expelled, but all agree that he will not be allowed to sit. O'DONOVAN ROSSA is contesting his election.

Six months ago the power of Tammany seemed irresistible. To all appearances the lease of the Tammany leaders was good for a decade. Now they are routed and dispersed. Tammany is dead. The people—without the aid of Congress or the President, or martial-law or bayonet—have done the work. So, New York will not be reconstructed for the present. This is certainly an illustration of the efficacy of home rule. But is it a victory for local self-government?

The fate of Tammany crowds another Presidential aspirant off the track. Last Tuesday's result in New York is a protest against monopolies and close corporations which can not be mistaken; and, in the face of it, what is to become of TOM SCOTT? He is ruled out before he's fairly in. "TOM SCOTT," says the New York Sun, "is a great railroad man. Part of his business has been bribing Legislatures. That is enough. No man who has been either a briber or a bribe-taker can be run for President in 1872, unless his party hanker after the fate which has just overtaken the Tammany robbers in New York."

It is natural, we suppose, for the professedly partisan press to rejoice over the sweeping Radical victories which have marked the elections this fall. If the Democracy be quite dead, as they assure us it is, what then? Are the people going to be better ruled because there is no opposition? Shall one overwhelming domination give us a more responsible government than we should get from a close division of parties? Suppose all the people agree that there is but one political party, and that the Radical party, and suppose we all join this, what shall we gain? Is that sort of thing the object of political striving? One would think so to read the partisan press, which gabbles as unceasingly and as ridiculously as a huddle of old crones about a village pump.

The New York Times deserves to be credited with the overthrow of Tammany. It can not be fairly denied that the Times is the cock that killed COCK ROBIN, and let us hope that it will receive all the substantial rewards which its extraordinary achievement entitles it to receive. But it will deserve nothing—it will deserve to be understood as the merest make-believe—as having been instigated by a spirit of revenge rather than an honest inspiration, and having looked to its own till rather than the public service—if, its war against its local thieves having ended with their downfall, it uses the prestige gained by its triumph to support corruption elsewhere, to defend the rank corruptions of the Administration, to urge the spoliation of the Southern States, to commend in South Carolina what it has assailed in New York, to indorse in Georgia what it has just suppressed at home. We shall see how this is.

Marshal Benedek.

With the demise of BENEDEK, the Austrian Field Marshal, the last important representative of the old days when the banner of the Hapsburgs was floating over Italy, forming the nucleus of the German Bund, has passed away. BENEDEK, though not a strategist of the first order, was a general of decided ability, which was, however, marred by his too impulsive nature leading him sometimes to take the offensive under less favorable circumstances than he might have chosen. As long as he had to deal with an enemy not superior to him in strategic ability, his *élan* and *bravour* made him and his army successful. But the talent that was gaining victories for him in the campaign of 1848–49 against the Italians, and in 1849 against the Hungarian insurgents, was not able to cope with the brilliant military genius of a MOLTKE, who, from the first to the last, checkmated him in the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. The disastrous defeat of Sadowa threw Field Marshal BENEDEK into retirement from active service, and the galling memories of the seven weeks' war no doubt tended to cut short his days. When the secret history of that war will be brought to light, much of his misfortune will, no doubt, be found to have been caused through the intermeddling of the "Wiener Kriegsrath" with his dispositions and through the insubordination of some newly-fledged generals from the Parquet of the Court, favorites of the *camarilla* then ruling, through the Kaizer, the Austrian Empire. Then, perhaps, more justice will be done to his memory than was accorded by his contemporaries.

☞ The Washington Republican, an over-zealous Grant organ, rebukes a Radical contemporary for "daily printing a falsehood at the head of its editorial columns." The Republican evidently believes that the interests of the great Republican party demand that falsehood should not be confined to one corner of a newspaper.

Crime in Kentucky.

The difficulty and delicacy of the class of cases which are commonly brought up under the civil rights bill have been strikingly illustrated during the present term of the Federal Court. No one can read the charge of Judge BALLARD, printed in Saturday's issue of the COURIER-JOURNAL, without feeling, against the state of society which verifies the general remarks prefacing the charge, and against the judge who undertakes to offset that condition of society by becoming a quasi prosecutor at his own bar, a sort of helpless and alternate indignation. We have read that charge with careful impartiality. All that is said about the inadequacy of local law and the deficiency of public sentiment is true. This admitted, we do not hesitate to add that the entire drift and force of Judge BALLARD's remarks is an argument for the Government, and, as we think, an unsound argument, calculated to inflict direct private wrong, and, in its consequences, to produce boundless injustice, both public and private.

We shall not undertake a dissection of what is obvious and may easily be seen for the reading of the matter in question. Judge BALLARD claims, what is undoubted, that a perjury of the most disgusting character has been perpetrated, and then distinctly assumes that the witnesses for the defense have committed the perjury and not the witness for the prosecution, *because*, as he argues, the *defense* has a motive (i. e., the acquittal of the prisoners) and the *prosecution* has no motive at all. This is carrying the doctrine of protecting the weak to an extreme which amounts to partisanism, though we are disposed to ascribe it to strong sympathy with the defenseless and an earnest protest against lawlessness rather than to a partyism, which, in a transaction of this kind, could have no motive. The effect, however, is the same; and it is this—this dangerous public polity—which we are considering.

We shall consider it, too, without sacrificing our allegiance to the law, or abating one particle of our hostility to outlawry of this or of any description; for we ourselves are at fault—we ourselves allow these things to be possible—we ourselves give Judge BALLARD an opportunity which a worse man, which a really cruel and ambitious man, might use to the destruction of the whole State—we ourselves from our own criminal negligence, and we have chiefly ourselves to thank for it. Nor shall we ever get rid of the evil until we ourselves extirpate its cause. The scoundrels who engage in it, and who think themselves protected both by public sentiment and State law, must be sought out both by public opinion and State law until they, and the peculiar offenses which they commit, are wiped from existence. On the other hand, the Federal authorities must work with our public opinion toward the making of an adequate local legislation, and, after it is made, toward its unobstructed execution.

The conflicts of judicatures have produced much of the evil. There is now practically little use in a State court attempting to try a case in which a negro is engaged, because of the interference of the Federal Court, which may come along and take the case out of its hands. The want of negro testimony furnishes the pretext. The state of society, truly sketched by Judge BALLARD, gives the pretext color and force.

Thus we ourselves contribute the material out of which handcuffs are forged for our own wrists.

We confess that our sole hope lies in the moderation of public sentiment and in the personal honor of the Federal authorities. We are living at this moment under an absolute despotism. There is no such thing as Constitutional government on this continent. The reason why the mere forms and pretenses of Republicanism are maintained is that there is no need, openly or wantonly, to disregard them. The party in power has it all its own way anyhow. It may, if it likes, take possession of the State government of Kentucky, arrest Governor LESLIE and put him in prison, hang as many citizens as it sees fit to hang, and otherwise enjoy itself. Why does it not do so? Because it is not ready, and does not require that sort of thing just yet. Its present aim is pillage. When the plunder is gone it will seek more power to obtain more plunder. Kentucky is but one State—it can not be reached without a disturbance—and so, for the present, it is let alone. The Republicans in Kentucky, being out of power, are also out of favor. Thus they are honest. As a class they embrace many of our best citizens, and these do not believe that what we are here saying is true. They will never believe it until the tug comes, when they will be forced to believe it. But then it will be too late. General GRANT will have made his compact with another class than them, and they will be left out in the cold, their party moorings knocked from under them and their liberties gone forever.

Meanwhile, however, we may, by our personal intervention, preserve our domestic peace. We may suppress violence, punish outlaws, and compose our household. During the last war Kentucky was divided. During coming struggles we hope to see her sufficiently united to maintain at least her internal tranquillity. The most dangerous and immediate of these struggles may be deferred. If General GRANT can be defeated, it will be. But the man is blind who does not see that the conflict between constitutionalism and centralism is coming.

The proceedings in the Federal Court which have called up these reflections are in every way significant and suggestive. It is not fair to censure Judge BALLARD, which we do unequivocally, without candidly admitting what he says in justification of a course which he himself thought to stand in need of explanation. We, the people of Kentucky, are equally at fault. Indeed, the COURIER-JOURNAL itself is perhaps of all the organs of the people most at fault; for it ought to have a corps of reporters always on the watch to bring to light without fear or favor such acts of ruffianism as occur, for they are the instruments of the ruin of every one of us.

It is useless to deny that we have reached a point where partyism is destructive in the last degree. We can only escape a species of anarchy by personally putting our shoulder to the wheel, by discouraging political crimination and recrimination, and seeking, through a sharp and ready sense of justice toward all men, to arouse a universality of the home sentiment above party ties and obligations. To this end we shall labor unceasingly, sparing neither the great, in high places, nor the vicious who make a sort of politics out of crimes the most dangerous and cowardly.

Step by Step.

How is it possible for any thoughtful, fair-minded Republican to escape the conclusion which the irresistible logic of reason and circumstance fixes upon the conduct of the Administration with respect to South Carolina? No one will deny that Radical misgovernment reduced South Carolina to a state bordering on anarchy, and passing quite over the limits of absolute ruin, before there was so much as a decent pretext for Federal intervention; and it is a fact of common report that all that has transpired has been exaggerated without stint. For example, the grand jury of Chester county, composed of six whites and six negroes, made a presentment embodying the result of their investigation of the alleged Kuklux outrages there, and conclude as follows: "*We, the grand jurors, upon our oaths, are compelled to say, from the testimony which we have taken, and from our knowledge of the different parts of the county*, THAT THE ALLEGATIONS CONTAINED IN THE PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ARE WITHOUT FOUNDATION, AND MUST BE THE RESULT OF FALSEHOOD COMMUNICATED TO HIM BY PERSONS EQUALLY REGARDLESS OF GOOD ORDER AND THE PEACE OF SOCIETY." Yet, in the face of such evidence as this, we find the President —and, worse than all, the Republican press —going [illegible] with all the machinery of the Kuklux act, threatening and proclaiming martial law, depopulating whole districts of country, and wiping out the bare forms of law. To what end? To this, that the President may test his enginery. That is all. The pretext is outlawry; and when did ever an ambitious schemer want a pretext? The purpose is revolution. GRANT himself is making a cat's paw of the Republican party. He will use it to re-elect himself—that is to feed the machinery which was provided for his re-election—and, when he has done with it, he will throw it aside and make new terms with that class which, through its misfortunes, is most easy in its political virtue, or most adventurous in its political aims. GRANT was a Democrat until it suited him to turn Republican. He will remain a Republican just so long as it is his interest to do so, and no longer. At present all is lovely enough, and the goose swings unusually high. There is no occasion to subjugate more than two or three States at a time. South Carolina and Texas will suffice for the present. But what assurance has the public sentiment which is supporting these frightful innovations that the edge of the sword which is being turned upon the South will not accomplish its work of subjugation in that quarter and find an equally ready pretext to turn itself upon the North? None whatever, and all the teachings of history, all the suggestions of common sense, and all the operations of current events point in that direction and in no other. The point we want to make, however, relates to partisan selfishness. We say that the Republicans who are aiding GRANT to make war on the South will not be the men who will derive profit out of the revolution which GRANT will perfect if he is permitted to remain long enough in the White House. GRANT will find his best agents at the South, not at the North; and, in this way, the Republican party will find itself hoisted by its own petard.

Guesses at Truth.

The entire South is threatened with martial law. By act of Congress discretion is vested in a single man; and the life, property and liberty of no citizen in the overshadowed country can be said to be secure. There is, of course, a pretext—one is never wanting—and this appeals to a very large and generous spirit, a spirit creditable to the law-loving character of the American people and to human nature—the spirit which bids us protect the weak and lowly. That poor black people have been set upon by ruffians; that these ruffians have disguised themselves and gone abroad by night to frighten and destroy; and that much private wrong and public disorder have been the result, is not denied by any one, but is, on the contrary, the source of deep and wide-spread mortification all over the South. On the other hand, every one of the ill features of the case thus stated has been intensified by the conduct of the Federal Administration, which, failing to recognize the revolutionized condition of society and refusing to co-operate with its responsible elements, has steadily, and by appliances the most incendiary, arrayed class against class and race against race, producing not only a morbid, partisan incrustation over the popular sentiment, but a conflict of State and national judicature, out of which the most deplorable consequences are flowing every day.

Thus domestic reforms and local regulation are prevented. Between the two stools—one propped up by bayonets and the other supported by all the legal traditions known to our system, and all the vehement passions which persecution, contumely and misfortune are capable of arousing in the bosom of men born to freedom and conscious of no taint upon their love of liberty or their manhood—between the Federal power and the State power, justice has fallen flat upon the ground, and is at this moment committed to no settled precedent or policy, but is given over to the private honor or discretion, viciousness or error—as chance may have it—of individuals in authority. So, the one element feeding the other, the two have gone on fabricating a series of disorders and remedies, through whose agency we have at last come face to face with the once-dreaded one-man power.

A dismal history, indeed. The plea of necessity, no matter by whom set up, inaugurates the reconstruction of the South with a number of provisional governments and petty great men in embryo. These having failed, are succeeded by a cluster of military persons, executing bayonet law. Next comes the alien adventurer, with his tub-mill of jobs. Whole States are blighted. Treasuries are emptied. Innumerable post-obits are taken upon the public credit, which is nearly extinct. One constitutional amendment follows another like random shots at an invisible mark. One act of Congress is rolled after another like balls in an endless bowling alley. What wonder that society is disturbed; that violence ensues; that the creatures of the Government prey upon all classes; that the brutal of the native population make reprisal; that the blacks grow vicious or sullen; that the whites grow unreasonable? This is maladministration—for human nature at the South is like human nature the world over. It has its courage and its generosity, its passions and its errors, its instinct of self-preservation, its pride, its brutalism and its obduracy.

Certainly it may be subjugated. Martial law, vigorously and incessantly applied, will do its work. No doubt of that. Then what?

Is any man so weak—is any man so ignorant—is any man so illy versed in common knowledge, common sense, and common experience—to say nothing of more imposing considerations—as to suppose that the conquering military genius of absolutism, having once fairly established itself in our system, will voluntarily retire, having restored us order and peace, and all the blessings which are to proceed out of the dragon's maw of the Kuklux act? On this point our mind is clear; but lest we be charged with dealing in mere partisan gabble, we shall not dwell upon it. The point we wish to come at is this—who will be the ministers of the power which at this moment holds the South by the throat and will ere long threaten the North? Be sure of one thing, the agents of revolution will not be the present Republican leaders. The Democratic party—as a political organization—has perhaps less to fear from General GRANT than the Republicans. We can go on, maintain our discipline, make our fight and take two chances in the result. If we win, all right. If we lose, then what? Why this: the progress of revolution will have brought the President face to face with a third term—that third term will mean a perpetuity in office—that perpetuity in office will mean the overthrow of free government—and, with the country demoralized, GRANT will not look to his old partisans for help, but to the broken-spirited and impoverished South, shorn of its liberty and its hope, and ready to clutch any chance or hazard, and to the vagabondized Democracy of the North, which, by that time, will be ready for an imperial cut and shuffle.

The moderate Republicans of the West see and fear this, and hence the SCHURZ movement. The ultra Democrats of the South see it, and prefer its realization to any restoration which involves a popular recognition of universal freedom. For our part, we do not despair of beating GRANT next year, and of so cleaving a short cut out of the dilemma. At all events, we shall make the fight, considering in advance that the most disastrous defeat will be a moral victory, and a badge of honor; for, whatever befall, let it not be said of us, when the fight is over, that with all our promises, obligations and ties we were not found on the side of free government, universal liberty and human nature, which are all interested in the restoration of the home power to each of the States.

The Republicans themselves are making a fatal mistake. Their greatest danger is their chieftain. If they win with him, their triumph will be their own ruin; and, if they lose with him, that is the end of them. In other words, GRANT is the division of the Republican party, as well as a standing threat against the whole people—an able and unscrupulous man, clothed with martial powers and backed by an army of personal dependants. When the tug comes—as come it will if he remains at the head of present and future warrants of extraordinary authority—the South will be needed and may make its peace; and we may say, in a manner, that it will then be *our* time. But is that patriotic, sober, middle-class opinion of the country—which has hitherto acted with the Republican party—interested rather in running such a risk or taking stock in the possibility of any whirligig revenges?

These are matters for Republicans to consider. The Democracy is, at this moment, "but a looker on here in Vienna." We know very well that we are a power in the land; we know very well that new and untrodden tracts lie before us; and we are tolerably sure not to go off half-cocked. One thing we feel to be next to certain, and that is that General GRANT will be an easy-going thing whenever we are reduced to that extremity, and he needs a helping hand to push away the ladder by which he rose to power.

Texas Again.

The condition of affairs in Texas surely demands some remedy. We have repeatedly called attention to it. The Texas papers come to us full of accounts of the unauthorized and oppressive acts of the military forces of a tyrannical Governor. But it is hard for a people enjoying a moderate degree of peace and quiet to believe that, in another portion of the country and under the same General Government, such a state of continued persecution and shameful outrage exists. The people at a distance are prone to believe that the complaints which come from Texas are the outcroppings of partisan hate and political animosities resulting from the approach or pendancy of an election; yet it must be remembered that the election is over in Texas, and the people and press have had a good long month in which to recover their good feeling, and still the complaints continue to come, growing louder and louder every day, until they have become the cries of pain and anguish. Be sure of it that the Texan people are suffering as no people of this country ever suffered before. Bound down by taxation and goaded by the bayonet, they are being driven to desperation fast, and something must be done or we shall have serious trouble anon.

But simple complaints have failed, it seems, to convince the public that wrong is being practiced there. We propose to give indubitable proof. The outrage upon the people of Groesbeck upon the day of the last election will be remembered. It should be. We published the particulars at the time. It will be remembered also that General REYNOLDS, the United States military commander and political friend of Governor DAVIS, pronounced the action of that official, in declaring martial law in Groesbeck, wholly unwarranted by the facts in the case. But, notwithstanding this, the Governor continued to aggravate the wrong he had committed by arrests, and fines and imprisonments of the people. Now his last act in this shameful tragedy is what we desire to introduce as proof of the general truthfulness of the assertions of the press and people of that State. We take it as an example of a dozen or so of the outrages complained of. It explains itself:

> NOTICE—SPECIAL MILITARY TAX.
>
> OFFICE SPECIAL AGENT, STATE OF TEXAS, GROESBECK, LIMESTONE CO., TEXAS.
>
> Pursuant to orders received from Major General A. G. MALLOY, commanding State forces in Limestone county, I am ordered to assess and levy a special military tax of forty thousand dollars ($40,000), to be paid by the citizens of Limestone county, to defray the expenses of military commission and State troops now on duty in said county.
>
> I therefore levy a tax of three per cent. on the hundred dollars of all taxable property situated in said county, as per assessment rolls of 1871.
>
> All persons owning property in Limestone county are notified to appear at my office, in the city of Groesbeck immediately, and pay the same. All persons refusing or failing to pay said tax within three (3) days from above date, ten (10) per cent. will be added, and their property levied upon and sold to satisfy said tax.
>
> GEO. W. FARROW,
> Special Agent for the State of Texas for Limestone county.

That is a beautiful document. The least enterprising of our historians will not fail to have it in his book.

Suppose this man DAVIS had the right to levy such a tax; the very unreasonableness and injustice of the exactions of the order prove him to be a persecutor and a tyrant. The people are required to come up and pay the assessment within three days, with a penalty of ten per cent. added in case of failure. The county of Limestone is a large one, as are all the counties in Texas. It extends, in some directions, a hundred and more miles from Groesbeck, the place where the tax is required to be paid in. Travel is done in the old style—on horseback and in wagons over rough roads. It will take this order, going at the fastest rate possible, over two days to reach the people living in the farther portions of the county. The result is that some will have a chance to be in a hurry and get to Groesbeck in time to pay the tax, while others will not receive the order in time to get there, and still more will not receive it for days after the allotted time has passed.

This, we repeat, is but an example of the manner in which the unlawful as well as the lawful acts of this Texas Governor are executed. Without a show of occasion, he quarters his troops upon the people of a peaceful community, levies a military tax of $40,000, makes its payment without incurring the penalty an impossibility, inaugurates a reign of terror, arrests, fines, and imprisons the citizens, robs the ballot-box, misrepresents the people, blights the prosperity and development of the State, despoils its honor, and disgraces its name; and still we, away off here in the North and West, hardly know whether it is *policy* to touch this Texas matter or not.

The Schurz Movement.

The New York Sun goes, teeth and nails, bag and baggage, boots and spurs, horse, foot and little artillery, plump into the Schurz movement. "All other questions," it tells us, "all other questions that have hitherto divided the American people disappear before this one: Can public corruption be stopped? Can public robbery be put down? Can political frauds be suppressed and prevented? Can bribery and present-taking be banished from political affairs?" Then it adds:

> Ten years ago the great question was slavery. It was settled through the war of the rebellion, with its immense losses of life and treasure and its gigantic heritage of public debt. Since then other questions growing out of the war have arisen. Fortunately, they are now all ended and cleared away; and there is no other subject to distract the attention of the people from this one supreme issue: Can robbers, thieves, bribe-givers, bribe-takers, present-takers, and official black-mailers be driven from power and honest men put in their places? Can the fatal system of corruption now so universal be brought to a close, and a system of honesty, frugality, and purity be substituted in its place? If our public affairs continue for five years longer upon the same downward course as they have done for the five years since the close of the rebellion, we shall no longer have a country to be proud of; and the great American experiment of self-government, in which the hopes of all humanity were bound up, will end in rottenness and shame.

The conclusion reached by the Sun, after this summing up of the political situation, is that there must be a new cut and shuffle. "This is not a matter," it says, "to be disposed of by either of the existing parties. Both of them are alike in a state of putrefaction, and no spirit of life and of safety can come forth from either. If the Republic is to be saved at all, the work must be done in the nation as it was done in this city on Tuesday. Upright and patriotic men of all parties must combine for this exclusive purpose. Democrats and Republicans must forget their old quarrels, and strike hands in one united effort. What are the differences of opinion and of policy that have hitherto separated them compared with this one all-embracing, all-absorbing danger? And of what use will it be to them to continue to call themselves Republicans or Democrats, if all that is worth living for in our free institutions is destroyed by robbers like TWEED, or by present-takers and corrupters of the public conscience like GRANT?"

☞ The Detroit Post has a story of a Michigan man who is six feet four inches high, and weighs but eighty-four pounds. Heretofore we have placed implicit confidence in the statements of the Detroit Post, but this is really too thin.

The French Situation.

We have recent files of the Paris papers, which give considerable news of interest. The journals, which openly advocate the restoration of the empire, are as outspoken as the press of the United States. The chief organ in Paris, "l'Ordre," is very ably edited by M. CLEMENT DUVERNOIS, Minister of the Interior, who so amply provisioned Paris for the siege. He says: "It has been very much commented upon that, during the war between Paris and Versailles, Marshal MACMAHON never once placed at the head of his orders of the day the words French Republic. Last week, at Marseilles, the colonel of a regiment, in returning the colors to his battalion, pronounced a discourse, in which the substantive 'republic' is completely omitted." The "Order" promulgates the Bonapartist view thus:

"The appeal to the people should be made so that all the questions should be decided—REPUBLIC, NAPOLEON, BOURBONS. There is not an elector who is not capable of choosing between these three candidates. If the name of NAPOLEON should again receive an overwhelming majority, it could not be said that the empire is not the legitimate government of France. If the Republic emerges triumphant from the ballot-box, it will have from the dawn of that day a moral power which it has never had and never will have without that indorsement. If the Count de Chambord, the head of the house of France, has a majority, it will be a recognition of the rights invoked by his advocates. In every way France will have obtained an indispensable result in present circumstances—*the destruction of factions*.

"What has ruined France is party spirit. It was party spirit that upset the monarchy of 1830. The same accomplished the revolution of July. Party spirit, after hindering our military reorganization, and thus prepared our defeat, created the 4th of September, which has cost us two provinces and five thousand millions. As long as there shall exist in France three or four parties, the 'outs' will coalesce against that which holds power, and will overturn it in the end. Should the Republic, by a *coup de main*, seize the Government, all the monarchists, to-day divided, would unite to combat it and would destroy it in two years. If traditional monarchy could establish itself by a surprise, the Republicans would very soon be in accord with the Bonapartists to fight the white flag. And if the Empire should return without an explicit appeal to the country, it would have as an antagonist the coalition that it had overthrown. According to circumstances, the coalition would call itself 'the Conservative Union,' 'Union Democratic,' or 'Liberal.' There will always be a coalition which will hinder the Government from taking salutary steps, until the day when it will overturn the ministry, accusing it of not having taken them.

"And, during this time the enemy, laughing at our discords, will organize, will fortify, will arm, and will take from us every decade another province, until the day arrives for France to undergo the fate of Poland. Frenchmen, is THAT what we wish?—thus to go on conspiring the one against the other, and to use more force to upset each other than would be necessary to reorganize France and to repair our disasters.

"We have before us two examples, that of Poland, which factions divided; that of Prussia herself, which, after Jena, cast lower down than we have been, did not throw away her time in conspiracies to overturn governments or to reform constitutions. The half of her territory had been taken to form another kingdom, a ruinous contribution had been imposed, her army was restricted to 40,000 men. Everybody united, from the secret revolutionary societies to the old nobility. Seven years afterward we found at Leipsic Prussia at the head of Germany, and two years later BLUCHER finished us at Waterloo.

"Which of these two examples shall we imitate? Can there be a possible doubt?

"Republicans, Royalists, Imperialists! let us take the country as the arbiter of her own destinies. Let us clearly and loyally propound the questions. Let her say what she wishes. Then close up the ranks and support unitedly that Government, *whatever it may be*, to prepare the regeneration of our country, which has wanted only one thing to be strong and prosperous—to be united."

Certainly this seems to be as sensible reasoning as could possibly be demanded. The proposition is as democratic as could be made to any people who believe in popular suffrage and the will of the majority. The long refusal to submit the question to France herself evinces the fear of all the empire's enemies that the Emperor's strength among the masses is too great to be trusted. What sort of a republic is it when a few leaders control the government by suffrance, and hinder for months any direct appeal to the people?

Current Hints.

There are five or six counties in Kentucky—no more—in which there are occasional—and only occasional—acts of outlawry. That there should be any acts of outlawry at all—of the peculiar character of those which are perpetrated—is a disgrace to the society in which they are possible, and to the State which tolerates their existence. That the whole power of the State should be, by common and by extraordinary appliances, directed to the suppression of the evil, is the sense of the universal intelligence of Kentucky. The press of the State has fully represented this; and public opinion has rapidly formed and organized for the purpose. No one who is acquainted with the course of affairs hereabout can doubt that the people are able and willing, and by natural and indigenous process, to put down masquerading, night-riding and mob violence. Making these admissions frankly and stating these facts truly, we have to add that the interference of the Federal authority has and can have but one effect, and that the interruption of the one sure and safe method of extirpation which can be applied to local disorders of the kind. The local method may indeed be slow. But it is minute and conclusive. The Federal method is cumbrous, irritating, irregular, unjust, partisan, and in every way calculated to inflame without correcting. For years we have made a square fight against unreasoning prejudice and political bigotry. Everybody knows that nowhere have we encountered defeat. But just as we are on the eve of a substantial popular victory, the Federal authorities—obeying the commands of the central party machine—come along with sword and bayonet to check the good work of moral reforms, and throw back the course of that steady stream of domestic peace which was setting in all over Kentucky. Long ago we despaired of the restoration which the people of the United States have sought so eagerly, except at the hands of a reorganized general government. The present Administration is hopeless. It is hopeless in itself and in its ministers. It is an agent of evil wherever it appears, sowing contention among the people and raising up conflicts between authorized tribunals. That it means all that we have ascribed to it is perfectly clear to our mind; and we have come to distrust its remotest acts. It is impossible to make any moral progress so long as that progress is obstructed by a preconcerted and well-chosen periodical arrangement, on the part of its enginery, so to disturb the South as to secure the pretexts needed for its existence. It has been in power too long. Extensive domination has made it irresponsible, and the sure attendant of irresponsibility is corruption. The usefulness of the Republican party expired years and years ago. The present domination is Radicalism, not Republicanism, having very different purposes and a very different spirit from those entertained by the original Republican party. General GRANT himself is not a Republican, but a political adventurer, who finds the Radicalism of the period useful for his schemes of private greed and personal advancement. If the genuine Republicanism of the country would save itself and the system which it cherishes, it will hasten to form into line and try to break up the oligarchy that is fastening itself upon the General Government. There is, if husbanded with care and handled with efficiency, a popular majority against the President's one-man party; and there is at this moment no element in any part of the Union which can be said to be unwilling to sacrifice its predilections to obtain the end desired—that is, the defeat of GRANT. We have no scheme of our own to advance. But it is clear that extraordinary measures of some kind must be taken; and these should become at once the absorbing topic of political speculation. The South, we can say with assurance, is ready to follow any lead which promises an outlet to its difficulties. It proposes no dictation. Our friends in the North have only to blaze the way—and we will cheerfully yield up our peculiar notions, whatever they may be.

The London Press.

Although to the most of us the world of London journalism is known mainly by the titles of its leading dailies, still, engines of such great power, in directing the thought and action of the men best known to us beyond our own shores, are invested with an interest perhaps directly proportioned to the ambiguity of our acquaintance. The London Times is a synonym for everything that is potent and perfect in journalism, and even national pride would barely tide the oft-repeated statement that the leading American newspapers were not only better informed, but better edited, than their English contemporaries, over the stubborn rock of this impression. It was stated, and has been reiterated, that intelligence of the great battles that have convulsed Europe in the last decade was more rapid, thorough and correct, in our best-known journals, than in the columns of the Times itself, hardly removed a cannon-shot from the arena of conflict. Be that as it may, the interest exists, and therefore a few notes out of JAMES GRANT's otherwise execrable History of the London Press, which has just appeared, will be more or less readable.

The Morning Post, with the lapse of a few months, will celebrate the centenary anniversary of its birth. Founded in 1772, it is the oldest and most aristocratic of all the London journals. Its price is six cents per copy, and its circulation between three and four thousand a day. The Post has numbered among its editors SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, and its contributors SOUTHEY and CHARLES LAMB. The latter appears to have been its "paragraphist," receiving sixpence apiece therefor. COLERIDGE seems to have been paid on the same magnificent scale, for as chief editor his salary was a guinea a week. The specialty of the Post is its "fashionable intelligence," being mostly a list of the guests at fashionable dinners, balls and concerts in the West End. These are all paid for, and from them the Post derives a most comfortable revenue, the prices ranging from two and three to forty dollars for the more pretentious occasions. For those who are familiar with editorial rooms the parlors—for so they are—of the Post are marvels in newspaperdom. Mahogany doors, rosewood desks and handsome carpets make up the tout ensemble of the rooms, and you even have to ring a bell to gain admission into their sacred portals. The Post inaugurated, at least in London, the practice of musical and theatrical critiques, a custom which has since been generally adopted. Its present editor is Mr. BORTHWICK, who has occupied that position for twenty years.

The Times stands second in point of age, though first in influence. Started in 1785 under the name of the Daily Universal Register it adopted its present title three years later. Its daily circulation may now be put at some sixty-five thousand—a circulation which pays all expenses, leaving the immense sum derived from advertisements as clear gain. These advertisements occupy a large portion of its space—an average of eight pages and a half—and net about $100 a column, making the enormous income of nearly a million and a half dollars per annum. The Times is owned mainly by Mr. JOHN WALTER, who is the member for Berkshire and lives in state in that county, his residence being almost palatial in its proportions and appointments. The editor-in-chief is Mr. THADDEUS DELANE, once DELANEY, who dropped the terminal y from a snobbish fear, it seems, of its Hibernian sound. Mr. DELANE is a famous diner-out, and is hand-in-glove with the Prince of Wales, Mr. GLADSTONE, DISRAELI, and most of the political notabilities of the island. His province is only to revise and correct the manuscripts submitted to him, and he is reported to exercise his prerogative with an unsparing hand—a regular slasher. The chief spirit, however, of the Times is Mr. MOWBRAY MORRIS, who engages writers, correspondents and reporters, and generally directs the policy of the paper. The others are mere puppets in his hands. Mr. DELANE is reported to be in receipt of a salary of $20,000 per annum, but as the proprietors of the Times are not remarkable for their communicativeness this is not official. The power and the policy of the Times are too well known to need comment. It daily publishes its boast as the "leading journal of Europe."

Next in influence, perhaps, is the Daily Telegraph, which placards every dead wall and advertises in every omnibus and public carriage in England that it has the "largest circulation in the world." Its daily circulation is now stated as 190,000, and its gross receipts are estimated at about $1,600,000 per annum. The Telegraph was established in 1855, and was at first a failure, but coming into the hands of Mr. JOSEPH MOSES LEVY, who immediately put its price down to a penny a copy, it speedily reached its present position. It has always been liberal in politics, until, its influence being with governmental consideration, a few sops were thrown its proprietors in the way of invitations to "receptions," since which it has supported the administration. Its proprietors are hard taskmasters and poor pursers, making it the most unpopular journal in London to newspaper men. Its present editor is Mr. THORNTON HUNT, eldest son of the late LEIGH HUNT.

Of the other papers the most important are the Morning Advertiser, a paper devoted to and curiously enough owned by a company styled the London Licensed Victualers, being the publicans of the city; the paper is to be found in every taproom in London, a subscription being one of the conditions of membership—the Pall Mall Gazette, probably the best literary paper in the city, and whose title seems to have been taken from PENDENNIS' venture in THACKERAY's novel of that name, and the Globe, which is an evening paper, a full-fledged Tory journal, and has a circulation of 25,000. The Daily News started with a brilliant outlook, with CHARLES DICKENS as editor-in-chief and a corps of eminent writers and contributors, but after an enormous outlay of capital dragged on a precarious existence until the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, when, by immense exertions in the way of obtaining fresh and extensive reports, its circulation increased largely. The other papers are the Standard and Echo, the former of which advertises itself as "the largest paper on the planet"—they try to outdo themselves in this line of advertising, these London papers—and the latter is a half-penny sheet, having a circulation of about 80,000.

Such are the London newspapers. It would be a lengthy matter to institute a comparison between them and leading journals on this side of the water, and perhaps, from the different class of readers to which they respectively appeal, profitless when done.

☞ A New York enthusiast is confident that he has invented a flying-machine which can be made to navigate the air against all opposition currents. The probability is that this hopeful man is a little flighty.

☞ Governor PALMER's rebellious conduct is easily accounted for. He carried a rebel bullet in his thigh for some time.

The New Jersey Election.

The Democrats, with JOEL PARKER at their head, have carried New Jersey. This is a straw which shows which way the wind blows. JOEL PARKER is one of the most liberal and advanced Democrats of the period, a Democrat of the school of GROESBECK. He was Governor of New Jersey during the war, and made an efficient war Governor. There is not a blot on his record as a war man, nor a question as to his position on matters connected with the war and growing out of it. He is personally popular, and was forced out of his retirement because his nomination made the result almost a certainty. His election means this, that in the North the war is not yet forgotten, that it yet plays a part in current politics, and that those whose war antecedents are questionable or whose present opinions seem to go back upon the war, stand no show before the people. Certainly this is not to be wondered at. The only wonder is that any element should build upon a different order of things and expect the Northern people to give a flat contradiction to all experience and human nature by utter obliviousness to that portion of their history which they consider most glorious. The fighting men of both the sections are necessarily popular favorites. They are so from two considerations. In the first place, military service is a great item, and military success a greater; and, in the second place, men who make good soldiers, men who are earnestly and actively patriotic in emergencies, are, for the most part, live and lovable men. Governor PARKER has always been a Democrat; but he was a Democrat like Mr. GROESBECK, who, when war came, was with his own side of the house. It is just so in the South. The people remember who was for them and who was against them in time of war, and nothing is more natural than that they should remember such. Of course distinguished abilities or prominent fitness are always able to overcome the predilections of the populace; but, other things being equal, favor usually goes to the military hero, to the man who was faithful in time of war.

☞ The Boston Traveller assures us that "one of the most outrageous falsehoods ever published by a government is that just put forth by the German Government concerning the German losses in the late war with France." We are sorry to hear this, but as we know that the Traveller was there and saw every German that was shot down, and counted him as he fell, we are compelled to believe that the German Government has lied like a dog.

☞ California has been unfortunate in the selection of names for her towns. She has a town which she calls Los Angeles (the City of the Angels), but whenever a Celestial shows his face there everybody turns out to hang him.

☞ "Small-pox," says the New York Evening Post, "is literally walking the streets of Philadelphia." This, then, is a confirmation of the news in the Philadelphia papers that the small-pox had broken out.

☞ The Chicago Tribune regards Governor PALMER's movement for the arrest of General SHERIDAN unfortunate. On the other hand, Governor PALMER regards the cold-blooded murder of Gen. GROSVENOR unfortunate. Presently the Cincinnati Gazette will come along with one more "unfortunate."

☞ There is something like poetic justice in the story that two Ohio girls recently set fire to the barn of their betrayer, burning it down to a few charred timbers. They can now look complacently on *his* ruin.

☞ Egypt proposes to use her pyramids for weather signal-stations. If Egypt intends to know about the weather, there is no better way for her to find out than to peer amid the clouds.

☞ P. T. BARNUM is now squandering his money in buying gorgeous presents for his "general manager" and "equestrian director." What a P. T.!

☞ ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is not rich, and his name is not ALEXANDER H. STEVENS. He never had a V.

Public Meeting at Walton.

A meeting of citizens of Boone, Grant, Kenton and adjoining counties was held at Walton, Boone county, Kentucky, on the 4th of November, 1871, pursuant to previous notice, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of organizing and establishing an agricultural and mechanical fair at or near that place.

On motion, Judge L. L. Youell was elected chairman and L. W. Lassing secretary.

The chairman explained the object of the meeting, and several gentlemen made speeches recommending Walton, at the intersection of the Covington and Lexington turnpike with the Louisville and Cincinnati Short-line railroad, as the proper place for such a fair.

On motion—

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the chairman, to which was assigned the duty of conferring with the directors of the North Kentucky Agricultural Society, and of ascertaining what arrangements could be made with them in regard to merging their society into the proposed organization; and to report progress at a meeting to be called by them hereafter at Walton.

The chairman appointed the following gentlemen as said committee, viz: J. Crockett Sayres, M. M. Black, Wesley Hoggins, Judge O. P. Hogan and L. W. Lassing.

On motion—

Resolved, That a committee of five gentlemen be appointed by the chairman, whose duty it shall be to examine grounds in the vicinity of Walton, for the erection of proper buildings and improvements for a Fair Ground, and report at said called meeting.

The chairman appointed the following committee: Volney Dickerson, A. K. Gaines Geo. T. Gaines, Reuben Conner, and A. Stansifer.

On motion—

Resolved, That John G. Snow, Esq., be appointed a committee of one, and authorized to confer personally with the managers of the Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington railroad, and ascertain what amount they are willing to donate to the enterprise, what amount of stock they will take in the proposed Fair Association; and also in regard to the transportation of material to Walton for making the proposed improvements, and report at the called meeting aforesaid.

On motion, the chairman was authorized to appoint committees to solicit subscriptions of stock in the proposed Fair Company, in Boone, Kenton, Grant, Gallatin, Carroll, Owen, and adjoining counties; stock to be twenty-five dollars per share.

On motion—

Resolved, That the Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL, and other Louisville newspapers, and all papers in Northern and Central Kentucky, be requested to publish these proceedings.

The meeting then adjourned.

L. L. YOUELL, Chairman.

L. W. LASSING, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Charles O'Connor said yesterday that Tweed was taking all the preliminary steps that men take when they seek to elude justice by flight to a foreign land. The police would not be very active in arresting him even now if the Committee of Seventy could give them power, and would not help us by informing us of his movements. O'Connor believed that Tweed would certainly fly, and there are not many impediments in his way. He didn't think he was the only prominent criminal who would quit the country; but wherever they go in Europe they will find they cannot remain with impunity, but be followed wherever the law can follow. As to Fields, his seat in the Assembly will be disputed on the ground of fraud in the elections, of which proof is so abundant that Horatio Seymour will surely take his seat.

CITY CHARTER.

A new charter is already drafted for submission to the Legislature, which will provide for a more just government for the people.

ALDERMEN.

As to the difficulty about aldermen, the Mayor need not trouble himself about it as in January, as in any case, the newly-elected aldermen will be the aldermen, and all points at law be swept away.

IRVING'S CASE.

James Irving in a published statement, says he knows nothing about the assault on Doraley for which he is arrested. He does not know that he ever saw Doraley. He was not near the fracas, and did not recognize any of the parties concerned in it. He thinks the action against him is for the purpose of persecution, and that he has been treated by the U. S. authorities like a dog. It is suspected that the wrong man has been arrested, and it is reported about the sheriff's office that the description of the assailant tallies with one of the deputy sheriffs named Jim Erbe.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

To-day Catacazy, the Russian Minister, accompanied by his secretaries, proceeded down the bay in General Aspinwall's yacht, and went on board the Abreck. They were received with the usual honors. They subsequently visited Admiral Rowan's flagship and spent some time. Mutual congratulations were exchanged. The Abreck left Madeira in company with the frigate Shetland and corvette Bogatine. When in Long. 21, Lat. 30, Vice Admiral Parsiet, Chief of the squadron, gave orders for the Abreck to take a southerly course, and proceed under steam to New York to rendezvous until the arrival of the Shetland and Bogatine.

The following are the particulars of the reception of the Abreck at daybreak: A strange vessel was made out, and the stars and stripes was run up by the Congress. It was responded to by the blue flag of Russia, and was quickly followed by a national salute of twenty-one guns from the Russian vessel, with the American flag at the main. The Congress rejoined from her battery of nine-inch guns. Lieut. Commander Robeson was sent aboard the Abreck to convey the compliments of Admiral Rowan, and tender the usual courtesies to men-of-war. The Captain accepted an invitation to dine with the Admiral, and, running the Vice Admiral's flag to the fore, fired a salute of fifteen guns, which was returned by the Congress. At an entertainment on the Abreck her chief officer gave the toast, "We are all glad to be in New York, and drink to the American people with joy." The Abreck has not seen the rest of the fleet since the third day after leaving Madeira, and being a slow sailer it was expected the others would be here ahead. It is believed they are close at hand, unless they went to Bermuda to repair the Boratine's boilers.

PRICES REDUCED!

FURNITURE

J. W. DAVIS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail

Furniture Manufacturers,

Corner of Ninth and Jefferson Streets.

A beautiful array of Furniture is now presented to our citizens at this large Factory's Warerooms, which they will sell at Reduced Prices.

au5 d&wly

Decisions of Court of Appeals.

[*Reported expressly for the Courier-Journal, by Daniel James, Attorney-at-Law, Frankfort.*]

CAUSES DECIDED.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 7.—Smith, &c., vs. Kahn and wife, McLean; reversed.

Greenwade vs. Commonwealth, Menifee; affirmed.

Waring vs. Commonwealth, Greenup; motion to dismiss appeal overruled, and judgment reversed.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 9, 1871.—Fleming vs. Chandler, Lyon; affirmed.

Newton vs. Newton, Daviess; affirmed.
Reeves vs. Moore, &c., McLean; reversed.
Kehr vs. Mattingly, McLean; affirmed.
Plain vs. West, McLean; affirmed.
Hopkins vs. Catlette, Christian; affirmed on original and reversed on cross-appeal.
Campbell and wife, &c., vs. Evansville, H. and N. Railroad Company, Christian; affirmed.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 10, 1871.—Commonwealth for, &c., vs. McCarroll, &c., Christian; affirmed.
Upshaw vs. Corbett, trustee, Fulton; reversed.
Noe vs. Turner, Harlan; affirmed.
Hathaway vs. Yeaman, Daviess; reversed.
Evans vs. Leech, ex'r, Caldwell; affirmed.

CAUSES DECIDED.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 11, 1871.—Pratt vs. Cox, Hopkins; affirmed.
Engleman vs. Helm, Lincoln; affirmed.
Roots vs. Meriwether, Louisville Chancery; affirmed.

The River and the Weather.

THE RIVER at this point was stationary yesterday evening, with 3 feet 6 inches at the head of the canal, 20 inches in the pass down the Indian chute, and about 4 feet on Portland bar, and 34 inches on Puppy creek bar. The weather yesterday was clear and cool until noon, after which it clouded up and moderated. At this writing the wind is from the east and good prospects for rain before morning. There is but little business being transacted in marine circles.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Saws.

The attention of the many readers of the COURIER-JOURNAL is directed to the conspicuous advertisement of Messrs. Woodrough & McParlin, Cincinnati. It is a reliable firm, and they make every description of saws, and have for sale saw-mill supplies.

☞ Hazard & Caswell's Cod Liver Oil is the purest, sweetest and best in the world. Physicians have decided it superior to any other Cod Liver Oil in the market. Patients who have once taken it can take no other.

Country Merchants,

now is the time to purchase your rubber shoes and clothing, &c., and get the discounts from the RUBBER GOODS HOUSE, Janney & Perry's, Main street, between Third and Fourth.

Diseased Horses—Pasha's Arabian Cures for—

1. Spavin. 2. Botts. 3. Colic. 4. Grease Heel and Scratches. 5. Fistula and Pollevil. 6. Sweeny. Receipt, with full directions, warranted to cure any of the above diseases, sent to any address on receipt of one dollar, or the six receipts for five dollars. Fifty dollars given for every failure where directions are faithfully followed. Address WM. KNOWLES, no1 w4* Box 34, Rockville, Ind.

If This Should Meet the Eye

of any one suffering from bronchitis, consumption, asthma, or any pulmonary affection, we would refer them to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will in all cases afford speedy relief, and in most effect a speedy cure. Sold by all druggists.

To Mothers and Nurses.

Mrs. Whitcomb's Syrup, for diarrhea, &c., in children, whether induced by teething or other causes, is the safest and best remedy.

☞ Chapped Hands, Face, Pimples, and all roughness of the skin cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Sold by druggists.

Burnett's Cocoaine gives new life to the hair, removes dandruff, and is the best hair-dressing.

To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best—sold everywhere.

Boy's Suits, Overcoats,

cut and made in the latest styles; materials selected and goods shipped by express. Send stamped envelope for particulars to Mrs. DEAN, northeast corner Twelfth and Jefferson streets.

Marriage Guide.

Interesting work, numerous engravings, 224 pages. Price 30 cents. Address Dr. Butts' Dispensary, 12 North Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. See advertisement. au17 d&wly

BIRTHS.

FIDLER—On the 26th ult., at Shelbyville, Tennessee, to the wife of Captain JAS. M. FIDLER, of Lebanon, Ky., a son.

LOCKHART—Nov. 11, the wife of Mr. ROB'T H. LOCKHART of a son.

MARRIED.

BERRYMAN—WRIGHT—At Christ Church, on Tuesday, the 7th inst., at 2½ o'clock P. M., by the Rev. James Craik, Mr. J. S. BERRYMAN to Miss MARY B. WRIGHT, all of this city.

LIGGETT—McCARRELL—On the 8th inst., in this city, by Rev. Dr. R. H. Rivers, Mr. JNO. T. LIGGETT and Miss SARAH E. McCARRELL, all of this city.

GARDNER—HUBER—On the 9th instant, at the College-street Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. E. P. Humphrey, Mr. ISAAC W. GARDNER and Miss ANNA M., daughter of Capt. J. Fred. Huber, all of this city.*

CLOSE—PEMBERTON—At W. S. Pemberton's, in Shelby county, Ky., November 9th, by B. H. Cox, Mr. HENRY F. CLOSE, of Oldham county, Ky., and Miss IDA BELL PEMBERTON, of Shelby county, Ky.

DIED.

HOLTON—Lost on the steamer R. G. Coburn, which foundered off Saginaw Bay, Lake Huron, on the 15th ult., MARY SYER, wife of Thomas Holton, of Cincinnati, and daughter of James Syer, of Superior City, Wis. The remains have not been recovered.

BEELER—In this city, on the 7th inst., at 1 o'clock A. M., after a lingering illness, HENRY C., only son of Sarah F. Beeler, aged 20 years.

REED—On November 8, 1871, at 1 o'clock A. M., Mrs. CATHERINE REED, wife of the late William Reed, aged 86 years.

SLATER—On the 8th inst., at 9:15 P. M., of typhoid fever, BLANCHE, the daughter of Thomas G. Slater, Esq., aged 7 years and 11 months.

BRILL—On Thursday, the 9th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M., after long sickness, Mrs. JOSEPHINE BRILL, aged 29 years and 13 days, born in Savannah, Ga.

GANNON—On the 11th inst., of consumption, MICHAEL GANNON, aged 24 years.

FITZHUGH—JOHN A. FITZHUGH, at Paroquet Springs, in the 21st year of his age.

TODD—On Friday evening, at 7½ o'clock, Mrs. JANE H. TODD, in the 53d year of her age.

LOTICH—At 5 o'clock P. M. on Sunday, Nov. 12, AMELIA C., infant daughter of Philip and Lena Lotich.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Fifteen Minutes' Confidential Talk with the Ladies on important subjects, by one of their number. Sent free for two stamps. Address Mrs. H. METZGER, Hanover, Pa. no15 w4*

What Dyspepsia May End In.

Indigestion is not dangerous, say the faculty. Perhaps not in itself, while it remains mere indigestion; but look at the consequences to which it may lead, and often does lead when it becomes a chronic disease. A spark of fire is a small thing. A pressure of the foot will put it out; a breath will extinguish it. Yet it may fire a powder-mill, or kindle a flame that will consume a city. In like manner indigestion may produce gastritis, cancer of the stomach, congestion of the bowels, apoplexy, liver disease, and many other dangerous maladies. Is it not wise, then, to check it in the germ? Nothing is more clearly and indisputably established than that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will eradicate dyspepsia in all its stages. The true policy, however, is to extinguish it in the first stages with this wholesome, powerful, and infallible tonic and alterative. It is easier to quench a spark than a flame, and it is easier to cure dyspepsia when it is first developed, than when it has made headway by neglect and become complicated with other ailments. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the bitters are as directly antagonistic to dyspepsia as water is to fire. There are thousands of cases on record proving this fact. The remedy is safe and agreeable. All the liquors of commerce prescribed as stimulants leave a sting behind. But the sting is taken out of the spirituous basis of this great remedy by vegetable medication, and, moreover, the stimulant thus medicated is of exceptional purity. Of all tonics taken as safeguards or remedies for fever and ague, bilious remittents and other fall epidemics, it is the only one that can uniformly be depended upon. no12 eod3&w1

FOR SALE—COUNTRY.

FOR SALE—VALUABLE LANDS—A valuable meadow and grazing farm, containing 315 acres, within a few miles of Louisville, for sale as a whole or in quantities to suit purchasers. About one-third of the tract is fully cleared and in cultivation, and is as productive of corn, wheat, tobacco, &c., as any land in Jefferson county. The rest is thinned out sufficiently of its timber for the growth of grass and is now well set and ready for grazing. The whole of it is admirably adapted to the production of hay, which, raised that near to Louisville, is one of the most reliable and profitable crops that can be cultivated. Also 650 acres of land in Bullitt county, Ky., on Salt river, about one mile from its mouth. This land is known as the table lands of Bullitt, and has upon it some of the finest timber, such as cherry, black walnut, poplar, &c., to be found anywhere. Fruit in this region never fails and the land is also well adapted to the growth of the cereals. It will be sold altogether or in quantities to suit purchasers. For full particulars, and terms of sale, apply to R. T. DURRETT, Law Office of Bramlette, Durrett & Briggs, 126 Fifth street. oc29 d&wtf

WANTED—AGENTS.

$100 TO $250 per month guarnteed sure to Agents everywhere selling our new seven-strand White Platina Clothes-lines. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa. no15 eow4*

WANTED—BAPTIST AGENTS—Everywhere, for the largest Baptist paper in the world. Able writers, all the news, and constant improvements. Full Market Report. Sunday-school Department—Lesson every week. An inflexible advocate of Baptist principles. One price: only $2 50 per year. The most astonishing premium and clubbing list ever offered, or liberal cash commissions paid. Specimen copy and particulars free to all who will write to LUTHER & YEAMAN, The Central Baptist, St. Louis, Mo. no1 w8

AGENTS WANTED FOR

LIFE IN UTAH;

Being an EXPOSE of the SECRET RITES and MYSTERIES of MORMONISM.

With a full and authentic history of POLYGAMY, by J. H. BEADLE, Editor of the Salt Lake Reporter.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success; one reports 186 subscribers in four days, another 71 in two days. Send for Circulars and see what the press says of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Cincinnati, Ohio. oc25 w4*

$425 A MONTH.

HORSE and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. oc11 w13

Farmers and Agents

MAKE money fast selling O'Hara's Pocket Giant Corn-Sheller, awarded first premium at Texas, Mississippi, and Kentucky Fairs. Cheap—durable. Every farmer buys one. Only $1 50. Sent to any express office on receipt of price—by mail, $2. Get sample and take agency. Address MOORE & CO., 111 Third st., Louisville, Ky. oc4 wtf

$150 A MONTH! EMPLOYMENT! EXTRA INDUCEMENTS

A PREMIUM HORSE and WAGON for agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years to sell the Buckeye $20 Shuttle Sewing Machine. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced, licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo. ja18 wly

GIFT DISTRIBUTIONS.

L. D. SINE'S

GIFT ENTERPRISE,

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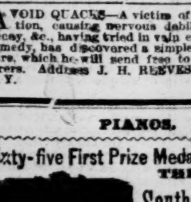
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TRYING TO VOTE.

Desperate Efforts of the Woodhull Women at the New York Polls.

"I Went for Bill Tweed."

The champions of woman suffrage need not despair. Several attempts were made to vote yesterday, and one of them was crowned with success. On Friday last, Mrs. Margaret M. Miller, residing at 58 Dey street, registered her name as a voter at the polling-place, 191 Greenwich street, near Fulton. Mrs. Miller expressed her intention to the clerk, but that gentleman did not regard it in such a favorable light as the fair suffragist. However, after duly consulting with the inspectors, he decided to place it on the list. Yesterday morning Mrs. Miller determined to go and vote, but on passing the door of the polling-place the policemen, inspectors and other officials presented such a formidable array that she was quite dissuaded from entering. On her return home she met Mr. Bernal Schram, a friend, and he determined to accompany Mrs. Miller to the polls. Arrived at their destination Mrs. Miller, advancing to the ballot-box, was accosted by the inspector, who said, "I suppose you want to vote?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Miller, "I have come here for that purpose, but I suppose you will challenge me."

"Oh, no," rejoined the inspector, "we know you, Mrs. Miller, and we have no objection to accepting your vote."

At this point the Republican inspector interfered, having an objection to the vote, but after some conversation they unanimously agreed to accept it.

Mrs. Miller, who had kept the tickets tightly rolled up in her hand, endeavored to place them in the box herself, but the inspector interfered and kindly unfolded the slips and deposited them in their several receptacles.

"That is all, I suppose," said Mrs. Miller, and bidding the inspectors good morning she left the place.

Mrs. Miller speaks in high terms of the gentlemanly behavior of the inspectors, asserting that no unseemly or unwarranted remarks were made as she left or entered the place, and describes her treatment as being most courteous. She is in high glee at her achievement, as she is the first woman who has voted at the election, and last evening she remarked to a World reporter: "Notwithstanding all that they have said of the 'Boss,' I went for old Bill Tweed."

REPULSE OF WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN.

Intense was the excitement caused yesterday at the little furniture store on Sixth avenue, which did duty as the polling-place for the Twenty-third district of the Twenty-first ward, when a carriage and pair drove up opposite the door and from which alighted three ladies and a gentleman. No less noted personages were these than Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, Miss Tennie C. Claflin, Mrs. Daniels, of Boston, and Judge Reymert. Both the former ladies had arrived there provided with their tickets fully prepared to test their right to vote as citizens of the United States. Since these ladies registered their names on Friday last, at which time not the slightest opposition was manifested towards them, much had been said relative to the issue of the project. Consequently there were a number of loiterers hanging about the polls yesterday anxious to catch a glimpse of the woman's rights champion, but to their credit may it be said that they indulged in no unseemly language or behavior of any kind as the women suffragists passed through the outer room into the smaller one beyond, where the whole paraphernalia of the ballot was in full working order under the guidance of two or three inspectors.

"Take your turn," shouted the police officers, as a rush was made to obtain a front place. Mrs. Woodhull, thinking this remark was intended for her, immediately stepped back, but American gallantry would not allow men voters to take precedence of the fair voter; the consequence was that Mrs. Woodhull found herself almost hustled into the front rank, so anxious were those present to see the issue.

Holding the tiny bundle of tickets between her finger and thumb, Mrs. Woodhull stretched forth her right hand towards the inspector, but that official deigned not to take any notice; not until Mrs. Woodhull had expressed her desire in words to record her vote.

"I can't take it," said the inspector.

"You refuse to take my vote?" rejoined Mrs. Woodhull.

"We can't receive it," was the answer.

"By what right," continued Mrs. Woodhull, "do you refuse to accept the vote of a citizen of the United States?"

"By this," said the man, producing a copy of the first constitution of the State of New York, which reads "all males," &c.

"But refer to the second article," replied Judge Reymert; "you will there find that 'all citizens' are entitled to vote."

"We haven't a copy of the second constitution here," said the inspector, "and even if we had I could not take the vote."

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because we were told to refuse."

"I challenge you," continued the judge; "will you swear?"

"No."

"Then I will send for a copy of the second constitution, which completely kills the first, and then see upon what authority you refuse to take the lady's vote," threatened the judge.

A messenger was thereupon dispatched to fetch the required book. Meanwhile Mrs. Woodhull crossed to the side, and the balloting went on briskly. When the constitution arrived, Judge Reymert found the place, and, approaching the inspectors, accompanied by Mrs. Woodhull, requested the officer to read the article which specified that no citizen shall be deprived of his privileges or immunities, &c.

"I can't look at it," replied the man.

"Can you give me a reason?" asked the Judge.

"I can give you no further information on the subject" was the response.

"Are you aware that you are liable to a penalty of $500?" queried a bystander.

"I know nothing about it," responded the officer.

Mrs. V. C. Woodhull then withdrew. Miss Tennie C. Claflin then tendered her vote, but the same answer was vouchsafed as in Mrs. Woodhull's case. The party then retired.

Mrs. Woodhull's indignation was scarcely controllable. Immediate steps are to be taken by Mrs. Woodhull's lawyer to sift the matter right through, and test the question whether the rejection of Mrs. Woodhull's proffered ballot was justified or not.

MRS. THOMPSON'S DEFEAT.

The inspectors of election had evidently, so the ladies thought, entered into a conspiracy, for the refusal to receive their votes seemed to be quite unanimous and unhesitating. Mrs. Leland, who resides in Fifteenth street, and who, not having resided thirty days in her ward, was for that reason disqualified for voting, pioneered Mrs. Thompson, of 769 Sixth avenue, to the polls yesterday about 10 o'clock. The ladies went unprovided with escorts, feeling more safe from insult alone. The office was in a cigar store on Eighth avenue, and filled with numerous friends of the Tammany inspectors and the challengers and policemen. There was hardly room to move. The inspector had just called out to the polling clerk, "All right, Bill?" "Yes; votes the whole ticket;" when the door opened, and everything was instantly hushed.

"Make way for the ladies," called out a policeman, and all the way there could be made was immediately provided.

The would-be voters, Mrs. Thompson closely veiled in the rear of Mrs. Leland, who took the lead very firmly, stepped to the counter and tendered the little bunch of tickets.

"No, ma'm; can't receive them," said the inspector, with an awkwardly polite bow.

Nothing more was said. The ladies retired, with the crowd smiling slightly but significantly. The inspector heaved a sigh of relief, as if a duty very disagreeable to his sense of delicacy had been discharged.

THE DISCOMFITURE OF MRS. PARKER.

Mrs. Parker fared no better than Mrs. Thompson. With Mrs. Rose McKinley for a chaperone, she prepared herself to "try," as she said. The ladies appeared very jolly withal, evidently appreciating the tinge of humor which colored the whole affair. The distance was but a trifle from Mrs. Parker's to the polls, and having procured tickets at the corner the two approached the boxes. The crowd within and without was very great—so great that entrance to the tailor's shop was not gained without difficulty.

"Hullo! here comes the women," said one.

"Yes; now we will have some fun, you can bet," was the answer—spoken with evident gusto.

But the lovers of the humorous were doomed to disappointment this time; there was very little fun to be had. Making their way to the counter amid clouds of cigar-smoke and not a few derisive whisperings, the ladies learned over upon the ballot-boxes as if to charm the inspector or intimidate him—it is a question which—into assent. The first one addressed was manifestly somewhat touched, and fearful, doubtless, of himself, mutely pointed to a colleague who was leaning back in a chair, poised on two legs, with stolid indifference to what was passing, now and then relieving himself of a considerable quantity of tobacco-juice. Thus directed, Mrs. McKinley, who acted as a sort of negotiating commissioner for her principal, addressed herself to the last-mentioned individual:

"This lady came here to register the other day," said she, "and you took her name and residence—Mrs. Annie Kimball Parker. She now desires to cast her vote."

No reply, but a shake of the head and a compression of the lips on the part of the inspector.

"Do you not consider me a citizen of the United States?" said Mrs. Parker, speaking for herself this time.

Still no answer.

"Have you examined and reflected upon the clause in the State constitution that I read you on Saturday?"

"Yes; but you can't vote," came at last from the compressed lips, a trifle sulkily.

"But, I appeal to the Constitution of the United States. I thought you political men of any standing regarded that as paramount to all others?"

Simply a shake of the head followed. The bystanders were beginning to find it tedious and the ladies soon came to be of the same opinion. It was like a pugilistic attack on a stone wall. So, with one more appeal from Mrs. McKinley, and a disgusted "So much the worse for Tammany, then"—which it is to be feared was not quite sincere—from Mrs. Parker, they departed, preserving the ticket as a memento.

"It is to be hoped," remarked the latter when they were beyond the cigar smoke, "that we shall one day have a more respectable place to vote in, a place of our own."

"Yes," returned Mrs. McKinley, "but I noticed that we spread a refining influence around us whenever we enter such a place as this even." The inspector's lips relaxed into a broad smile at the "Tammany" remark, the crowd once more gathered round the ballot-boxes and gazed wistfully at their contents, but everybody seemed to think no allusion to the incident which had just happened would be best.

MRS. M'KINLEY ON THE CONSTITUTION.

Mrs. Francis Rose McKinley left her residence, 860 Sixth avenue, yesterday forenoon, and proceeded to the polling-place of the Twenty-fourth district of the Nineteenth ward, accompanied by a World reporter and a gentleman-friend named Nevin. Mrs. McKinley was attired in a creve-cœur silk dress, paniered a la postillion, with organdie insertion and gathered tucks. In her right hand she carried a copy of the Constitution of the United States, elaborately bound in blue and gold. On the way to the polling-place Mrs. McKinley said she favored the Reform party, and thought Judge Barrett a nice young man, who was in favor of woman suffrage. As Mrs. McKinley approached the front entrance to the polling-place, which was the barber-shop of Charles Leitz, 810 Third avenue, Mr. George E. Lovelace, chairman of the board of inspectors, who was looking out of the door, suddenly disappeared, an expression of intense anguish on his face. He darted through a side door into the barber-shop, where, seated at a table, were Messrs. John Rourke and George F. Cushing, the other two inspectors. Mr. Lovelace sank into a chair, threw off his hat, wiped his forehead rapidly, and said: "Get ready, boys, she's coming."

"Who's coming?"

"Mrs. McKinley."

"O-o-h!" said Messrs. Rourke and Cushing.

The next moment Mrs. McKinley entered. She addressed Mr. Lovelace: "I registered as a voter here the other day, sir, and am now desirous of voting."

For esthetic effect there had been a curtain of calico hung across the barber-shop so as to divide the voting-place from the space in which the barber proprietor exercised his art, and as the last word of Mrs. McKinley's sentence died away, the North German voice of Mr. Leitz was heard, "Oh mine Cott, shentlemens, dere is dot lady as vants to vote."

The sounds of the rapid razors stopped, and even the snuffle of impatient subjects of the barber were no longer heard. Mr. Lovelace gave a wistful look at his fellow-inspectors, and straightening himself up said in a submissive way, "Madam, I regret to inform you that your name is not on the registry. In fact, we removed it from the registry, and I can not receive your vote."

Mr. Lovelace bowed with a sympathizing air, as if to say the day seemed dark before him in consequence of the obligation which had devolved on him. Mrs. McKinley said: "But the constitution provides that all citizens exclusive of sex are entitled to register and vote."

"Well," said Mr. Lovelace, "perhaps you think a boy of 12 years can vote. It's no use talking, madam, you can't vote."

"Well," said Mrs. McKinley, "if you have taken my name off the register there is no use in my waiting any longer," and so she departed.

THE WOMEN OF UTAH.

Their Views Respecting Polygamy—Copy of Their Petition to Washington.

The Salt Lake correspondent of the Sacramento Union gives the following as a copy of the paper signed by nearly 2,500 women of Utah, and forwarded by them to Washington in October:

PETITION OF THE MORMON WOMEN.

MRS. PRESIDENT GRANT—Honored lady, deeming it proper for woman to appeal to woman, we, latter-day saint ladies of Utah, take the liberty of preferring our humble and earnest petition for your kindly and generous aid; not merely because you are the wife of the Chief Magistrate of our great nation, but because of your high personal reputation for nobility and excellence of character. Believing that you, as all true women should do (for in our estimation every wife should fill the position of counselor to her husband), possess the confidence and have much influence with his Excellency President Grant, we earnestly solicit the exercise of that influence with him in behalf of our husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, who are now being exposed to the murderous policy of a clique of Federal officers, intent on the destruction of an honest, happy, industrious and prosperous people. We have broken no constitutional law, violated no obligation, either national or sectional; we revere the sacred Constitution of our country, and have ever been an order-loving and law-abiding people. We believe the institution of marriage to have been ordained of God, and therefore subject to His all-wise direction. It is a divine rite and not a civil contract, and hence no man unauthorized of God can legally administer in this holy ordinance. We believe also in the Holy Bible, and that God did anciently institute the order of plurality of wives, and sanctioned and honored it in the advent of the Saviour of the world, whose birth on the mother's side was in that polygamous lineage, as He testified to His servant John, on the Isle of Patmos, saying, "I am the root and the offspring of David." And we not only believe but most assuredly know that the Almighty has restored the fullness of the everlasting Gospel through the prophet Joseph Smith, and with it the plurality of wives. This we accept as a purely divine institution. With us it is a matter of conscience, knowing that God commanded its practice. Our Territorial laws make adultery and licentiousness penal offenses, the breach of which subjects the offender to fine and imprisonment. These laws are being basely subverted by our Federal officers, who, after unscrupulously wresting the Territorial offices from their legitimate holders, in order to carry out suicidal schemes, are substituting licentiousness for the sacred order of marriage, and seeking by these measures to incarcerate the most moral and upright men of this Territory, and thus destroy the peace and prosperity of this entire community. They evidently design to sever those conjugal, parental and fraternal ties which are dearer to us than our lives. We appreciate our husbands as highly as it is possible for you, honored madam, to appreciate yours. They have no interests but such as we share in common with them. If they are persecuted, we are persecuted also; if they are imprisoned, we and our children are left unprotected. As a community we love peace and promote it. Our leaders are peace-makers, and invariably stimulate the people to pacific measures even when subjected to the grossest injustice. President Brigham Young and several of his associates, all noble and philanthropic gentlemen, are already under indictment, to be arraigned before a packed jury, mostly non-residents, for the crime of licentiousness, than which a more outrageous absurdity could not exist. Under these forbidding and cruel circumstances, dear Madam, our most fervent petition to you is, that through the sympathy of your womanly heart you will persuade the President to remove the malicious disturbers of the peace, or at least that he will stop the disgraceful court proceedings, and send from Washington a committee of candid, intelligent, reliable men, who shall investigate matters which involve the right of property—perhaps of life; and more than all, the constitutional liberties of more than 100,000 citizens. By doing this you will be the honored instrument, in the hand of God, of preventing a foul disgrace to the present administration, and an eternal blot on our national escutcheon. For which your petitioners will ever pray.

GENERAL ROBT. ANDERSON.

Reminiscences of the Sumter Surrender—Why He Left Ft. Moultrie and Why He Didn't Fight the Southern People.

[From the Savanah Republican.]

The writer of this, by invitation of Captain Hartsteine, who had command of the evacuation ceremonies at Sumter, was present on that interesting occasion, a jubilee on water never before witnessed in this country. We came out of the fort with its commander, and subsequently in the pilot house of the steamer General Clinch, to which he and his command were first transferred, had a long and pleasant interview with the vanquished soldier. He was most unhappy about the differences that had sprung up between the Government and his native South. His situation as a Southern man had been more trying, but he considered the highest obligation upon him was to do his duty as a soldier without reference to his feelings. He declared to us that no circumstance could have induced him to fire upon his fellow-countrymen except in defense. The first shot came from them, and was directed at the flag which he was put there to protect; hence no alternative was left him. We inquired what would be his policy when he reached Washington. He replied that all his labors should be on the side of peace. In any event he had no heart, he said, for war upon his own countrymen, and he never did again enter the field. We inquired of Major Anderson why he abandoned Fort Moultrie after his positive engagement with a committee of South Carolinians not to leave it. His reply was, that mutual obligations were entered into—he to remain, and the Carolinians not to disturb him while in possession of the fort. He believed those who gave the assurance acted in good faith, but they could not control others. He left Fort Moultrie under reliable information that without the consent of the authorities of Carolina a plot had been formed in Charleston, by the more impulsive portion of the population, to attack the fort in the rear. He had unquestionable evidence that such an expedition was on foot, and, believing that the work was not defensible, he evacuated it and transferred his garrison to Fort Sumter.

KENTUCKY NEWS.

Lewis Nicholls, Esq., residing about four miles above Greenupsburg, raised on eight acres of ground 904 bushels and 30 pounds of corn; being 113 bushels to the acre.

The Kentucky Legislature meets on Monday, December 4th. The second Tuesday—the eighth day of the session—the two houses go into an election for United States Senator.

The Paris Citizen says that the live stock shipped from that point last year "aggregated 2,862 car loads, equal to 558,354 head of stock, or more than 1,000 head per week."

A fellow entered Johnson's station, near Maysville, one night last week and stole $60 in money. He then got so drunk on Johnson's whisky that he laid down behind the counter and slept until morning, when they found him.

The Paducah Kentuckian of Sunday says: "The sale of horses, mules and cattle yesterday was not very satisfactory. Prices were very low, owing to the closeness of the money market, yet quite a lot of stock was sold, and the sales not rejected."

A. J. Hodder, Vice President of the Kentucky and Great Eastern railroad, has gone to Greenup county to induce, if possible, the County Court to submit the proposed subscription, in aid of this great enterprise, to a vote of the people at an early day.

Henry Jackson, an aged inhabitant of the Southern part of Mason county, committed suicide, on the night of the 3d instant, by hanging himself. It was thought by those who observed his conduct on the day preceding his death that he was laboring under a slight aberration of mind.

The Ceredo Mineral Company are engaged in the construction of a narrow-gauge (three feet three inches) railway from Ceredo (two miles east of Catlettsburg) into the interior, designing to carry it to the coal, iron and timber belt that lies within the drainage of the Big Sandy and Licking rivers.

Paris court day there were about four hundred mules on the market. Prices lower than usual. Two-year-olds sold from $100 to $127; broke mules from $75 to $80 per head. But few cattle on the market, ranging from 150 to 200. The prices were fully sustained. One lot of good yearlings brought about $4 per hundred. A great many horses were on the market, but there were few sales.

A stock company with a capital of $40,000, is forming in Paducah, for the manufacture of tobacco. One party has taken $10,000 of the stock, and the prospect is that it will all be taken promptly. The Kentuckian says: "That this branch of business will pay here there is not a doubt, and all that is needed is capital to make Paducah the greatest city for the manufacture of tobacco in the West."

Some infernal cuss, while Bro. McGuire was preaching up on Little Kentucky, stole his new overcoat, and left in its stead one evidently worn by Father Noah in the ark. An aboriginal paper says that the creature that would steal from a country parson would rob his kindred with as little compunction of conscience as a Mormon would marry half a dozen wives. If that chap don't get a pretty hot place hereafter, there is no use for such a place.

The following explains itself: "HARRODSBURG, Oct. 30.—*Editor Kentucky People*: I feel it my duty to announce that William Miller, a regularly ordained deacon, having been duly convicted of drunkenness and dishonesty by the Quarterly Conference, held in Harrodsburg on the 18th inst., was by the said conference expelled from the connection. Respectfully, DAVID SMITH, Presiding Elder in charge of the A. M. E. church at Harrodsburg."

The Lexington Press of yesterday says: "Col. Delph, auctioneer, reports a very good trade at his last sale. Sold one yoke heavy feeding cattle for G. B. Dunn, for $152 50, to Col. Estill, estimated at 4½c.; 8 head of good feeders for same at $46; to Davy Harp, same estimate, 20 head of moderate two-year-old steers, at 3c.; for same, to Turner Taylor, 13 head of dry cows, &c., at 3c.

It is the intention of the Tennessee company which recently purchased the State's interest in the Knoxville and Kentucky railroad to push the enterprise forward to early completion. It is believed that no difficulty of a serious nature will be encountered in securing from Kentucky the proper legislation to make this a through route. It is confidently believed that, by the opening of spring, the entire line can be placed under contract.

At Lexington, on Saturday, Col. P. Kidd sold at auction for Mr. John Curd the following thoroughbred stock: A dark bay filly, three years old, fifteen hands and three inches high, very lengthy and fine, sired by imported Bonnie Scotland, first dam by Downing's Vermont, for $285. A bay filly, three years old, by Glencoe, Jr., dam by Lexington, for $187. There was a large assemblage of horsemen, but very few bidders. The general opinion was, however, that the prices for which the horses were sold were very low.

The Mayfield Democrat says: "We are sorry to learn of a sad accident that occurred on last Thursday. Mr. Herberver, late of New Orleans, but now residing in the suburbs of our city, was going out home in a two horse hack, and the horses commenced traveling at rather a rapid gate. Mr. H., thinking they were running off, jumped out upon the gravel street, breaking his leg right at the ankle, fracturing it so badly as to make amputation necessary. Dr. Dismukes, assisted by Drs. Landrum and Watson, performed the operation, cutting it off just above the ankle."

Of the Paris court-day the Lexington Press of yesterday says: "Col. J. E. Delph, auctioneer, reports as follows: Paris was about as full of people as it generally is. November courts are always large from the fact that this month is the last grazing month, and arrangements and changes are made for stock for the winter. I have seen more stock at this court, but still the offering was large. My time was principally occupied in the mule and horse trade, which was moderately active. The best feeding and grazing cattle were thought to have brought about four cents. They were very good in all ages. Hogs were talked of at four dollars, and I was informed that on Saturday the pens were cleared at that figure. The trade altogether looked very hopeful for the future."

SOUTHERN NEWS.

The State debt of Virginia is $23,300,-000.

The Giles county, Tennessee, woods are on fire.

Holly Springs, Miss., shipped 670 bales of cotton to Memphis during October.

Farmers are sowing wheat in Northern Texas. Seed wheat there is reported scarce.

Savannah shipped 2,210 bales of cotton, valued at $188,224 47, to Liverpool on Wednesday.

Sewing machines are soon to be introduced in the public schools of the State of North Carolina.

Several valuable chalk beds have been discovered near the Osage river in Morgan county, Missouri.

H. I. Kimball's collapse in Georgia has thrown out of employment about two thousand persons, with several months' pay due them for labor.

The Attorney General of Florida has rendered an opinion to the effect that there is no law in that State for the collection of county taxes.

It is thought that 100,000 hogs will be packed in St. Joe, Mo., during the present season. Farmers ask 3¾ cents per pound, buyers offer 3 cents.

Crop reports from Arkansas are good, and all agree in saying that cotton is much better and that there will be a much better crop than was anticipated.

Ben. Conley, the new Governor of Georgia, has revoked all proclamations offering rewards for criminals, and all orders authorizing newspapers to publish proclamations.

Muscogee, Georgia, dances wildly down the middle and clamors for a blue ribbon on only three hundred and sixty-five and a half bushels of sweet potatoes from one acre of land.

A nineteen-foot stratum of terra cotta clay has been discovered at Brookfield, Mo., by a company engaged in sinking a coal shaft. On top of the clay is a thirty-inch vein of coal.

The real estate of North Carolina is valued at $68,240,509 exclusive of town property, which is valued at $12,900,901, aggregating $81,141,510. The total number of acres is 25,950,514.

At the meeting of the Virginia division of the Army of Northern Virginia, held at the capitol in Richmond last Thursday night, Gen. Fitz Lee was elected president for the ensuing year.

Wilson county, North Carolina, claims to be the banner cotton county of the South. It has taken the first, second, and third premiums for the finest staple of upland cotton at the St. Louis fair.

The premium for the best warm dinner, to be cooked upon the grounds, by a young lady, at the Montgomery (Ala.) fair, was awarded to Miss Lola M. Robertson, of Montgomery. She is a heroine, indeed.

A Culpeper county (Va.) farmer says that from three quarts of the Touzelle wheat sown on one-tenth of an acre he harvested five bushels, weighing 66 pounds to the bushel. It ripened June 1st, about eight days earlier than other varieties.

The Columbia Index says Mr. John M. Sykes lost a fine Ayrshire-Durham cow last week from the leaves of the wild peach. The opinion prevails that this evergreen is not poisonous to stock except when in bloom. This case shows that it is dangerous at all times.

The Winona (Miss.) Democrat says a case of *charbone* occurred near Winona last week. An ox died with it. The owner took the hide off, and the infected matter got on a sore place on his hand, and he is now very sick. The hogs, dogs and buzzards that ate of the carcass died.

A Mr. David McGee was engaged in digging a well in the western part of Hickory county, Missouri, and, striking rock some six feet from the surface, he put in a blast, after which he found oil flowing from a crevice in the rock, which, after being tested, proved to be genuine petroleum.

The stockholders of the Savannah, Griffin and North Alabama railroad have elected A. J. White president, and W. A. Huff, of Macon, and Messrs. Boynton, Chapman, and Stewart, of Griffin; Whitaker, of Fayette; Wilkinson and Smith of Newnan; and Camp and Long, of Carrollton, directors. The work will be pushed ahead.

It is proposed to organize in Nashville a Confederate Memorial and Monumental Association, for the purpose of decently interring the remains of the Confederate dead of Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Chicamauga, and other neglected battle-fields of the South, and to make arrangements to erect at some place in the South a monument to their memory.

A Mr. J. Moody has made the discovery of a rich silver mine in Grainger county, Tennessee, near the foot of Clinch Mountain, on the north side. The ore was found on the land of Mr. Robert Wolfenbarger. Mr. Moody has presented the Knoxville Chronicle a small bar melted from the ore, and thinks that, if worked, the mine would prove very rich.

A magnificent scene was witnessed along the Nashville and Decatur railroad, near Overton's station, Tennessee, by the passengers who came into Nashville Tuesday on the evening train. The woods and fields for two miles in width were on fire, and the flames appeared to be sweeping everything before them. The loss in fences, it is feared, will be very great. We could not ascertain whether any houses had been burned.

The national census shows that, for the one person who dies in Tennessee and Georgia of consumption, thirteen die in Massachusetts, and two even in Minnesota. The latter State has a great and deserved reputation for its salubrity, being particularly favorable to consumptives; but it appears, from reliable data, that Tennessee and Georgia stand far ahead of her, and Florida is still better. No one dies of consumption in Florida.

The Vicksburg Herald of Saturday says: "We regret to hear of the death of Maj. Thomas R. Hotchkiss. He died suddenly at Monroe, La., on the 31st of October. Maj. Hotchkiss, we believe, was a native of Alabama, and served gallantly during the war as Chief of Artillery to Gen. Hardee. The announcement of his death will be read by many a moistened eye among his old comrades, and the intelligence of his demise will sadden many a gallant heart. Peace to his ashes! He died as he lived—a good and true man."

Col. J. L. Tait, Commissioner of Industrial Resources, has had on exhibition at the Montgomery State Fair during the past week a specimen of railroad iron manufactured from Alabama ore. The State Journal says that for neat finish and fineness of material and undoubted durability, it is unsurpassed in the world; yet millions on millions of ore in the very beds this was taken from are allowed to remain untouched. To enterprising capitalists, no matter from where they come, Alabama offers inducements such as no other portion of God's green earth offers.

They rejoice in a hermit out in Western Texas. He excludes even the ordinary domestic animals from his household. He at one time raised chickens; but as, whenever a woman, at very long intervals and by chance, happened in his vicinity, the chickens got frightened, ran headlong into the brush and remained hidden there as long as a petticoat was in sight, the hermit concluded to do without such uncivilised creatures. He amuses himself taming birds; but his favorites are two snakes, of a peculiar kind, that he uses as mousers, and which he asserts are far superior to cats. He lives by the produce of sixty beehives, selling from twelve to fifteen thousand pounds of honey every year. The hermit's name is Baylock. He was for many years a trapper in the Rocky Mountains; is sixty-three years of age; is cheerful and talkative, and, by a traveler who recently saw and conversed with him, is spoken of as a man of more than common natural ability, with a fair portion of general information.

At a meeting of the Virginia State Agricultural Society, in Richmond, on Wednesday, the subject of immigration was discussed by several members. Finally, Mr. Washington, of Caroline county, submitted a resolution recommending that the society devise a plan to secure immigration, and present it to the General Assembly, and this was unanimously adopted. An essay on the subject prepared by Mr. Graef, a gentleman from Germany, was read at this meeting, and Mr. Esten, a gentleman from England, now a resident of Gordonsville, spoke warmly and with great effect in favor of immigration. He declared that with proper effort large numbers of his countrymen would be induced to settle in Virginia, and asserted that no part of the United States was so well suited to them. He favored the appointment of a commissioner of immigration, and insisted that statements coming from such an officer would be productive of better effects than the best-intentioned unofficial action.

Ice Fleas.

The water flea, *Daphne pulex*, is a well-known inhabitant of rivers and fresh water lakes, and being distinctly visible to the naked eye, often attracts the attention of water drinkers. Though a harmless crustacean, this little creature not only excited great interest in the parliamentary committee during the last session, but exercised a very powerful influence over the choice of a water supply for the northern capital of Great Britian. The ice flea, if known at all, is certainly less celebrated, and probably by no means likely to be so potent in its parliamentary influence; nevertheless, a short account of it may not be wholly uninteresting.

During a recent ramble upon the Morteratsch glacier I turned over the isolated stones which lie upon its surface partially imbedded in the ice; under many of them I found hundreds of a minute jet-black insect, which jumped many times its own length at a single spring, in a manner somewhat resembling the performance of the common flea. The ice flea is about one-twelfth of an inch long. Viewed through a pocket lens, it would seem to have six legs, supporting a body obscurely jointed like that of a bee, and furnished with two jointed antennæ. The total length of the insect appeared to be about six times its thickness, the antennæ being about one-fourth as long as the body. The insects were not found under every stone; they generally occurred under fragments of rock presenting a surface of about a square foot, and having a thickness of from two to four inches. Stones of this size are sufficiently warmed by the sun's rays to melt the ice beneath them more rapidly than it is liquified by the direct solar rays.

A surface of rock absorbs luminous thermal rays better than does a surface of comparatively white ice, and it transmits these rays to the ice beneath it, partly by conduction and partly by radiation from its under surface. The stone thus melts its way an inch or two deep into the ice, forming for itself a kind of basin. Sometimes these cavities are water-tight, and then any space between the stone and the walls of its basin are filled with water derived from the melting ice. Under such conditions I have never found any fleas beneath the stones. But occasionally the ice basin is drained, and it was under stones resting in such comparatively dry basins that the insects were found. In all cases nearly the whole of the fleas were found upon the ice very few being attached to the stones. They were grouped together in shoals, so that probably forty or fifty of them frequently rested upon a single square inch of ice. On removing the stones, the insects were very lively, but this might be owing to their sudden transition from comparative darkness to direct sunlight.—[Correspondence in Nature.

Milk as Food.

An investigation into the nutritive quality of milk, and the reason for its disagreeing with many adult persons, has been made by Doctor Wiggin, of Providence, R. I., and reported in the Journal of Applied Chemistry.

The result will seem novel to those who have looked on milk as a sloppy diet, not to be compared with the more solid articles we choose in preference for our good. For example, milk contains eighty-seven per cent. of water; but then a rump steak of beef contains seventy-five per cent. of water, and eggs contain sixty-eight per cent.

In fact, it turns out that milk, even at twelve cents per quart, is the cheapest form of animal food. Dr. Wiggin says that sirloin steak, including the bone, at thirty-five cents per pound is as dear as milk at twenty-four cents per quart; round steaks at twenty cents per pound as dear as milk at fourteen cents; eggs at thirty cents per dozen as dear as milk at twenty cents; corned beef at seventeen cents as dear as milk at fifteen cents.

A great obstacle to the use of milk as an important element of food is to be found in the fact that it cannot be used by all with impunity, often producing headache and biliousness. The cause of this seems to be that the milk undergoes in the stomach a process similar to that which accompanies the manufacture of cheese; that is, it is solidified or formed into a nearly solid "curd," the potash and soda in the milk, which were needed to render its caseine soluble in its water, being taken up by the acid of the stomach. The temperature of the stomach also favors the change.

This mass of curd, which is probably manageable by the healthy digestion of a child, or a person with whom milk has always been used as an article of diet, is a hard nut for an unsound stomach to crack. The depraved gastric juice of an adult sinner finds difficulty in penetrating its gummy fatness. The contents of the stomach, only half prepared, pass on into the intestines, making discomfort and trouble as they go. All this may be avoided by mixing with the milk some farinaceous food, such as bread, or rice, or corn-pudding. The farinaceous particles will be so mixed through the mass of the curd as to destroy its cohesion, and to make it easy for the stomach to manage it. Even with this precaution, milk should be used sparingly at the outset and the digestion should be accustomed to its new work—for the easy digestion of milk is a trick we put aside with our childish things.

Preserving Meat.

Many methods have been introduced to meet the ever-growing want of England—cheap animal food. Liebig's process has been carried on very profitably at home as well as abroad; but the preparation of extract of meat has been declared wasteful, from the amount of stimulating material preserved, and the casting-away of all albuminoid matters to the manure-heap. A new plan has been introduced by an engineer whose experience in sugar-refineries and other extensive works in hot latitudes has insured practical and economical solution of one of the most important problems of the day. Mr. T. F. Henley does away with steeping the meat in water, and with boiling and otherwise treating it the most costly way. He simply squeezes a definite amount of juice out of the fiber, and by mechanical desiccation preserves the latter intact. The pressed meat thus obtained contains ten per cent. of alcoholic extract and salt, and over fifty per cent. of fibrine and other albuminoid constituents. It is exceedingly rich, and so is the meat-juice, which Mr. Henley evaporates in vacuum-pans. The juice contains about 15 per cent. of alcoholic extract, and over 50 per cent. of albumen. The old method of abstracting water only from the animal matter is relied on as the preservative, and the low temperature at which the evaporation is carried on prevents any loss of flavor or other deterioration. It is perhaps strange that so cheap and simple a process has not been suggested before. The first works on an extensive scale are to be opened on the river Platte, at the Estancia Nueva Alemania, where cattle have been reared and fattened for the European markets. It is proposed to slaughter three hundred bullocks daily; and, since it is stated that the hides and feet pay the first cost of the bullock and of its slaughtering, the prospects of the undertaking are promising.—[British Medical Journal.

Protecting Roofs from Fire.

The Fireman's Journal, which ought to be good authority on such matters, says: "A wash, composed of lime, salt and fine sand, or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewash, is said to render shingles fifty-fold more safe against taking fire from falling cinders, or otherwise, in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred-fold in its preserving influence against the effect of the weather. The older and more weather-beaten the shingles the more benefit derived. Such shingles are more or less warped, rough, and cracked. The application of wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them to their original or first form, thereby closing the spaces between the shingles, and the lime and sand, by filling up the cracks, prevents it warping.

☞ In collecting clothing for the Chicago sufferers in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a few days since, the children in one of the infant schools were given a recess to go home and bring whatever wearing apparel they had to spare. One of the little girls went home for her share, and, as her mother had stepped out, concluded to help herself, and accordingly packed all the dresses, &c., of which she was possessed, save what she had on, and, with all the gravity possible, presented them to the committee, who, of course, packed them with the rest and sent them away. When the little girl's mother came to look for a change of clothes for the child after school, the discovery of what had been done took place, and the consternation in that family can better be imagined than described. The little miss said she had been sent home to get her clothes, and she had obeyed to the letter.

☞ E. T. Bugbee, of Bethel, Vermont, has made a discovery in tanning leather, which he claims will revolutionize the business. The material he uses is dye from forest leaves. He has been experimenting with leaves for the past two months, and the result is entirely satisfactory. One ton of leaves will tan as much leather as five cords of hemlock bark, and will do the work in one-half the time. By mixing the leaves and bark in equal proportions, one-fourth of the time is saved. The leather tanned by this process is smoother, more flexible, and yet retains the strength of the raw hide in a greater degree than that tanned by bark. Mr. Bugbee exhibited some specimens at the Vermont State fair, which were awarded the first premium after being subjected to the severest tests.

CHICAGO.

Meeting of Grain Receivers—Railroad Officials Refuse to Pay for Grain in Their Hands Because the Great Fire was the Act of God—A Young Man Commits Suicide—Election News—Two Dead Bodies Found.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—A meeting of grain receivers, who have lost grain burnt in cars and elevators, prior to delivery to consignees, was held yesterday evening. The chairman of the meeting announced that he had called upon the authorities of the Northwestern and Illinois Central railroads, and in answer to his inquiry, said they should refuse to pay for grain in their hands, since the loss was by the act of God. The consignees held that there was no delivery until they had received and paid the freight bill. A committee was appointed to draw up a paper to be signed by all who wanted to prosecute the roads. It was generally understood that the roads would agree to a test case.

ELECTION NEWS.

Returns of the election for Congressman at large in this State, from twenty-six counties, give Beveridge, Republican, 29,121, and Hays 26,878. Most of the heavy Republican counties have not yet been heard from.

LATER.—Returns from forty-seven counties give Beveridge, Republican candidate for Congressman at large, 13,500 majority.

SUICIDE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—A young man named Chas. Stifes, committed suicide last night at the Grand Hotel, corner of Canal and Madison streets, by taking poison. Two brief notes were found in his room, one addressed to his mother at 524 Wabash avenue, and the other to Miss Annie Stites, 111 Fifth street, St. Louis. Neither explained the reason for the act.

This morning the dead body of a man was found lying near the foot of the entrance to the Lasalle-street tunnel. The feet, face and one hand of deceased are badly burned, and it is believed that while intoxicated he undertook to warm himself among some smoldering ruins near where he was found, fell, received the injuries described, and then crawled to the tunnel entrance, where, exhausted by pain and partly unconscious from drink, he lay down to die.

ANOTHER.

Another dead body was found on the lake shore, just south of Menomihee street. The remains had been washed up by the waves, and have the appearance of having been some time in the water.

The South Carolina Troubles—Bloodshed not Improbable.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—A Columbia (South Carolina) dispatch to the Herald states that several arrests have been made at Union Court-house by the United States Marshal, and more are being made. The Herald's dispatch says the feeling is very bitter, and if bloodshed ensues it would not be surprising.

The Condition of Affairs in South Carolina—The People Fleeing for their Lives.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—A South Carolina dispatch reports that the United States Court in Raleigh sentenced a large number of Kuklux to the penitentiary. The arrests were made on the secret evidence of worthless negroes, one of whom has been convicted of rape. On Wednesday twenty-one arrests were made at Unionville. The people are fleeing rapidly.

YORKVILLE, S. C., Nov. 11.—The Enquirer of the 9th says there were forty-two more arrests in York county during the week. Three hundred more had made confessions of membership with the Kuklux.

BILLIARDS EXTRAORDINARY.

The Latest Sensation—What a New Yorker Can Do.

[From the Bridgeport Standard.]

As per announcement, Mr. Jameson, of New York, one of the finest billiardists in the country, stopped over at the Atlantic Hotel and gave exhibitions of his attainments in the way of managing the balls. Crowds of people were present to witness, and some of the most astonishing shots ever dreamed of were made. Mr. Jameson seems to have reduced the matter of billiards to a science, the laws of motion and force being fully understood by long years of practice. His exhibition shots were among the most difficult, and our description of them may only be comprehended by such as have handled the cue. He first made what is called the "flying shot." This is done by placing three balls about two feet apart, close to the edge of the side cushion, playing on the first with such force as to carry the others out of the way, drawing the cue ball backward, forcing the object ball to the lower cushion, from which it returns in a straight line in time to overtake the receding cue ball, caroming upon it. It is an exceedingly difficult shot to perform. He then placed an ordinary silk hat on the table, distant about one foot from the cushion. Near by, and hard against the cushion was placed the dark red. With one of the white balls he played upon this ball in such a manner as to cause it to jump high in the air, and, coming down, fall directly into the hat. He did this trick several times, not failing once. The hat was now placed on the "spot," and two balls in the jaw of the table-corner next the player. With the object ball he shot in an opposite direction, giving the ball such degree of "English" as to cause it to curve gracefully around the hat and slowly reach the corner, caroming upon the two balls.

A soft hat was now put upon the table. Under the hat was placed the dark red. On the hat's rim, and opposite each other, two balls. With the remaining ball he played upon that nearest him with force enough to raise the hat, caroming on the ball beneath it. A young man held a ball in his hand eighteen inches from the table. The cue ball was forced against the object ball hard enough to carry it upward and carom upon that held in the young man's hand. To carom on three balls in three separate corners is no ordinary feat. He performed it, however, after several attempts. Two balls were placed on the floor forty feet distant from the table. Firing from the table, the cue ball jumped to the cushion, and from thence to the floor, rolling slowly along until a carom was effected. A "masset" shot, "follow," and "draw" with one ball at the same time would seem to be impossible, but not so with him. But of all the shots we ever saw or heard of, was one where the two reds, with a white one between and actually touching each other, and when the center ball was removed it could not be replaced without touching one or the other, yet be shot a ball between them without touching or making them stir in the least. The ball on returning caromed on the two reds. Two balls placed by any person in any position on the table he would carom on, shooting from any specified point. In fact, there are no impossible shots with Mr. J. When asked to run a hundred points, carom, he accomplished it with the ease that an ordinary player would make a dozen, and then stood ready to make it five hundred. Garnier, Rudolphe, the two Dions, Foster, Hubbell and McKee would seem to have a competitor in Mr. Jameson, whom they cannot easily vanquish. Mr. Jameson plays with a seventeen-ounce cue which he carries on his travels.

China Varnish.

The varnish which is made and used in China differs very essentially from that of this country, and, from its novelty, possesses an especial interest. We have gathered the following facts concerning it from a friend who has spent many years in Shanghai, and has become well acquainted with the details of Chinese life: The China varnish is made from the sap of gum which oozes from a tree that is indigenous to that country. Incisions are made in this tree, and from the wounds there flows a liquid, which is dark like molasses, and has about the same consistency. With this, oils are mixed, which impart a lighter color, and increase its fluency or working qualities. It is still, however, darker and very much thicker than any American painter would think of using; and, it being impossible to apply it with a brush, a swab of tow is used instead. Its poisonous effect on foreigners is very notable. The health of a native does not appear to be affected by its use; but to a foreigner it is most deadly, causing the hands to swell painfully whenever touched, and undermining the entire system much in the same manner as does white lead, only much quicker. Even the poor Chinaman is sometimes afflicted by it, when it happens to spatter into his eyes or upon his lips. When dry, it forms a very hard enamelled surface, and this does not crack readily, except when exported to a dry climate. In this case, the wood beneath it often splits badly, on account of the firm and inelastic coating. Ornamental wooden ware which has been brought from China often cracks in pieces upon the mantel or what not, merely because of the heat and dryness of the atmosphere. One curious fact in connection with this varnish is that it must be used in damp weather, in order to dry successfully; whereas precisely the opposite is true of varnishes made in this country, as every painter can testify. In addition to this, it grows harder and harder if the following season is very rainy. It will be seen by the above that it is unfitted for use in this country; and that, however much we may admire its apparent superiority over anything of the kind which we have, we cannot adopt it.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE COURIER-JOURNAL, SATURDAY EVENING, November 11, 1871.

The week closed with little animation and less money in the market. Borrowers are plentiful, but not very hard run, as it is not to meet their debts that they have to borrow, but only to extend their business enterprise. The banks take gilt-edge paper sparingly at 10 to 12 per cent.

EXCHANGE—Is superabundant, and offered as low as ⅛ discount in some instances, but the ruling rate is 1-10 discount buying and par selling.

GOLD—Has been dull and the price weak. It opened at 111⅜ and closed at 111⅛.

Messrs. Morton, Galt & Co., bankers, quote as follows:

	Buying.	Selling.
Gold	111	111⅜
Silver halves and quarters	106	
Silver dimes	104	

GOVERNMENT BONDS—Have advanced slightly, but the trade is insignificant.

Coupons of 1881	115¾@116¼
" 1862	110½@111⅛
" 1864	110¼@111⅛
" 1865	110½@111⅛
" 1865 (new)	112⅝@113⅜
" 1867	113 @114
" 1868	113⅜@114⅜
Ten-forties	108⅜@109⅜
Currency 6s	111⅞@112⅜

The following quotations will show the course of the New York market during the past two days:

	Fri.	Sat.	Adv.	Dec.
Coupons, '81	116⅜	116⅜	⅛	..
Coupons, '62	111⅛	111⅛	⅛	..
Coupons, '64	111⅛	111⅛	⅛	..
Coupons, '65	111⅛	111⅛	⅛	..
Coupons, '65 (new)	113⅜	113⅜	⅛	..
Coupons, '67	113⅜	114	⅝	..
Coupons, '68	114⅜	114⅜	..	..
Ten-forty coupons	109⅜	109⅜	⅛	..
Currency 6s	112	112⅜	⅜	..

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS—Are still dull with many sellers, and a disposition towards lower prices. Short-line first mortgage bonds and Nashville railroad stock claim rather more attention, and some good-sized sales were effected.

Messrs. Morton, Galt & Co., bankers, 150 West Main street, furnish the following quotations:

STOCKS.	Bid.	Asked.
National Bank, First	118	120
National Bank, Second	103	104
National Bank, Planters'	103	104
National Bank, City	103	104
Bank of America	100	101
Bank of Kentucky	101	103
Bank of Louisville	79	81
Merchants' Bank	120	123
Commercial Bank	73½	74½
Northern Bank	125	127
Citizens' Bank	116	117
People's Bank	90	93
Masonic Bank	103	104
Farmers' Bank	96	98
Security Bank	119	120
German Bank	128	
West'n Finan'l Corporation Bank	100	101
Falls City Tobacco Bank	97	98
Farmers' and Drovers' Bank		106
Manufacturers' Bank	90	95
Louisville Insurance Co. Bank	185	
German Insurance Co. Bank	131	
Western Insurance Co. Bank	131	
Traders' Bank	99	100
Central Savings Bank, new	100	101
Lou., Cin. & Lex. R. R., com'n	55	60
Lou., Cin. and Lex. R. R., pref'd	86	87
Louisville and Nashville R. R.	69	70
Gas Company stock	118	120
BONDS.		
L. & N. R. R. Co., old, 7 per c.	97	100
L. & N. R. R. Co., new, 7 per c.	89	*90
L. C. & L. R. R., 1st mort., 7 per c.	84	*85
L. C. & L. R. R., 2d mort., 8 per c.	86½	*87
L. M. & I. R. R., 1st mort., 7 per c.	85	87
L. M. & I. R. R., 2d mort., 7 per c.	73	75
E. & P. R. R., 1st mort., 8 per c.	*87	*90
Shelby R. R., 1st mort., 8 per c.		*90
City for improvements, 6 per c.	78	80
City for bounty, 6 per c.	80	82
City for schools, 6 per c.	80	82
City for wharf, old, 6 per c.	82	84
City for wharf, new, 6 per c.	79	81
City for water-works, old, 6 per c.	79	80
City for water-works, new, 6 per c.	80	81
City for L. & N. R. R., M. S., 6 per c.	80	81
City for L. & N. R. R., L. E., 6 per c.	78	80
City for E. & P. R. R., 7 per c.	89½	90½
City for old liabilities, 10 yrs, 7 per c.	91	92
City for old liabilities, 5 yrs, 7 per c.	94	95
City for school purposes, 7 per c.	94½	*95½
Water-works bonds, 6 per c.	82	83
Canal bonds, second issue, 6 per c.	91	93
Canal bonds, third issue, 6 per c.	82	83
Canal bonds, fourth issue, 6 per c.	81	82
Kentucky State bonds, old, 6 per c.	98	100
Kentucky State bonds, new, 6 per c.	90	92
Ohio River Bridge Co., 7 per c.	*90	*91
Grayson county, 7 per c.	79	80
Muhlenburg county, 7 per c.	77½	78½
Lyon county, 7 per c.	77	80
Caldwell county, 7 per c.	70	75
McCracken county, 7 per c.	72	73
Shelby county, 8 per c.	90	*90½
Carroll county bond, 8 per c.		*93
New Albany City, 7 per c.		*85
Louisville Transfer Co., 8 per c.		*100
Logan county bonds, 6 per cent.	67½	70

Bonds marked * are sold with interest added.

Money Matters in New York.

[World, Nov. 9th.]

Affairs were quiet in Wall street to-day. The money market was easy at 6 per cent. to the government bond dealers and 6 to 7 per cent. on mixed collaterals early in the day, but in the afternoon loans were made at 5 to 6 per cent. on call. Mercantile paper is quoted more ready of sale, but rates are still high, ranging from 10 to 12 per cent. for prime indorsed notes, with most transactions at the highest rates.

In Cincinnati.

[Enquirer, 11th.]

No new feature was developed in the discount market to-day. There is a continued fair demand for loans, and in some cases the applications were reported more liberal. Further shipments of currency were made to the South, but some banks were in receipt of currency from the interior, and there has been very little reduction in balances. The country National banks, which are depositories for Government funds, are being drawn upon, and they in turn are checking on their balances here, and the funds are being placed in the United States Depository. There is, however, an ample supply of currency, and prime short-dated paper is readily negotiated, but some difficulty is experienced in placing long dates, as the regular discount houses generally refuse them. Money is wanted mainly for regular business purposes, and is well distributed. Rates of interest are firm. Paper maturing in thirty and forty days is taken at 8@9 per cent., and 10 per cent. was charged on sixty and ninety-day paper, and 12 per cent. was charged for longer dates.

Kentucky Iron Ore.

[Maysville Bulletin, 9th.]

A few weeks ago we published a short letter from Mr. H. Turner, giving a description of the deposit of rich iron ore upon a tract of land lying in Fleming county, on Fox Creek, about ten miles east of Flemingsburg, and belonging to Mr. H. B. Franklin. The tract consists of about eleven hundred acres of land, and contains ore in such quantities, that iron men of experience say there is enough upon the land of Mr. Franklin alone to run a full blast furnace for a hundred years. Examinations have been confined to this tract, but the surrounding country gives indications that ore may be found in paying quantities at other places in the neighborhood. We were recently shown a fine specimen of the ore, and from tests which have been made it has yielded a result equal to the celebrated Red river iron.

The Blue Bank turnpike runs through Mr. Franklin's land, making it accessible in a little more than an hour's ride. It is only fifteen miles from the Maysville and Lexington Railroad Company. The country around abounds with heavy forests, and wood may be easily obtained in great abundance for making charcoal.

The New York Coffee Market.

[Journal of Commerce, 9th.]

The market for Brazils is dull. There is an increased business doing for consumption, but for lots in first hands the demand is small, and values are more or less nominal. We do not learn of any business. East and West India coffees are quiet, but fairly steady. Sales have been made from second hands of 500 mats Java. Messrs. Wm. Scott & Sons make the total stock of Brazils in first hands in the country to be 47,159 bags, distributed as follows: In Galveston, 4,000 bags; in New Orleans, 3,111 bags; in Mobile, 558 bags; in Charleston, 1,000 bags; in Baltimore, 2,011 bags; in New York, 36,479 bags.

We quote for Rio, in bond, gold prices, as follows:

Ordinary cargoes	14⅛@14½c
Fair cargoes	14⅞@15 c.
Good cargoes	15⅛@15½c.
Prime cargoes	16⅛@16⅜c.

Boston Boot and Shoe Market.

The shipments of boots and shoes from this market to places outside of New England for the past week comprise 21,924 cases, against 22,781 cases for the same week last year.

The total shipments from this market since January 1 have been 1,158,167 cases, against 1,070,851 cases for the same period last year.

The total shipments from Lynn for the week comprise 1,750 cases, against 1,955 cases for the same week last year.

The shipments from Haverhill for the week comprise 1,463 cases, against 1,245 cases for the same time last year.

The market generally is quiet, and there are only small orders for goods to keep up assortments. Western buyers are purchasing very few goods, as there appears to be a good assortment in retailers' hands. Men's fancy slippers are in good request, and those manufacturers who have an established reputation are in the midst of a very successful business. Very few manufacturers have commenced operations for spring work, and the most prudent men will not be anxious to make up a large quantity of goods in anticipation of an early trade.—[Boston Advertiser.

Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 27, 1871.—COTTON—The market has been dull, and the tendency of prices in the buyers' favor all week. The large receipts into the American ports is doubtless contributing to this dullness, although every one believes in a crop much below last season's. The business in Manchester is, of course, greatly affected by the unsettled state of the market. Middling uplands, 9⅜d per lb.; Mobiles, 9 7-16d per lb.; Orleans, 9 11-16d.

BREADSTUFFS—Farmers' deliveries are less of wheat, but the arrivals of foreign are large. With continued heavy arrivals, the wheat trade has been dull all week at a decline of 1d@2d per cental on the limited business done. To-day there is more steadiness, and the best red winter and white western are firm. Now spring and California white [illegible]. Flour slow, [illegible] and 6d per barrel lower to sell. Indian corn has recovered 1s per quarter on mixed. Some 30 cargoes of American wheat at ports of call are beginning to move off.

PROVISIONS—Beef—Prices lower and irregular. Pork—Slow, at rather under last quotations. Bacon—Market almost bare, and full prices made. Lard—A further decline of 1s to 1s 6d per cwt, 45s 6d being accepted on spot. For spring delivery, 47s paid. Cheese—Fair demand, light supply, and 1s to 2s dearer. Butter dull.

PRODUCE—Tallow—Advanced prices were paid early in the week, but the market closes dull and in favor of buyers. In London P. Y. C. has declined to 47s 9d. spot. Linseed Cakes—Fair demand. Cotton Seed Cakes—Ready sale for good at £7 15s to £8. Petroleum—Large arrivals, and ½d lower at 1s 6d. Spirits dull at 11d. Quer. Bark—Small sales at last quotations. Naval Stores—Common rosin, 10s 6d on spot, and 10s to arrive. Spirits of Turpentine sold, to arrive, at 48s. Clover Seed—More inquiry. A small lot new American sold at 53s.

[From the Utica Herald.]

Dairy Markets.

UTICA, Nov. 6—12 M.—CHEESE—The prospects for an active market to-day are not at all flattering. The chill outside seems to have penetrated to the interior of the trade-room, and both bulls and bears are inclined to be surly. We do not believe buyers will go above last week's figures, if they come up to them—and we are quite sure factorymen are not in a mood to take lower figures. We do not expect anything to go over 13½c, and shall not be disappointed if little or nothing is done.

We see the New York dealers are estimating the stock back in the country to be about the same as last year at this time. Probably they are not far out of the way. Factorymen have not been sending forward freely during the last month, and stock has accumulated; but there can be no doubt that the make is lighter. The one thing probably about balances the other, although well-informed factorymen think there is less cheese back now than there was last year at this time.

BUTTER—There is no change in the butter market. Quotations are the same.

LITTLE FALLS, Nov. 6—11:30 A. M.—CHEESE—There is very little doing in farm dairy. We notice sales of the best lots at 13c. The offering is light. There is a fresh lot of sore-heads here this morning, in the form of holders of protested drafts on J. H. & J. T. Edwards, cheese-buyers, whose failure is reported.

The Potato Disease in England.

[From the London Mercantile Gazette.]

It would appear from some agricultural reports that the potato disease has touched the crop in England as well as in Ireland. In the latter country, however, it is reassuring to learn that the plague is limited both in area and intention to a narrower and lesser degree than it was first anticipated it would reach. One thing we should be on our guard against. The diseased or even tainted potato is extremely dangerous as an article of food. Upon weak constitutions it acts like a poison. Unfortunately, if the blight be at all general, we are pretty certain to have large quantities of the unsound tubers thrown into the market at low prices and offered to the poor, and it is highly desirable that these consignments should be looked after at least as sharply as the fruits that go to make up the contents of the costermonger's barrow. At present the disease seems to be sadly rife in Cornwall. Many growers have scarce a quarter of the accustomed yield in a wholesome state, and the plague is said to be extending. A farmer near Truro was recently obliged to throw away seventy out of one hundred and twenty bushels of his crop.

Havana Market.

[Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.]

HAVANA, Nov. 2, 1871.—SUGAR—The market continues dull and lower since another decline of prices has been reported in New York, and No. 12 clayed of current class is quoted this day at 9¾@10 rs. per arrobe. Sales since Saturday were 50 boxes No. 9½ to 10 at 9½ rs.; 50 do. No. 10 at 10 rs.; 150 do. No. 10½ at same price; 187 do. No. 11½ at 9⅞ rs.; 200 do. No. 12½ at 10 rs.; 136 do. No. 13½ at 10⅝ rs.; 228, 250 and 1,000 do. whites at 15 rs., and 120 do. do. at 14⅝ rs. Molasses, centrifugal and muscovado sugars quiet; no sales reported.

There were no receipts of boxes and only 119 hhds. since last report. Deliveries at the warehouses were 11,560 boxes and 57 hhds. Stocks this morning 130,628 boxes and 785 hhds., against 88,565 boxes and 657 hhds. in 1870.

Cleared since the 28th ult., hence, steamer Columbia, for New York, 1,016 boxes; brig Como (Br), for do., 1,881 do.; bark Lizzie H. Jackson for do., 1,798 do. and 328 hhds.; brig Cheviot (Br), for Baltimore, 1,300 boxes; for Spain, per sundry vessels, 2,472 boxes. From Matanzas, schooner Kathleen (Br), for Boston, 594 boxes.

Cleared from Sagua 27th ult., per bark James B. Kirby, for Philadelphia, 470 hhds. sugar.

FREIGHTS—Continue dull. Chartered, brig Long Reach, 1,800 boxes sugar to New York, at 80c.; bark Venskabet (Norweg.), 235 tons to U. K. via Wilmington, spirits of turpentine at 8s., and rosin at 5s. per bbl.

New York Provision Market.

[Bulletin, Nov. 9.]

It seems almost an impossibility to infuse any animation into the market for the hog product, business having again proved extremely dull and uninteresting, and the general features of the position remaining much the same as at the date of our last. The intervention of election and the closing of the Exchange on Tuesday has undoubtedly contributed somewhat to the dullness; but operators at the best showed very little spirit, and all or nearly all movements were on a basis of the most positive necessity. The old crop remaining on hand has come rather more under control since the first of the month, and owners hopeful of the ability to dictate better terms have felt averse to offering with any freedom; but the accumulation to be disposed of is pretty large, the new crop is near at hand, and still promises great abundance, and buyers generally hold off with a reasonable belief that packers must soon be forced to realize to some extent, and lower prices be established. The demand has certainly been backward thus far this fall, and unless there is an improvement very soon it will seem to be absolutely necessary that current rates should be modified somewhat, though many goods can already be obtained on comparatively cheap and easy terms, when the rates recently paid for hogs in some sections of the West are considered. Still the upward turn on hogs, the universal verdict that the crop must be a large one in numbers and very heavy in weight, owing to the ample supply of feed, coupled with the somewhat costly experience of last season, has already made packers more cautious, and it is already discovered that too sharp competition alone increased the cost, farmers still sending their stock forward, and appearing intent upon realizing, even if concessions have to be granted. Exporters are as yet quite indifferent in their movements, or at least assume this position, and beyond an occasional call for a few box-meats for immediate delivery, or now and then a contract or two for the early winter months, buy very little stock. They do not fail, however, to keep a sharp eye on the market in a quiet way, and all the probabilities of the tendency of the values are closely scrutinized with an evident desire to secure stock when a fair margin can be secured. Cheese and bread are both pretty high in Great Britain, and potatoes are plenty and cheap, notwithstanding the reports circulated to the contrary; and, as certain classes always consume meat with the last-named article of food when either or both are cheap, there is little doubt that if our production is kept low enough a liberal quantity will be wanted on this very theory alone. Indeed, during last month, we know of two or three shippers who were purchasing for districts which had already commenced upon meats and potatoes as the principal food. Our own consumptive wants are doubtful as yet, but there is no doubt that in many sections of the country the demand is much smaller than a few years ago, simply from the fact that necessity and experience together have taught the people the possibility of raising and curing their own hogs at much cheaper rates than the product of the packing-houses can be obtained.

Mess pork has shown an irregular tone, without any permanent gain on values. The reduction of the stock to the extent of about 20,000 bbls during the month of October had quite a stimulating effect when the official figures of the supply in yard, made up on the 1st instant, revealed the fact, and not only was the speculative call quite brisk for a short time, but some of the leading members of the regular trade were induced to purchase wholesale parcels and pay as high as $13 25, though this figure we believe, was only reached on special brands in specified yards. The first flurry of excitement over, however, and a more careful survey of the position made, buyers began to discover that there was plenty of stock still left, the demand dropped and so did prices, and it soon became almost impossible to get a bid above $13 for any considerable quantity, and the market was once more regulated by the whims of a few speculators, with no apparent decided object in view except to work off all the stock they could. This, however, was only to be done by breaking up straight lots and selling out in small parcels, and though meeting with some success has not thus far reduced the accumulation with the same rapidity as last month. For future delivery scarcely any old crop has been sold, but the new crop moved fairly on a range of $14 up to $14 37½ for the three first months of next year. The outside cuts generally have been dull, and prime mess was almost totally neglected throughout, with holders unable to decide fully upon a market value, though $11 was quoted in a nominal sort of way. We can not learn of any prime mess sold for future delivery.

Hogs—Prices, &c., Elsewhere.

NASHVILLE.

The market is quoted strong; all well-fatted selections selling freely at 4c.

CINCINNATI.

The Enquirer of this morning says:

The arrivals were not so liberal as yesterday, footing up 4,615 head for the past 24 hours. The weather was cooler and more favorable for packing purposes. There was, however, less inquiry, but holders were firm and insisted on full prices. The sales were at $4 30@4 50 per cental, gross, for light to extra heavy averages, the latter an extreme price. The bulk of the transactions were at $4 30@4 40. The sales footed up about 2,500 head within the above range. No contracts for future delivery were made public.

The Gazette gives the following: The receipts are comparatively small, and, although the demand is less active, prices were well sustained at $4 25@4 45 gross for medium to heavy averages of packing stock. The net receipts from October 20, for two seasons, compare as follows:

	1871.	1870.
To November 9	62,939	33,790
Thursday	10,464	2,574
Friday	4,615	4,454
Total	78,038	51,818

ST. LOUIS.

The Republican of the 10th says:

Receipts for twenty-four hours ending at 11 A. M. yesterday 3,396. Shipments 2,634. The run was very heavy, the heaviest of the season, but the market was active, and anything selling to all classes of buyers, shipping and speculations principally, at an extreme range from $3 50@3 87½, which includes light Yorkers and extras: bulk of transactions at $3 70@3 85. We quote the market as follows: Light or York hogs, averaging from 180 to 220 lbs, $3 50@3 60; fair to good, averaging from 250 to 275 lbs, at $3 65@3 70; choice to extra, averaging from 280 to 300 to 325 lbs, at $3 75@3 85.

State of Trade.

The state of trade during the past week has not been satisfactory by any means in any department of trade. The lack of proper shipping facilities lies at the bottom of the difficulty, and the merchants of Louisville owe it to their own pockets to push on with all the energy they can command, or in any way obtain, every railroad that promises certain relief from the present almost dead-lock, and to every proposition looking to an increase of river transportation, or the opening of new water ways which can to any extent better the trade of Louisville. If they don't they will soon have no trade at all worth the name.

Weekly Review of the Markets.

BAGGING—The week closes on a quiet and really weak market. Dealers quote at 23¼ and 23½ in flax and hemp bagging at 16½@17½c, a decline of ¼c. Trade is confined entirely to the filling of orders in small lots.

BAGS—The market is very quiet, and dealers hold at quotations:

2-bushel, seamless bags, cotton	32½@37½
1-bushel burlaps	12 @13
2-bushel do	13 @16
Gunnies, in bales	19 @20
Gunnies, rosewood	21 @

BATTING—The market is firm and active. Dealers quote extra at 22@23c; No. 1 at 19@21c; No. 2 at 18@19c.

BROOMS—Market very firm and advanced. Dealers quote common qualities at $2@2 50 per dozen, and prime qualities at $3@3 50 per dozen.

CANDIES—The market is steady, with a fair demand. Dealers quote:

Double refined Candies	16@18
FANCY CANDY—	
Machine Drops	17@20
Balls and Kisses	17@20
Bar Candy	18@18
Nut Candy	15@25
Gum Drops	18@20
Arabian Gum Drops	19@25
Imperials	20@25
Rock Candy	20@25
Lozenges	25@30
Common pan work	30@40
Plain Almonds	25@30
No. 2 do	
Plain Creams	28@30
Decorated Creams	31@33
Cordial Goods	30@35

CANNED GOODS—There is a fair demand for goods embraced in the following list, and prices are steady:

Peaches, 2 and 3 lb	$1 75@3 25
Strawberries, 2 lb	3 00@3 25
Pineapples	2 65@3 25
Cherries	3 00@3 25
Gooseberries	2 00@2 50
Pears	2 50
Plums	2 75@3 50
Brandy Peaches, glass, per doz	3 25@4 00
Brandy Cherries, glass, per doz	3 50@4 50
Tomatoes, per doz	1 60@2 25
Jellies, per doz	1 80@3 25
Preserves, assorted, per doz	4 00@10
Worcester Sauces, pts&hf pts, per doz	4 25@8 00
Catsup, tomato, per doz	1 00@2 50
Catsup, English walnut, per doz	3 50@5 50
Pie Fruit, assorted, per doz	4 00@4 50
Pickles, American	1 75@6 50
Pickles, English	3 75@7 00

CEMENT—Is in good demand, and manufacturers are selling at $1 50@1 75 per bbl. Sales to-day 900 bbls.

COOPERAGE AND COOPER STUFF—A fair demand for flour barrels is reported, and prices are steady.

Bourbon bbls, iron-hooped	$2 30
Highwine bbls, iron-hooped	2 10
Oil bbls	2 05
Pork bbls	1 50
Lard tierces	1 75
Ham tierces	1 00
Bacon hhds	2 50
Queensware tierces	75
Flour bbls	50
Half whisky bbls, wood-hooped	1 35
" " " iron hooped	1 60
Whisky kegs, ten gallons	1 00
" " five gallons	90
Bbl poles, per 1,000	14 00
Hhd poles, per 1,000	24 00
Staves, per 1,000	18 00@20 00

CORDAGE—Cotton twine and rope are quiet and dealers quote:

Baling twine	17½@18½
Hemp twine, per doz	65 @75
Cotton twine	30 @50
Jute rope	13 @15
Cotton rope	32 @34
Manilla rope	21 @22
Sisal rope	19 @20
Tarred rope	18 @20

COTTON—The market is weaker, but not quotably lower than yesterday. During the week it has been very steady. Liverpool is reported steady at 9¾d for uplands, with sales of 10,000 bales—this is a decline of ⅛d since last Saturday, New York is ⅛c lower than yesterday, closing at 18⅞c for middling, with sales of 16,003 bales—this is a decline since last Saturday of ⅛c. The net receipts for seven days are stated at 105,875 bales—exports to Great Britain, 34,245; to the Continent, 6,485; stock of all classes, 307,460. Dealers to-day quote as follows:

Middling	17⅛
Low middling	17⅛
Good ordinary	16¼
Ordinary	15

COTTON YARNS, CARPET-CHAIN AND CANDLEWICK—The market is quiet, but stocks are ample, and include Southern and standard brands of yarns.

No. 400, per dozen, at	14 @
" 500, " "	13½@
" 600, " "	13 @
" 700, " "	12 @
Candlewick, at	32 @35
Carpet-chain, white, at	31 @33
Carpet-chain, colored, at	39½@42

Southern yarns are held at 1@1½c under these figures.

COAL—The yards are emptied of Pomeroy and Raymond City. The Kentucky mines are shipping again. There is some arriving from Daviess and other counties in Indiana; while the supply of Pittsburgh, except the amount laid up at West Louisville and along shore, awaiting the famine, is very small. Some 500 tons have been received of block coal from Clay county, Ind. The prospect is rather bad, but it is a blessing that the weather continues pleasant. Dealers to-day are quoting as follows: Pittsburg, 32c; Clay county (Indiana,) block coal, $7 50 per ton of 28 bushels. Daviess county and other Indiana coal, 28c per bush; Kentucky coal, 24c.

CORNMEAL—Is in fair demand at 60@65c per bushel for bolted, loose, and $3 25@3 50 per bbl for kiln-dried.

FERTILIZERS AND SEEDS—The market is quiet, with considerable activity in seeds. Dealers quote as follows: Bone superphosphates, $45@50 per ton; bromophyte, $40 per ton. Seeds—Flaxseed, the oil mills are paying $1 50 per bushel; timothy, common to choice, $3 35@3 50; clover, common to choice, $6 25@6 50; English, $8 75@9; fall seed wheat, $1 65@1 75; extra qualities, recleaned, a shade higher. For large lots a discount could be had.

FOREIGN FRUITS—Are in fair request and quotations for oranges and lemons are firm.

Oranges, per bbl	$10 00@12 00
Lemons, per box	6 00@ 6 50
Layer, raisins, per box, new	4 25@ 4 50
" " " old	3 25@ 3 50
Figs, per lb	20@ 24
Zante currants, per lb	11½@ 12½

HAY—There has been a moderate demand during the week, and prices are firm at $17@19 per ton on arrival. Dealers are selling from store and delivered on cars at $1 50@2 50 advance. Sales to-day 2 car loads delivered at $20.

HIDES—The market is quiet and prices are undergoing no change. Dealers quote dry-flint 18c, dry-salted at 14@16c, and green-salted at 9½@9¾c per lb.

LIME—Is in good request, and sales are made at $1@1 10 per bbl.

LEATHER—The market is quiet. Dealers quote:

Oak sole tan	36@39	French calf pr dz	$40@80
Hemlock sole	30@33	Phila c'lf ℔ lb.	$1 50@1 60
Buffalo slaughter	30@35	Hogskins ℔ dz.	$5@8
Harness	35@40	Eng. hog skins	
Skirting	40@46	per doz	5@12
Kipskin city lb	90@1 25	Calf seatings per	
Calf city	1 20@1 50	dos	54@60
Bridles per doz	$48@60	Enam'd leather	
Upper per doz	40@50	per foot	24@28c

LUMBER—The market rules steady, with a fair demand:

Wh. pine lum. clear 1 inch per M	$55 00@60 00
do 1¼ and 2 inches	55 00@60 00
do Second-rate, 1 inch	50 00
do 1¼ and 2 inch	50 00
do Third rate	40 00
Common pine lumber	27 50
Fencing	27 50@30 00
Hemlock lumber	17 00@19 00
Poplar	22 50@30 00
Flooring, clear and 2d rate, per M	50 00@
do Third rate	45 00
do Common	35 00
Hemlock flooring	30 00
Siding and weather-boarding, third rate, rough, per M	25 00
Third rate, dressed per M	27 50@30 00
Shingles. 18 inch No. 1 pine, per M	6 25@ 6 50
do 16 inch pine, per M	5 27@5 50
do 16 inch poplar, per M	3 50@ 4 00
Lath, cut per M	2 75@3 00
Sawed	3 00

MANUFACTURED TOBACCO—A fair demand is reported at last week's figures. Dealers quote:

Va. extra lbs and fancy styles	$1 00@1 15
Va. fine bright, lbs and twist	90@1 00
Va. medium bright, lbs and twist	75@ 85
Va. common, lbs and ¼ lbs	57@ 62
Va. fine, ¼ lbs and 14's	63@ 66
Va. fine light-pressed, 9-inch	80@ 90
Va. extra fig and pancake	1 00@1 15
Ky. and Mo. bright, lbs	65@
Ky. and Mo. bright, ¼'s and 14's	58@ 63
Ky. black sweet, 10s and ¼s	57@ 62
Ky. navy, lbs and ¼ lbs, best	60@ 65
Ky. navy, lbs and ¼ lbs medium	56@ 60

NUTS—Market quiet as follows:

Almonds, hard-shelled, per lb	16@18
Almonds, soft-shelled, per lb	23@25
Filberts, per lb	14@15
Brazil nuts, new, per lb	12@15
Naples walnuts, per lb	22
English walnuts, per lb	16
Pecans, lb	20@21

NAVAL STORES—Are in moderate demand and steady.

Oakum, per bale	$4 75@8 00
Tar, per bbl	4 75@5 25
Rosin, per bbl	3 75@5 00
Pitch, per bbl	4 75@5 00
Turpentine, per gal	70@ 75

OILS—Market quiet.

Linseed oil	80@82	Gasoline	20@25
Lard oil	70@75	Bank oil	60
Lard oil No. 2	60@65	Straits oil	70
Coal oil	25@27	Lubricating oil	30@45
Benzine	15		

OFFAL—Dealers quote bran at $18; shorts at $22; shipstuff $22@25, and middlings $28 per ton.

PAINTS AND COLORS—The market rules steady at previous quotations. Paints—White lead pure, at 11@11½c; white lead No. 2, 8@11c. Colors—English red lead, 12½c per lb; American red lead, 11c per lb; English orange mineral, 15½c per lb; English Venetian red, 3½c per lb; French Rochelle ochre, 5c per lb; Paris white, 4c per lb.

PEANUTS—Market nearly bare of old. Some new crop received, and dealers quote at 6@7c; old crop, prime Virginia, at 12½c.

SALT—The market has advanced again, with a fair demand. Seven-bushel barrels, $2 80; small barrels, $2 25; dairy salt, $2 75.

TALLOW AND GREASE—There is a fair demand for tallow, and prices are steady. Dealers are paying 7½@8c. Grease is in light request at 5½@7½c.

TIN PLATE, TINNERS' STOCK, &c—The market is quiet in tin plate, but prices are maintained. Dealers quote as follows:

Tin Plate.		
10x14 IC	Charcoal	$11 75
do IX	do	14 75
12x12 IC	do	12 75
do IX	do	15 75
14x20 IC	do	12 75
do IX	do	15 75
do XX	do	19 75
do XXX	do	22 25
Roofing IC	do	11 00
do IX	do	14 00
10x14 IC Coke		10 75
Block Tin.		
Large pigs		45c
Small pigs		46c
Bar		47c
Copper.		
Braziers'		34c
Tinned		37c
Copper Bottoms		38c
Zinc.		
Sheet, by the cask		11c
do less than cask		12c
Slab		10c
Fence Wire.		
Bright Wire		25 per cent. off list.
Clothes-line wire, white galvanized		13c
Sheet Iron.		
No. 10 to 24 rates, common		5@5½c

VINEGAR—Market fair, and cider is quoted at $7@9 per barrel; apple at $10, and wine at $12 per bbl.

WINDOW-GLASS—Dealers quote at 40 per cent. off new card rates, which are as follows for first quality: 6x8 to 8x10, $5 75; 8x11 to 10x13, $6 25; 8x14 to 10x15, $6 50; 11x14 to 12x18, $7 00; other sizes in proportion.

WOODENWARE—Prices are firm, and dealers report a fair trade.

Tubs, No. 1, per doz	$10 00@10 50
" " 2, "	8 50@ 9 00
" " 3, "	7 50@ 8 00
Painted B'kts	2 10@ 2 25
Cedar iron b'd	5 50@ 6 00
Do. brass b'd	7 00@ 8 50
Churns, No. 1,	10 00@10 50
" " 2,	9 00@ 9 50
" " 3,	8 00@ 8 50
Assorted	9 00@ 9 50
Wash-boards	2 15@ 2 40
Sieves	1 75@ 2 50

WOOL—The market is dull and drooping, and dealers quote as follows: Unwashed, 38@43c; combing, [illegible]; tub-washed, 63@67c; burry 5@10c less.

Grocery Market.

The amount of trade is small compared with the figures that should be reported, and yet the volume of trade is very fair considering the great restrictions upon shipments. Coffee is weaker and lower ½@1c on Rios and Laguayras, and sugars have declined ¼c during the week. Some New Orleans sugar of the new crop has been received, and more is on the way, which dealers quote at 12@12½c for prime. There are no other changes to note.

CANDLES—Dealers quote 4s, 5s, 6s, 7s and 8s 15@16c; [illegible] at 17½c.

CHEESE—The market is [illegible] active and unchanged. Ohio Factory is quoted at 14½@15c. Pineapple—none in the market. Sales to-day 145 boxes at 14½@15c.

COFFEE—The market is quiet and lower. The quotations are as follows:

Rios, fair to fancy	22 @24
Laguayra, as to quality	23 @25
Singapore, as to quality	25 @28
Java, Government, as to quality	28 @30

FISH—Dealers report the market firm, with a fair demand at the following rates for half-bbls and kits:

	100 lbs. Half-bbl.	15 lbs. Kit.
No. 1 mackerel	$7 75@8 00	$1 75
No. 2 mackerel	6 00@7 00	1 50
No. 2 mackerel, large	6 75@7 25	1 60
No. 3 mackerel, large	5 00@5 50	1 25
No. 3 mackerel, family	5 00@5 25	1 20
No. 1 whitefish	5 00@5 50	1 35
No. 2 whitefish	4 00@4 50	1 10
Sardines, for ¼ and ½ boxes	26 @	37½
Oysters, 1-lb cans	1 00@1 10	
Do 2-lb cans	2 10@2 20	

MOLASSES AND SIRUPS—There is a fair demand for New Orleans molasses, and prices are well maintained. Dealers quote at 55@70c per gallon, as to quality. Sirups are steady, and sales of the various grades are made at 40@50c for common, 55@75c for prime, and 85c@$1 for choice, per gallon. New molasses is held at 60@70c.

RICE—Is weak at 8@8½c for Rangoon; Carolina new crop 8@9c.

SOAP—Is unchanged, with a fair demand. Dealers quote German No. 1 at 6½@7½c; No. 2 at 6@7c, and rosin at 5c.

STARCH—Market quiet; stocks ample; held at 4¼@4½c.

SUGARS—Prices are lower on refined; trade moderately active. The market is very nearly bare of New Orleans, but the quotations given will apply to Porto Rico sugars. Dealers quote as follows:

Common New Orleans sugar at	
Fair do	
Fully fair do	
Prime do	12 @12½
Choice do	12⅝@13
Crushed, powdered and granulated	13¾@14
A coffee	12¾@13
B coffee	12⅝@12⅞
Extra C	12½@12¾
C yellow	12 @12⅛
Circle C	12 @12⅜
Yellow	11½@12⅛
Demerara	12½@13

Iron, Nail and Steel Market.

Another advance has occurred in Nos. 1 and 2, pig iron, and the supply is running very low in consequence of the difficulty of shipping, while the demand remains very good. Nails have advanced 10c on the inside rates, but no other changes have occurred. Trade moderately active.

IRON, WROUGHT—Bar, lb, S C, 3⅛@3⅜; Hoop, coopers', 5@6; Sheet, boiled, 5@5¾; C C 7@7½; Boiler, 6⅛@8⅛; Nail rod, 8@8⅛; Castings, 4@5½; Pulleys, 7@8.

PIG IRON—The market is very active with moderate receipts:

Hanging Rock, No. 1 foundry, charcoal, per ton	$39 00@41 00
Hanging Rock, No. 2, charcoal	37 00@38 00
Hanging Rock, mill	35 00@36 00
Western stone-coal, No. 1	38 00@39 00
Western stone-coal, No. 2	36 00@37 00
Western stone-coal, mill	34 00@35 00
St. Louis stone-coal, No. 1	38 00@39 00
St. Louis stone-coal, No. 2	36 00@37 00
St. Louis stone-coal, mill	34 00@35 00
Tennessee No. 1 foundry	37 00@38 00
Tennessee No. 2 foundry	36 00@37 00
Tennessee mill	34 00@35 00
Cold-blast charcoal, car-wheel, Hecla	62 00
Cold-blast, Red river	57 00@60 00
Cold-blast, Tennessee	50 00@52 00

Receipts for the week 50 tons. Sales 300.

HORSE AND MULE SHOES—Dealers quote horse shoes at $5 50@6 25 and mule shoes at $6 50@7 25 per keg.

NAILS—Prices are firm, while stocks are fully up to the requirements of the trade. 10d nails, fence and brads at $4 25@4 50 rates; all other sizes in proportion.

PLOW WINGS AND SLABS—Steel plow slabs, 9c; iron plow slabs, 5¾c; steel plow wings, 9¼c, iron plow wings, 6c.

STEEL—Cast per lb, English, 20@23c; American, 15@18c; American blister, 10c; German, 14 @15c.

Country Produce Market.

The business of the week has been light, except in apples, butter and dried fruit. Eggs have advanced 1c and potatoes are on the decline.

APPLES—New of good size and quality will bring $2@4 25 per bbl, as to quality. Sales to-day 280 bbls at $3@3 50.

BEESWAX—Is firm, and dealers are quoting at 30c.

BEANS—Market quiet; prime white and navy command $2 50 per bushel: New York held at $2 50. New crop will bring $2 on arrival.

BARK—Is in good request, and prime lots of chestnut oak command $10 per cord. Some sales are made by the car-load at $75 per load.

BROOMCORN—Out of the market and no quotations given.

BUTTER—The market is fully supplied; common country butter is held at 8@10c; fair at 12@13c; good at 14@16c; choice at 17@18c; W. R. at 20@22c. Fruit House 24@25c. Sales to-day 2,000 lbs common at 8c; 1,600 lbs fair to choice at 12@18c; 200 F. H. at 24@25c.

CABBAGE—From first hands $1 per barrel loose; from store $1 50 per bbl. Sales to-day 40 bbls at $1 50.

CRANBERRIES—Dealers quote the cultivated berry at $15 per bbl; the wild at $13.

CHESTNUTS—Dealers quote to the trade at $2@2 50 per bushel. Nothing doing.

DRIED FRUIT—New apples are quoted at 5@6c. New peaches will bring 8½@9c for halves and 6@6½c for quarters. Trade fair.

EGGS—In demand, and sales are made in lots on arrival at 23c per doz, recount.

FEATHERS—The market is quiet. Dealers are paying 55c per lb on arrival, with 2 per cent. tare on linen bags.

GINSENG—Dealers quote large, well-dried new root at 85c.

HOMINY AND GRITS—Dealers quote hominy at $4 00@4 25 per bbl, and grits at $5 00@5 25. Trade moderate.

HOPS—The new crop choice is quoted at 75c.

ONIONS—From first hands, loose, $3 00; from store, $3 75, packed.

POTATOES—The market is quiet. New are held at $1 85@2 per bbl, loose, and $2 50@2 60 in shipping order. Sales to-day 400 bus in bulk at 85c.

POULTRY—Market moderately active. Chickens are held at $2@3 50 per dozen for fair to choice. Ducks at $3 per dozen. Sales to-day 75 dozen chickens at quotations.

Flour and Grain Market.

The flour market has been very quiet all the week, and closes with but very little demand; buyers and sellers are too far apart. The quotations given below are the asking prices by dealers for flour inspected in this city; some outside makes sell for less, and some of the city mills ask more for their grindings. The movements in grain are ridiculously small for such a point as this; dealers are holding wheat above the views of millers, and the trade in corn seems to be confined almost entirely to filling distillery contracts; in rye and barley, for breweries and malt-houses, and oats and hay for Government supplies.

FLOUR—The market is dull and weak to-day at the following quotations: Fine, $4 25@4 50; superfine, $5@5 25; extra, $5 50@5 75; extra family, $6 00@6 75; A No. 1, $7 00@7 50; fancy, $8@8 75.

GRAIN—BARLEY—Market quiet, and dealers quote new crop at $75@90c.

WHEAT—Dealers quote at $1 30@1 45, on arrival.

CORN—Ear and shelled, on arrival, command 52@55c. Dealers sell at an advance on their figures to cover commissions, &c. Market very quiet.

OATS—New crop commands 35@38c on arrival. Sales to-day 700 bu at 41c; 700 bu at 42c on track.

RYE—New is quoted at 77@80c on arrival.

MALT—The market is quiet, and dealers quote spring at $1 10; new fall No. 1 at $1 15@1 20; No. 2 at $1 10 and rye malt at $1 10. Sales today 3,000 bu No. 1 fall, 1,000 bu spring, and 1,000 bu rye malt all at quotations.

Louisville Provision Market.

The week has been quiet and steady. Stocks are steadily diminishing, but as the demand seems also to have fallen off, no changes have occurred. The transactions of to-day, so far as reported, sum up as follows: Bacon—25 casks clear rib at 8½c. Bulk meats—new, 40,000 lbs clear rib packed at 7½@7⅝c; 10,000 lbs shoulders, new, at 6½@6⅝c; 5,000 lbs clear sides, new, at 7½@7⅝c.

BULK MEATS—Dealers quote clear sides at 7@7½c; clear rib 7@7⅜c; shoulders 6¼@6¾c.

BACON—Dealers quote clear rib at 8@8½c; clear sides 8@8¾c; shoulders 7¼@7¾c.

HAMS—Sugar-cured are held at 15½@16½c; plain canvased 13⅛@14½c; uncanvased 12@13c.

MESS PORK—Dealers hold at $13 50@13.

LARD—Prime leaf in tierces is held at 9½c; in kegs at 10¼@11c.

Dry Goods Market.

The trade is moderately active at unchanged prices, dealers continuing quotations as follows: BROWN SHEETINGS AND SHIRTINGS—Cannelton, 13½c; Great Western, 13c; Anchor, 13c; Penn Mills, 13c; Eagle, 13c; Simon Kenton, 13c; Lone Star, 13c; Macon, 12½c; Tallassee, 13c; Kennedale, 13c; Eastern standards, 13½c; Osnaburgs 7-8, 13½@16c; do. 4-4 16@19; Pepperell E, fine, 14; do. B, 13; do. O, 12; do. N, 11; Invincible, 13¾. BLEACHED—Blackstone, A A, 15; Hope, 14; Langdon, 36-inch, 15; do. 34-inch, 13; Lonsdale, 17; Wamsutta, 21; New York Mills, 22; Pepperell 6-4, 25; do. 7-4, 28; do. 9-4, 36; do. 10-4, 41. WORSTED BRAIDS—Common colors, 55; High colors, 60. CAMBRICS—Paper, 11½@13. Glazed, 8@10½. PRINTS—Allens, 11½; Amoskeag, 10@10½; Cocheco, 11½@13½; Dunnels A, 11½; Lon. mourning, 11; Merrimac D, 11½; do. W, 12½; do. chintz, 12; Pacific, 11½; Spragues fancy, 11½; do frock, 11½; Bedford, 8; American, 11½; Dunnels fancy, 11½; Garners, 11; Arnolds, 9½@10; Hamiltons, 11½; Richmonds, 11½; Wamsutta, 8½; Gloucester, 11½. TICKINGS—Conestoga, g. m., 22; do extra, 26; Everett, 25; Falls City, 22; do A, 25; do A A, 30; do A A, 35; Minnehaha, 30. STRIPES—Amoskeags, 18; Albany 16; American, 16; Jewett City, 12. BROWN DRILLS—Stark A, 14; Pepperell, 14½; Laconia, 14; Winthrop, 12. DENIMS—Ogden A brown, 15; Albany blue, 11; Amoskeag, 22½@24. GINGHAMS—Glasgow, 14; Lancaster, 16; Hartford, 11; Scotch, 22@30. CORSET JEANS—Bates, 10; Pepperell, 13; Amoskeag, 13; Androscoggin sateen, 15. SPOOL COTTON—Clark's 6-cord, 80; do enameled, 45; Stafford Bros., 37; Brooks, 75; Green & Daniels, 40; Stewart's, 40; J. & P. Coats, 80; Hadley, 75; Willimantic, 6-cord, 85; do. enameled, 45. JEANS—Kentucky, 40@65; Eastern, 15@30.

Drug Market.

The market continues very active for the season, and no changes. Dealers quote as follows: Alcohol, $2 05. Alum, 4½@5c. Calomel, lb, $1 18. Camphor, lb, 80@85c. Cochineal, lb, 90c. Chloroform, lb, $1 33. Copperas, bbls, lb, 2½c. Copperas, kegs, lb, 3½c. Cream Tartar, pure, 43c. Gum Opium, lb, $6 60. Indigo, lb, $1 40. Licorice, Calab, lb, 48@50c. Magnesia, carb., 2 oz., lb, (Jennings) 42@45c. Morphine, P & W., oz., $5 25. Madder, lb, 19c. Oil, Castor, No. 1, gal, $1 65. Oil, Sweet, gal, $1 35@1 50. Oil, Olive, gal, $2 25@3 00. Oil, Sperm, gallon, $2 25@2 50. Oil, tanners', gallon, 70@75c. Oil, bergamot, pound, $5 25@6 00. Oil, cassia, pound, $3 25. Oil, lemon, pound, $6 00. Quinine, P. & W., ounce, $2 55. Rosin, bbl, $5@7. Soap, castile, Fr., 15@16c. Soda, bicarb., Newcastle, 6½@7c. Sal Soda, bicarb, American, casks, lb, 6c. Soda, sal, pound, 3½@4c. Soda, ash, pound, 4¼@5c. Salts, Epsom, pound, 5c. Snuff, Maccaboy, pound, 80@85c. Snuff, Garrett's pack, gross, $15 25@15 50. Snuff, Garrett's, per case of 6 doz., $11 25. Sulphur, roll, pound, 4½@5c. Saltpeter, commercial, pound, 11@13c. Saltpeter, pure, pound, 20@24c. Turpentine, bbls, gallon, 75c. Turpentine, cans, gallon, 78c. Venetian red, English, bbls, lb, 3⅛c. Venetian red, English, kegs, lb, 4c.

Louisville Liquor Market.

COPPER WHISKY—There is no change to note in the market for copper whiskies. Prices rule steady, and the demand is fair. Sales are made at $1 10@1 75 for steam copper, and $1 50@6 50 for sour-mash, as to age and brand.

RECTIFIED WHISKY—Is steady, though prices are influenced by highwines. Dealers report a fair demand, and prices range from 85c@$1 25, as to proof and brand.

HIGHWINES—Have been excited and higher, with considerable activity. Dealers quote to-day at 88c. Sales to-day 38 bbls.

ALCOHOL—Is steady, and sales are made in bbl lots at $1 90@1 95 per gal.

COLOGNE SPIRITS—Are unchanged at $1 05@1 15 per gal.

BRANDIES—Are in good supply. Dealers quote Cognac brandies, domestic, $1 40@[illegible]; apple brandy $2 75@4 50; apple brandy, [illegible]; peach brandy, [illegible] $2 50.

WINES—Dealers [illegible] report ample stocks, and quote: Port [illegible] and sherry wine $1 75@2 50.

RUMS—New England rums are quoted at $1 50@3 00 per gal.

ALE—Dealers quote Louisville cream ale at $12 per bbl; stock ale at $13; bottle ale at $9; Louisville ale at $1 25 per doz; porter at $13 per bbl and $1 50 per doz.

Hog Killing Around the Falls.

The receipts to-day foot up 7,960 head, and packers are still paying $4 50@4 65. Only six of the houses were killing to-day, cutting up 5,360 head. The total killing to date in the city has been 29,120. The details will be found in the following statement:

Houses.	To-day.	To d'te.	In pens.
Hamilton, Anderson & Co.	600	2,500	500
Hamilton Brothers		4,000	700
Hughes, Goslee & Co.	1,000	5,615	2,300
Jarvis & Co.		3,475	700
Fred. Leib		4,400	1,500
Owsley & Co.	1,000	3,000	800
A. Schoeffel & Co.	560	1,560	300
C. W. Thomas & Co.	1,200	5,050	2,600
McMahan & Goodloe, New Albany			1,500
Total	5,360	29,120	10,400
Same date last year	943	10,033	500

Louisville Leaf Tobacco Market.

The market continues very firm at the prices given below, showing no change from last week; but the receipts are so small, the offerings and sales also light, that the business may be said to be almost at a stand:

	Light.	Heavy.
Planters' com'n lugs	$7 25@ 7 50	$7 25@ 7 50
Planters' good lugs	7 50@ 7 75	7 50@ 7 75
Common sound leaf	8 00@ 8 50	8 00@ 8 50
Medium sound leaf	8 50@10 00	8 50@10 00
Good sound leaf	10 00@14 00	11 00@13 00
Medium cutting leaf	12 00@16 00	12 00@16 00
Good to fine c'ting leaf	18 00@25 00	
Choice cutting leaf	28 50@30 00	
Bright wrappers nominal, from	30 00@60 00	

The sales for the week show a falling off as compared with last week of 139 hhds. This is entirely due to the fact of light receipts; nor will it be much better before a rise comes in the river. The statement below shows sales for the week, the month, and the current year to date:

Warehouses.	Week.	Month.	Year.
Pickett	28	40	40
Louisville	42	89	89
Farmers'	39	87	87
Boone	21	45	45
Ninth-street	18	50	50
Planters'	38	63	63
Total	186	374	374

The sales to-day were only 10 hhds, as per statements below—four of the houses not selling at all:

The PICKETT HOUSE sold 1 hhd Taylor county leaf at $8 30.

The LOUISVILLE HOUSE sold 3 hhds: 1 hhd Hancock county leaf at $11 50; 1 hhd Daviess county low leaf at $9 30; 1 hhd Ohio county lugs at $8.

The FARMERS' HOUSE sold 6 hhds: 4 hhds Simpson county leaf at $9 60, 9 20, 9 20, 8; 1 hhd Barren county common leaf at $8 40; 1 hhd Shelby county lugs at $7 10.

Louisville Live Stock Market.

BOURBON HOUSE STOCK YARD—DOWNING, BIRCH & CO.

FRIDAY EVENING, Nov. 10, 1871.

CATTLE—The market has only been fairly supplied, and prices for the best grades have advanced fully 25 cts on the 100 lbs. We quote for best heavy, for shipping purposes, $4½@5; choice butcher stuff sold at $4@4½, and good, $3½@4; medium and common, $2½@3 per 100 lbs gross; fresh milch cows sell as to quality from $30 to $50.

SHEEP—The market remains active for best heavy. We quote for heavy, $4@4½, and good, $3@3½ per 100 lbs gross.

HOGS—The market has been active, with only limited receipts; all sold on arrival. The prices may be regarded as tending upward. We quote for the best $4 50@4 60 to packers. Light $4@4 35. Choice butcher hogs are sold at an advance above the quotations.

HORSES AND MULES—The shipments South are not so heavy. Only eleven cars have been shipped from our pens. We know nothing as to prices.

TOTAL RECEIPTS FOR THE WEEK.

Cattle	957
Sheep	1,118
Hogs	13,243
Horses and mules	214
Total	15,532

SATURDAY, Nov. 11, 1871.

CATTLE—The run of cattle has been light during the past week and all sold at an advance over last week. We quote best grade selling from $4 to $4 50; good medium from $3 to $3 75; rough and common from $2 25 to $2 75 per hundred.

HOGS—The market is active and all selling on arrival to packers and butchers from $4 50 to $4 75 per hundred.

SHEEP—There is a scarcity of sheep on the market with considerable inquiry for good. Best quality would sell from 4½c to 4¾c; medium from 3c to 4c per pound; rough and common $1 50 to $2 per head.

HORSES AND MULES—Are being sent South freely, mostly seeking a place to sell. From all indications prospects are not very good.

Baltimore Live Stock Market.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 9.—Cattle, the market is inactive; we quote the very best on sale to-day at $5@5 75; first quality $4 50@5; medium $3 37½@4 25; inferior to ordinary $2 75@3 37½; receipts 2,299 head; sales of 2,279 head. Hogs are in fair supply and prices are a shade lower at 5¾@6½c; receipts 7,642 head. Sheep, the demand and supply is light; fair to good $4 50@5; good to extra $5@5 37½; receipts 1,976 head.

New York Live Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Cattle, receipts to-day 1,400 head, making 9,870 head for the week. The weather is warm and rainy. Poultry are plenty and cheap, and country dressed beef is arriving, still the market was fair, but closed ¼c lower; fat lots are selling at 11c and thin at 8c; there are no Texans; 8 cars of Illinois, 6¾ cwt, sold at 9¼@10c; 2 cars of Kentucky, 7 cwt, at $75 each; Kentucky 7¾ cwt at 10@11¼c. Sheep, receipts 7,500 head to-day and 37,000 head for the week so far; trade was very dull [illegible] 3⅛@5½c, a car of Ohio, 90 lbs, [illegible] at 5½c; a car of 120 lbs Canada at 5¼c; a car of 80 lbs Canada lambs at 7¼c; a car of 80 lbs State at 8c; a car of 72 lbs Canada at 7½c. Hogs, receipts 4,800 head to-day and 22,700 head for the week; the market is slow and prices are lower, or 4¼@4⅞c for live and 5¾@6¾c for dressed.

Buffalo Live Stock Market.

BUFFALO, Nov. 10.—Cattle, receipts 255 head, making 5,673 head or 384 cars against 288 cars for the same time last week; the market is quiet and prices are unchanged; sales of 60 head of Ohio steers, 1,175 to 1,241 lbs, at $5@5 50. Sheep and Lambs, receipts 1,848 head; the market is dull and prices are drooping; sales of 188 head of Michigan sheep, 94 lbs, at $5; 298 head of Missouri sheep, 82 lbs, at $4 69; 1,805 head of Ohio sheep, 65 to 85 lbs, at $4 25@4 65. Hogs, receipts 4,000 head; the market is quiet and unchanged; closing with a downward tendency; sales of 100 head at $4 25@4 45 for medium to extra.

Albany Live Stock Market.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Cattle, the supply is equal to that of last week; the market opened strong and fully ⅛c higher; the highest prices realized was 8½c for extra heavy beeves; the ruling prices were 5¼@6½c. But few Milch Cows were received. The market for Sheep and Lambs is dull but no lower; lambs 6½@7¾c; sheep 5½@6c.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Stock and Money Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11—P. M.

The Gold market has been steady all day at 111⅛@111¼. Loans were made at from 5 to 1-64 ℔ cent. for use.

The clearings to-day at the Gold Exchange Bank were $48,000.

The Government bond market was steady during the afternoon and 6s of 1881, 10-40s and currency bonds were much firmer.

The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

BANK STATEMENT.

Loans, increase	$2,701,800
Specie, increase	1,008,600
Circulation, decrease	40,000
Deposits, increase	6,868,000
Legal-Tenders, increase	2,055,100

The Money market was easy at 5 ℔ cent. The bank exhibit is regarded as favorable.

The Stock market opened at about last night's prices and continued strong until the publication of the bank statement, which was taken advantage of by the cliques to sell, and prices have since declined. One of the important events of the coming week will be the annual election of directors by the Pacific Mail stockholders.

State securities are strong on Tennessees and firm on North Carolinas, and steady on the remaining issues.

Sterling exchange, bankers' bills, 108⅛.

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Coupons of 1881	117
Coupons of 1862	111⅛
Coupons of 1864	
Coupons of 1865	111⅛
Coupons of 1865, new	113⅜
Coupons of 1867	114⅛
Coupons of 1868	114⅛
Ten-forties	109⅝
Currency 6's	112⅞

STATE BONDS.

Missouri	95	Old Virginia	60
Old Tennessee	67	Old N. Carolina	37
New Tennessee	66⅝	New N. Carolina	19
New Virginia	68		

STOCKS.

Canton	70	Rock Island	101⅛
Western U. Tel'gh.	64⅛	New Jersey Central	103
Quicksilver	18⅛	St. Paul	51
Mariposa	1⅛	Do. preferred	77⅛
Do. preferred	1⅛	Tol. & Wabash	69⅛
Adams Express	86	Do. preferred	80
Wells & Fargo	53	Ft. Wayne	95⅛
American Express	58	Terre Haute	24
U. S. Express	56	Do. preferred	55
Pacific Mail	45⅞	Chicago & Alton	114⅛
N. Y. Central, con.	91⅛	Do. preferred	115
N. Y. Cent'l, scrip.	86⅛	Ohio & Mississippi	39⅛
Erie	31⅛	C. C. & C.	80
Erie preferred	65	Burlington	117
Harlem	121	Lake Shore	87⅛
Do. preferred	123	C. & Ind. C.	17⅛
Reading	110⅛	Ill. Cent'l	125
Michigan Central	115⅛	Union Pacific	24⅛
Pittsburgh	123⅛	Cent'l Pac. bonds	102⅛
Northwestern	60⅛	Union Pac. bonds	89⅛
Do. preferred	89⅛		

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—Cotton is in good demand for shipping at ⅛c decline; middling uplands 18⅞c. Flour, the market is quiet and prices are unchanged; receipts 12,000 barrels; superfine Western and State $5 70@6 25; common to good extra $6 45@6 75; good to choice $6 70@7 20; white wheat extra $7 [illegible]@7 40; extra Ohio $6 60@7 20; St. Louis $6 90@[illegible]. Rye flour, the market is unchanged. Cornmeal, the market is firmer at $3 90@4 25. Whisky, the market is unchanged. Wheat, the demand is fair and prices have advanced; receipts 173,000 bushels; No. 2 spring $1 51@1 55; winter red Western $1 58@1 60; amber $1 62@1 65; white $1 63@1 73; extra choice Indiana $1 75. Rye and Barley are unchanged. Corn, the market is dull and prices have declined; receipts 57,000 bushels; Western mixed in store 77½@78c and afloat 80c. Oats, receipts 46,000 bushels; Western and Ohio 53½@54½c. Hay and Hops are unchanged. Coffee, the market is dull. Sugar, the demand is fair and market firm; fair to good refining 8⅞@9⅛c; Cuba 9c. Molasses, the market is dull. Rice 7½@8⅜c. Petroleum, crude 12½@12⅜c and refined 23c. Leather is steady; South American [illegible] 26@27c. Wool is firmly held; American fleece [illegible]; extra Ohio 62@64c; pulled 60c; tubbed 70@75c; unwashed 46@49c. Pork, the market firmer; mess $13 00@13 20; prime $10 50; prime mess, seller March, at $14 37½. Beef and Cut Meats are unchanged. Middles are firm and active; long clear 8⅛c; short clear 8⅜c; long and short, seller December and February 8⅛c; long clear, seller February 7⅞c. Lard, the market opened firm but closed dull; No 1 prime steam 9⅛c and kettle rendered 10c; seller January and February 9⅛c. Butter, the market is steady; Western 12@23c, and State 15@33c. Cheese, the market is quiet at 11@13c. Spirits turpentine is quiet at 69@70c.

METALS—Manufactured Copper is steady. Ingot copper, Lake Superior is firm at 23@23½c. Pig iron, Scotch is firm at $34@40; American is in fair request at $35@38. Bar iron, refined English and American $80. Sheet iron, Russia 17⅛@18c gold. Nails are quiet; cut $4 85, clinch $6 @6 65 and horse-shoe 19@28c.

DRY GOODS—Trade [illegible] stocks are comparatively light and is generally quiet, and the prices of cotton fabrics are well sustained, while woolens are held with firmness in sympathy with the raw material, which is extremely scarce and very high. The only change of importance to note to-day is in staple fabrics is a reduction of 1c ℔ yard in the price of Indian Orchard D W yard-wide bleached muslins, which now sell at 15½c. Brown sheetings are quiet and Stark A heavy brown sheetings are marked up to 13c; Atlantic A to 13c; do H and Pacific extra 12½c; Spragues and Pacific Mills prints 11½c. Printing cloths 7⅛c for standard cloth; Warnsutta muslins 20c; New York Mills 22c; Green and Daniel's spool cotton, 6-cord, 80c; Willimantic, 6-cord, [illegible] and George A Clark's, Ontario and Clark's 6-cord do 80c, regular.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Flour, the market is quiet and prices are unchanged. Wheat, the demand is light but holders are firm; No 1 spring $1 24½; No 2 do $1 20½@1 20⅝; No 3 do $1 18; rejected do $1 09@1 10. No 2 spring seller the month $1 20⅝; seller December $1 22⅜. Corn, the demand is fair and the market firm; No 2 mixed 48@48⅛c; rejected 46½@47c; seller November 48@48⅛c; seller first half November 48⅛@48⅜c. Rye, the demand is fair and market firm at [illegible]. Barley, [illegible] No 2 in store [illegible]; rejected [illegible]. Barley, the demand is fair and prices have advanced [illegible] 54½c. Pork, the demand is fair and market firm; mess $12 75@12 87½; seller December $12 70@12 75; seller January $13 @13; seller February $13 10@13 20; seller March $13 35@13 40. Bulk meats, the demand is fair and market firm; green hams [illegible]; short [illegible]; short ribs [illegible] old meats in the market. Boxed middles, short ribs 8c. Cumberland middles 6¾c; long clear 7c. Whisky, the demand is active and prices have advanced to 88c. Hogs, the demand is active and prices have advanced to $3 95@4 20. Freights to Buffalo: corn 7½c and wheat 8c. Exchange, sight drafts on New York par to 1-10 discount. Receipts for the past 24 hours: 6,000 barrels of flour, 65,000 bushels wheat, 129,000 bushels corn, 52,000 bushels oats, 6,000 bushels barley, 11,000 bushels rye, 8,000 head hogs. Shipments: 3,000 barrels of flour, 62,000 bushels of wheat, 187,000 bushels corn, 350,000 bushels oats, 30,000 bushels barley, 14,000 bushels rye, 3,000 head hogs.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 11.—Cotton, the demand is fair and market firm; low middling 17⅛c. Flour, the market is steady with a moderate demand. Wheat, the market is steady with a moderate demand, but prices are unchanged. Corn, the demand is fair and market firm for new at 45@46c; old 52@53c. Rye, the demand is fair and prices have advanced to 78@80c. Oats, the demand is fair and market firm at 35@40c. Groceries and Oils are unchanged. Eggs, the demand is fair and prices have advanced to 26@27c. Butter is scarce and firm at 20@25c. Cheese, the demand is fair and market firm at 14@15c. Cloverseed, the demand is good and prices have advanced; on arrival 10@10½c and from store 10¾@11c. Pork, the market is dull and unchanged; mess $12 75 asked and $12 50 offered. Lard, the market is dull and prices are unchanged; new prime steam 8⅞c asked; old 9c asked and ⅛c less offered. Bulk meats, full prices are asked but there is no demand; sides 7c, 7⅛c and 7½c; new shoulders two-thirds cured 5¼c; clear rib and clear sides 7½@7⅝c packed; there is some pressure to sell, to be delivered two weeks hence, at ⅛c less. Bacon, the market is quiet and prices are unchanged; shoulders 7½c; sides 7⅞@8c. Hogs, the demand is good at full prices; sales at $4 40@4 50; receipts 6,500 head [illegible] mand is chiefly to fill contracts. Whisky, the market is quiet and prices are unchanged at 88c.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 11.—Cotton, the market is unchanged at 17@17½c. Flour, the market is dull and prices are unchanged. Wheat, the market opened active and firm at $1 40 for No 3 red and closed dull at $1 39; No. 2 red $1 50. Corn, the market is dull and prices are unchanged; mixed on the track 42c; mixed sacked 52c. Oats, the market is inactive; No 2 38@38½c. Barley, the market is quiet at 70@78c for Minnesota. Rye, the market is firm at 69c. Mess pork $14. Bacon, the market is dull; order lots of shoulders 7½c; clear rib and clear sides 8c. Lard is quiet at 9c for choice. Hogs, the market is stiffer at $3 60@3 90; the bulk of the sales were at $3 75@3 80. Cattle, the market is quiet at $3 25@3 75 for good to choice. Receipts for the past 24 hours: 4,000 barrels of flour, 20,000 bushels of wheat, 5,000 bushels corn, 8,000 bushels oats, 10,000 bushels barley, 1,000 bushels rye, 1,237 head hogs, 500 head cattle.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11.—Flour, the market is dull and prices are nominal; Wisconsin and Minnesota family extra $7 50@8; Indiana and Ohio $7@7 50. Wheat, the market is steady with a moderate demand; State and Western red $1 55@1 60. Rye is held at 98c. Corn, the market is less active; old yellow 75c; new 60@65c; mixed Western 72@74c. Oats, the market is steady; white Western 51@52c; mixed 49c. Provisions are dull; mess pork $14 50. Lard 9½@9⅝c. Petroleum, crude 16@17c and refined 25c. Whisky, the market is dull; Western iron 90c and wooden-bound coopered 89c.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 11.—Cotton, the demand is fair; middling 17⅜c; receipts for the past day 2,062 bales; shipments 3,995 bales. Flour, the market is quiet and prices are unchanged. Corn, the demand is fair and market firm at 62@65c in store. Oats, the demand is light at 50c. Hay, the market is firm [illegible]. Pork, the market is quiet and prices are unchanged. Bran, the market is firmer at $27@28. Lard, Bacon are quiet and unchanged. Cornmeal $3 10@3 20.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 11.—Sugar, the market is firmer; prime $34; choice $35. Bacon is easier at 8⅛c, 8⅝c and 8⅞c. Coffee, the market easier, with very little [illegible] prime 19⅝@19½c; prime 19½c. All other articles are unchanged. Sterling 20⅝@[illegible]. Sight drafts ⅛@⅜ discount. Gold 111⅛.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 11.—Cotton, the market is quiet and prices are weak; sales of 2,000 bales; good ordinary 17@17⅛c; low middling 17¼c; middling 17¾@18c; receipts 2,370 bales; exports to Havre 3,501 bales, to Bremen 3,[illegible] bales, to Providence 1,[illegible] bales; [illegible] bales.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 11.—Cotton, the market is quiet and prices are unchanged; low middling 16¾c. Flour, the market is dull and prices are unchanged. Grain, the market is firm at [illegible]. Hogs, the market is firm; holders are firm at 5c; clear sides 8⅛c, plain sugar-cured 10¾c. Lard, prime steam 10c.

Cotton Statement.

MOBILE, Nov. 11.—Cotton, the market is [illegible] middling 17⅛c; net receipts 2,377 bales; exports coastwise [illegible] bales; sales 1,500 bales; stock 30,114 bales.

GALVESTON, Nov. 11.—Cotton, the market is dull; good ordinary 15⅞c; net receipts [illegible] bales; exports coastwise 28 bales; sales [illegible] bales; [illegible] stock 32,575 bales.

SAVANNAH, Nov. 11.—Cotton is in good demand; middling 17⅜@17½c; net receipts [illegible] bales; exports to Great Britain 2,[illegible] bales; coastwise 1,640 bales; sales 1,500 bales; stock [illegible] bales.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 11.—Cotton, the market is quiet; middling 17⅜@17½c; net receipts [illegible] bales; exports to Great Britain 2,207 bales; coastwise 25 bales; sales 200 bales; stock [illegible] bales.

COURIER-JOURNAL
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1871.

To "Santa Claus—The Christ-Child."

BY AGNES LEONARD.

Oh, Santa Claus! When in your wand'rings to night,
You find any small stockings, dainty and white,
Pour into their depths a wealth of bright toys,
And fill to the brim childhood's fast-fleeting joys.
The shadows come quickly, the days are so brief
Of innocent trust and untutored belief.

And, Santa Claus, Christ-child, if you should find
A dear little stocking I have in my mind,
Bearing the print of a dimple or two,
Oh, Santa Claus, Santa Claus, what would you do?
What would you say to the wee precious thing?
And what, in its depths, would you hasten to fling?

Would you think of its mate, and bewitch the small pair,
And say that "Whoever these stockings shall wear
Shall nevermore walk in the shadows of pain,
Nor hear the low cadence of sorrow's refrain;
Nor stand in the chill of Fame's mountainous mist
By affection forgotten, by love all unkissed."

Fair beauty, bright genius, gay wealth and strong power,
Oh, Santa Claus! Christ-child, with these would you dower
The dear little baby I have in my mind,
Whose stocking perchance in your rambles you'll find;
Would these be your gifts—the glory of earth?
The torchlight of pleasure, the revel of mirth?

The gay silken masks that pale envy and care
Delight, in the world's masquerading, to wear;
Oh Santa-claus, Christ-child, I pray you come nearer,
No child to its mother could ever be dearer
Than this one of mine; and I ask for her more
Than anything kept in your glittering store.

I ask that her life may forever be blest
With a sweet, trustful faith that God's ways are the best.
I ask for her rather the rare gift of grace
Than any poor honors of time or of place.
For patience is better than sensuous ease
And gifts that instruct than poor toys that please.

And if more I may ask for the child of my soul,
I would ask that a good angel ever control
Every thought of her heart, every deed of her life,
That out of all waiting, and sorrow, and strife,
A lesson may speak so loud as to find *
The ears that are deaf and the hearts that are blind.

A lesson of patience a mystery of peace,
A pean of triumph that never shall cease.
Then Santa Claus, Christ-child, if you should find
A dear little stocking I have in my mind
You may think of its mate and bewitch the small pair
With an answer of love to a mother's fond prayer.

SMALL TALK.

A PARASOL has arrived at Chicago among other contributions.

JOHN YEAGER, of West Point, Indiana, is 73 years of age, and walks ten miles in less than two hours.

THE Boston Advertiser correspondent on Stokes: "An old man of almost three-score, he is now arrested for the first time in his life, and 'I tell you, sir,' says he, with tears coursing down his cheeks, 'it has unhorsed me.'"

THE Detroit Post says: "A young lady of Chesaning went to the new bath-house the other day for the purpose of removing the real estate from her epidermis through the medium of aqueous and saponaceous applications, when the attendant asked her what temperature she would have. With an ingenuous smile the sweet child of nature replied: 'I don't care for none;' and she was shown to her room."

THE San Francisco News Letter relates the following: "Returning home late the other night, a gentleman living on Mission street disrobed without lighting the gas, and lay peacefully down beside the partner of his joys. Sinking back upon his pillow, he straightway raised him self up again and remarked: 'I say, wife, how's your pillow?—warm?' 'Why, what a foolish question,' returned she, 'my pillow is all right.' 'Is it real warm?' he asked. 'Certainly it is; I have had my head on it three hours.' Apparently satisfied, he lay down and was satisfied for some time, when a vigorous nudging in the side of his wife proved that he had another idea. 'I say, wife.' 'For goodness sake, what do you want?' petulantly asked the sleepy dame. 'I say, you don't use hair-oil, do you?' 'Of course not. You know that as well as anybody. Do, for mercy's sake, go to sleep.' Another half hour passed in silence, broken only by the solemn ticking of the clock in the darkness. Then there was another spasmodic nudging. 'I say, wife, you didn't put the calf under this bed to-night, did you?' 'Gracious me!' returned the matron, 'what is the matter with you? Of course the calf is not under the bed. Will you never go to sleep?' 'Well,' continued her lord, sliding his legs sideways out of the bed, 'I'm blessed if there ain't something live under here.' There was the sound of a scrabbling round, a partial upheaving of the couch, the quick gleam of a coat-tail making for the open window, through which it disappeared. A thrashing round in the rose bushes outside, and all again was still. The care of the children was awarded to the husband."

OVARIOTOMY.

A Twenty-one Pound Tumor Removed—A Delicate and Dangerous Operation.

The operation known as ovariotomy was performed yesterday on Mrs. Jane H. Todd, on Twenty-first street, near Walnut, by Drs. T. J. Griffiths and Newman. Sixteen other most distinguished surgeons of the city were present to witness the operation, which was of the most delicate and dangerous character; but it is hardly necessary to say that it was skillfully executed. This operation, one of the wonders of the nineteenth century, and the glory of its perfection, belongs entirely to Kentucky surgeons.

The operation of ovariotomy was first performed by Dr. Ephram McDowell, of Danville, on Mrs. Crawford, of this county, mother of ex-Mayor Crawford, in the year 1809. The most learned medical men in the world, especially in Europe, condemned it as a barbarous act. The world stood agast at the thought of a stomach being opened, the entrails taken out, relieved of an ugly tumor, and then replaced. The danger to life was thought to be too great, and hence the medical fraternity condemned the operation. Dr. McDowell, however, thought otherwise, and repeated the operation thirteen times, during his life, only one case proving fatal.

It was fifteen years after his death before any other surgeon would attempt what he had done. In the meantime chloroform was discovered and called to the assistance of the profession. Dr. Atlee, then of Philadelphia, with the aid of chloroform, successfully removed an ovarian tumor, and since that time the operation has been frequently performed, the late Dr. Bradford, of Augusta, Ky., being celebrated for his skill and success in such cases. About thirty-three per cent. of the patients usually die, we are told, when chloroform is used.

This fact was made known to Mrs. Todd, and she preferred to have the use of her wits while under the cruel but healing knife, avowing that she was as brave as Mrs. Crawford or any other lady. The work occupied twenty-three minutes, during which the patient lay as motionless as could have been desired.

Kentucky is justly celebrated not only for her beautiful and intelligent women, but also for her brave ones. The physicians of our State stand likewise in the van of medical science. The tumor taken out yesterday weighed twenty-one pounds and two ounces. The patient is doing well, and bids fair to recover. She is quite an old lady.

Kissing in the United States.

When a wild lark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says: "Come sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up and say: "I think you ought to be ashamed."—Boston Transcript.

When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says: "I reckon it's my time now," and she gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a week.—[Irvington Herald.

When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. We think our girls have more taste and sense than those of Down East and Alabama. When a man is smart enough to steal the divine luxury from them, they are perfectly satisfied.—[N. O. Picayune.

When a female here is saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl and answereth thus: "I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for this indignity I will sew thee up."—[Lynn Record.

The ladies of this city receive a salute with Christian meekness; they follow the Scripture rule: When smitten on one cheek, they turn the other also.—[Bungtown Chronicle.

When a New York gal receives a kiss she squirms at first, talks of the parson, and wants to be spliced forthwith. If the feller sheers off, he is sued for breach of promise in the sum of $10,000, as a dowry for her Mose.—[Our Jeems.

The Pin Trade.

There are eight pin factories in the United States, whose annual production is 2,000,000 packs, each pack containing 3,360 pins—a total of 6,720,000,000 pins. One manufacturer's agent in Boston, says the Bulletin, sells every six months from 700 to 1,000 cases of pins per week, each case containing 672,000 pins. The factory which he represents turns out eight tons of pins per week. Hair-pins are jobbed by the cask. There is but one factory in this country that produces them. They turn out fifty tons per month; the machine that cuts and bends the wire making 360 hair-pins per minute, ready for japanning. Yankee pins are salable in nearly every city of the world, and the production and consumption increase each year about ten per cent.

The vintage of California is so abundant that there is difficulty in obtaining casks to hold it. Los Angeles county alone, where there was a partial failure, produced 2,500,000 gallons.

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

REPRINTED FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

HE CROSSES THE RUBICON.

I was still in doubt whether to enter the room or to wait outside until she left Browndown to return to the rectory, when Lucilla's keen sense of hearing decided the question which I had been unable to settle for myself. The door of the room opened, and Oscar advanced into the hall.

"Lucilla insisted that she heard somebody outside," he said. "Who could have guessed it was you? Why did you wait in the hall? Come in! come in!"

He held open the door for me, and I went in. Oscar announced me to Lucilla. "It was Madame Pratolungo you heard," he said. She took no notice either of him or of me. A heap of flowers from Oscar's garden lay in her lap. With the help of her clever fingers she was sorting them to make a nosegay as quickly and as tastefully as if she had possessed the sense of sight. In all my experience of that charming face it had never looked so hard as it looked now. Nobody would have recognized her likeness to the Madonna of Raphael's picture. Offended—mortally offended with me—I saw it at a glance.

"I hope you will forgive my intrusion, Lucilla, when you know my motive," I said. "I have followed you here to make my excuses."

"Oh, don't think of making excuses!" she rejoined, giving three-fourths of her attention to the flowers, and one-fourth to me. "It's a pity you took the trouble of coming here. I quite agree with what you said in the garden. Considering the object I had in view at Browndown, I could not possibly expect you to accompany me. True! quite true!"

I kept my temper. Not that I am a patient woman; not that I possess a meek disposition. Very far from it, I regret to say! Nevertheless, I kept my temper—so far.

"I wish to apologize for what I said in the garden," I resumed. "I spoke thoughtlessly, Lucilla. It is impossible that I could intentionally offend you."

I might as well have spoken to one of the chairs. The whole of her attention became absorbed in the breathless interest of making her nosegay.

"*Was* I offended?" she said, addressing herself to the flowers. "Excessively foolish of me if I was." She suddenly became conscious of my existence. "You had a perfect right to express your opinion," she said, loftily. "Accept *my* excuses if I appeared to dispute it."

She tossed her pretty head; she showed her brightest color; she tapped her nice little foot briskly on the floor. (Oh, Lucilla! Lucilla!) I still kept my temper. More, by this time (I admit), for Oscar's sake than for her sake. He looked so distressed, poor fellow—so painfully anxious to interfere without exactly knowing how.

"My dear Lucilla!" he began. "Surely you might answer Madame Pratolungo—"

She petulantly interrupted him with another toss of the head—a little higher than the last.

"I don't attempt to answer Madame Pratolungo. I prefer admitting that Madame Pratolungo may have been quite right. I dare say I am ready to fall in love with the first man who comes my way. I dare say if I had met your brother before I met you I should have fallen in love with *him*. Quite likely."

"Quite likely—as you say," answered poor Oscar, humbly. "I am sure I think it very lucky for *me* that you didn't meet Nugent first."

She threw her lapful of flowers away from her on the table at which she was sitting. She became perfectly furious with him for taking my side. I permitted myself (the poor child could not see it, remember) the harmless indulgence of a smile.

"You agree with Madame Pratolungo," she said to him, viciously. "Madame Pratolungo thinks your brother a much more agreeable man than you."

Humble Oscar shook his head in melancholy acknowledgment of this self-evident fact. "There can be no two opinions about that," he said, resignedly.

She stamped her foot on the carpet, and raised quite a little cloud of dust. My lungs are occasionally delicate. I permitted myself another harmless indulgence—indulgence in a slight cough. She heard the second indulgence, and suddenly controlled herself the instant it reached her ears. I am afraid she took my cough as my commentary on what was going on.

"Come here, Oscar," she said, with a complete change of tone and manner. "Come and sit down by me."

Oscar obeyed.

"Put your arm round my waist."

Oscar looked at me. Having the use of his sight, he was sensible of the absurd side of the demonstration required of him—in the presence of a third person. *She*, poor soul, strong in her blind insensibility to all shafts of ridicule shot from the eye, cared nothing for the presence of a third person. She repeated her commands, in a tone which said, sharply, "Embrace me—I am not to be trifled with!"

Oscar timidly put his arm round her waist—with an appealing look at me. She issued another command instantly.

"Say you love me."

Oscar hesitated.

"Say you love me!"

Oscar whispered it.

"Out loud!"

Endurance has its limits. I began to lose my temper. She could not have been more superbly indifferent to my presence if there had been a cat in the room instead of a lady.

"Permit me to inform you," I said, "that I have not (as you appear to suppose) left the room."

She took no notice. She went on with her commands, rising irrepressibly from one amatory climax to another.

"Give me a kiss!"

Unhappy Oscar—sacrificed between us—blushed. Stop! Don't revel prematurely in the greatest enjoyment a reader has—namely, catching a writer out in a mistake. I have not forgotten that his disfigured complexion would prevent his blush from showing on the surface. I beg to say I saw it under the surface—saw it in his expression. I repeat, he blushed.

I felt it necessary to assert myself for the second time.

"I have only one object in remaining in the room, Miss Finch. I merely wish to know whether you refuse to accept my excuses."

"Oscar, give me a kiss!"

He still hesitated. She threw her arm round his neck. My duty to myself was plain—my duty was to go.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Dubourg," I said, and turned to the door. She heard me cross the room, and called to me to stop. I paused. There was a glass on the wall opposite me. On the authority of the glass, I beg to mention that I paused in my most becoming manner. Grace tempered with dignity; dignity tempered with grace.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

"Miss Finch?"

"This is the man who is not half so agreeable as his brother. Look!"

She tightened her hold round his neck, and gave him—ostentatiously gave him—the kiss which he was ashamed to give *her*. I advanced, in contemptuous silence, to the door. My attitude expressed disgust accompanied by sorrow; sorrow accompanied by disgust.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

I made no answer.

"This is the man whom I should never have loved if I had happened to meet his brother first. Look!"

She put both arms round his neck, and gave him a shower of kisses all in one. The door had been imperfectly closed when I had entered the room. It was ajar. I pulled it open—walked out into the hall—and found myself face to face with Nugent Dubourg, standing by the table, with his letter from Liverpool in his hand! He must have certainly heard Lucilla cast my own words back in my teeth—if he had heard no more.

I stopped short; looking at him in silent surprise. He smiled, and held out the open letter to me. Before we could speak we heard the door of the room closed. Oscar had followed me out (shutting the door behind him) to apologize for Lucilla's behavior to me. He explained what had happened to his brother. Nugent nodded, and tapped his open letter smartly. "Leave me to manage it. I shall give you something better to do than quarreling among yourselves. You will hear what it is directly. In the mean time, I have got a message for our friend at the inn. Gootheridge is on his way here to speak to me about altering the stable. Run and tell him I have other business on hand, and I can't keep my appointment to-day. Stop! Give him this at the same time, and ask him to leave it at the rectory."

He took one of his visiting cards out of the case, wrote a few lines on it in pencil, and handed it to his brother. Oscar (always ready to go on errands for Nugent) hurried out to meet the landlord. Nugent turned to me.

"The German is in England," he said. "Now I may open my lips."

"At once!" I exclaimed.

"At once. I have put off my own business (as you heard) in favor of this. My friend will be in London to-morrow. I mean to get my authority to consult him to-day, and to start to-morrow for town. Prepare yourself to meet one of the strangest characters you ever set eyes on. You saw me write on my card. It was a message to Mr. Finch, asking him to join us immediately (on important family business) at Browndown. As Lucilla's father, he has a voice in the matter. When Oscar comes back, and when the rector joins us, our domestic privy council will be complete."

He spoke with his customary spirit; he moved with his customary briskness; he had become quite himself again since I had seen him last.

"I am stagnating in this place," he went on, seeing that I noticed the change in him. "It puts me in spirits again, having something to do. I am not like Oscar; I must have action to stir my blood—action to keep me from fretting over my anxieties. How do you think I found the witness to my brother's innocence at the trial? In that way. I said to myself, 'I shall go mad if I don't do something.' I did something—and saved Oscar. I am going to do something again. Mark my words! Now I am stirring in it, Lucilla will recover her sight."

"This is a serious matter," I said. "Pray give it serious consideration."

"Consideration?" he repeated. "I hate the word. I always decide on the instant. If I am wrong in my view of Lucilla's case, consideration is of no earthly use. If I am right, every day's delay is a day of sight lost to the blind. I'll wait for Oscar and Mr. Finch; and then I'll open the business. Why are we talking in the hall? Come in!"

He led the way to the sitting-room. I had a new interest now in going back. Still Lucilla's behavior hung on my mind. Suppose she treated me with renewed coldness and keener contempt? I remained standing at the table in the hall. Nugent looked back at me over his shoulder.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I'll set things right. It's beneath a woman like you to take notice of what a girl says in a pet. Come in!"

I doubt if I should have yielded to please any other living man. But, there is no denying it, some people have a magnetic attracting power over others. Nugent had that power over me. Against my own will—for I was really hurt and offended by her usage of me—I went back with him into the room.

Lucilla was sitting in the place she had occupied when I withdrew. On hearing the door open, and a man's footsteps entering, she, of course, assumed that the man was Oscar. She had penetrated his object in leaving her to follow me out, and it had not improved her temper.

"Oh!" she said. "You have come back at last? I thought you had offered yourself as Madame Pratolungo's escort to the rectory." She stopped with a sudden frown. Her quick ears had detected my return into the room. "Oscar!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean? Madame Pratolungo and I have nothing more to say to each other. What has she come back for? Why don't you answer? This is infamous! I shall leave the room!"

The utterance of that final threat was followed so rapidly by its execution that before Nugent (standing between her and the door) could get out of her way she came in violent contact with him. She instantly caught him by the arm, and shook him angrily. "What does your silence mean? Is it at Madame Pratolungo's instigation that you are insulting me?"

I had just opened my lips to make one more attempt at reconciliation, by saying some pacifying words to her, when she planted that last sting in me. French flesh and blood (whatever English flesh and blood might have done) could bear no more. I silently turned my back on her, in a rage.

At the same moment Nugent's eyes brightened as if a new idea had struck him. He gave me one significant look—and answered her in his brother's character. Whether he was possessed at the moment by some demon of mischief, or whether he had the idea of trying to make Oscar's peace for him before Oscar returned, is more than I can say. I ought to have stopped it, I know. But my temper was in a flame. I was as spiteful as a cat and as fierce as a bear. I said to myself (in your English idiom), She wants taking down a peg; quite right, Mr. Nugent; do it. Shocking! shameful! no words are bad enough for me: give it me well. Ah, Heaven! what is a human being in a rage? On my sacred word of honor, nothing but a human beast! The next time it happens to You, look at yourself in the glass, and you will find your soul gone out of you at your face, and nothing left but an animal—and a bad, a villainous bad animal too!

"You ask what my silence means?" said Nugent.

He had only to model his articulation on his brother's slower manner of speaking, as distinguished from his own, to be his brother himself. In saying those few first words he did it so dextrously that I could have sworn—if I had not seen him standing before me—Oscar was in the room.

"Yes," she said, "I ask that."

"I am silent," he answered, "because I am waiting."

"What are you waiting for?"

"To hear you make your apologies to Madame Pratolungo."

She started back a step. Submissive Oscar was taking a peremptory tone with her for the first time in his life. Submissive Oscar, instead of giving her time to speak, sternly went on.

"Madame Pratolungo has made her excuses to *you*. You ought to receive them; you ought to reciprocate them. It is distressing to see you and hear you. You are behaving ungratefully to your best friend."

She raised her face, she raised her hands, in blank amazement; she looked as if she distrusted her own ears.

"Oscar!" she exclaimed.

"Here I am," said Oscar, opening the door at the same moment.

She turned like lightning toward the place from which he had spoken. She detected the deception which Nugent had practiced on her with a cry of indignation that rang through the room.

Oscar ran to her in alarm. She thrust him back violently.

"A trick!" she cried. "A mean, vile, cowardly trick played upon my blindness! Oscar! your brother has been imitating you; your brother has been speaking to me in your voice. And that woman who calls herself my friend—that woman stood by and heard him, and never told me. She encouraged it; she enjoyed it. The wretches! Take me away from them. They are capable of any deceit. She always hated you, dear, from the first—she took up with your brother the moment he came here. When you marry me, it mustn't be at Dimchurch; it must be in some place they don't know of. There is a conspiracy between them against you and against me. Beware of them! beware of them! She said I should have fallen in love with your brother if I had met him first. There is a deeper meaning in that, my love, than you can see. It means that they will part us if they can. Ha! I hear something moving! Has he changed places with you? Is it *you* whom I am speaking to now? Oh, my blindness! my blindness! O God! of all your creatures the most helpless, the most miserable, is the creature who can't see."

I never heard anything in all my life so pitiable and so dreadful as the frantic suspicion and misery which tore their way out from her in those words. She cut me to the heart. I had spoken rashly—I had behaved badly; but had I deserved it? No! no! no! I had *not* deserved it. I threw myself into a chair and burst out crying. My tears scalded me; my sobs choked me. If I had had poison in my hand, I would have drunk it, I was so furious and so wretched; so hurt in my honor, so wounded at my heart.

The only voice that answered her was Nugent's. Reckless what the consequences might be—speaking in his own proper person from the opposite end of the room—he asked the all-important question which no human being had ever put to her yet.

"Are you sure, Lucilla, that you are blind for life?"

A dead silence followed the utterance of those words.

I brushed away the tears from my eyes, and looked up.

Oscar had been—as I supposed—holding her in his arms, silently soothing her, when his brother spoke. At the moment when I saw her she had just detached herself from him. She advanced a step toward the part of the room in which Nugent stood, and stopped, with her face turned toward him. Every faculty in her seemed to be suspended by the silent passage into her mind of the new idea that he had called up. Through childhood, girlhood, womanhood, never once, waking or dreaming, had the prospect of restoration of sight presented itself within her range of contemplation until now. Not a trace was left in her countenance of the indignation which Nugent had roused in her hardly more than a moment since. Not a sign appeared indicating a return of the nervous suffering which the sense of his presence had inflicted on her earlier in the day. The one emotion in possession of her was astonishment—astonishment that had struck her dumb—astonishment that had waited, helplessly and mechanically, to hear more.

I observed Oscar next. His eyes were fixed on Lucilla—absorbed in watching her. He spoke to Nugent without looking at him; animated, as it seemed, by a vague fear for Lucilla, which was slowly developing into a vague fear for himself.

"Mind what you are doing!" he said. "Look at her, Nugent—look at her!"

Nugent approached his brother circuitously, so as to place Oscar between himself and Lucilla.

"Have I offended you?" he asked.

Oscar looked at him in surprise. "Offended with you," he answered, "after what you have forgiven and what you have suffered for my sake?"

"Still," persisted the other, "there is something wrong."

"I am startled, Nugent."

"Startled—by what?"

"By the question you have just put to Lucilla."

"You will understand me, and she will understand me, directly."

While those words were passing between the brothers, my attention remained fixed on Lucilla. Her head had turned slowly toward the new position which Nugent occupied when he spoke to Oscar. With this exception, no other movement had escaped her. No sense of what the two men were saying to each other seemed to have entered her mind. To all appearance, she had heard nothing since Nugent had started the first doubt in her whether she was blind for life.

"Speak to her," I said. "For God's sake, don't keep her in suspense now."

Nugent spoke.

"You have had reason to be offended with me, Lucilla. Let me, if I can, give you reason to be grateful to me before I have done. When I was in New York I became acquainted with a German surgeon who had made a reputation and a fortune in America by his skill in treating diseases of the eye. He had been especially successful in curing cases of blindness given up as hopeless by other surgeons. I mentioned your case to him. He could say nothing positively (as a matter of course) without examining you. All he could do was to place his services at my disposal when he came to England. I, for one, Lucilla, decline to consider you blind for life until this skillful man sees no more hope for you than the English surgeons have seen. If there is the faintest chance still left of restoring your sight, his is, I firmly believe, the one hand that can do it. He is now in England. Say the word, and I will bring him to Dimchurch."

She slowly lifted her hands to her head, and held it as if she was holding her reason in its place. Her color changed from pale to red—from red to pale once more. She drew a long, deep, heavy breath, and dropped her hands again, recovering from the shock. The change that followed held us all three breathless. It was beautiful to see her. It was awful to see her. A mute ecstasy of hope transfigured her face; a heavenly smile played serenely on her lips. She was among us, and yet apart from us. In the still light of evening, shining in on her from the window, she stood absorbed in her own rapture—the silent creature of another sphere! There was a moment when she overcame me with admiration, and another moment when she overcame me with fear. Both the men felt it. Both signed to me to speak to her first.

I advanced a few steps. I tried to consider with myself what I should say. It was useless. I could neither think nor speak. I could only look at her. I could only say, nervously,

"Lucilla!"

She came back to the world—she came back to us—with a little start, and a faint flush of color in her cheeks. She turned herself toward the place from which I had spoken, and whispered,

"Come!"

In a moment my arms were round her. Her head sank on my bosom. We were reconciled without a word. We were friends again, sisters again, in an instant.

"Have I been fainting? have I been sleeping?" she said to me, in faint, bewildered tones. "Am I just awake? Is this Browndown?" She suddenly lifted her head. "Nugent! are you there?"

"Yes."

She gently withdrew herself from me, and approached Nugent.

"Did you speak to me just now? Was it you who put the doubt in my mind whether I was really doomed to be blind for life? Surely I have not fancied it? Surely you said the man was coming, and the time coming?" Her voice suddenly rose. "The man who may cure me; the time when I may see!"

"I said it, Lucilla. I meant it, Lucilla."

"Oscar! Oscar!! Oscar!!!"

I stepped forward to lead her to him. Nugent touched me, and pointed to Oscar, as I took her hand. He was standing before the glass, with an expression of despair which I see again while I write these lines—he was standing close to the glass, looking in silence at the hideous reflections of his face. In sheer pity, I hesitated to take her to him. She stepped forward, and, stretching out her hand, touched his shoulder. The reflection of *her* charming face appeared above *his* face in the glass. She bent gayly over, with both hands on him, and said, "The time is coming, my darling, when I may see you!"

With a cry of joy, she drew his face up to her and kissed him on the forehead. His head fell on his breast when she released it; he covered his face with his hands, and stifled, for the moment, all outward expression of the pang that wrung him. I drew her rapidly away, before her quick sensibilities had time to warn her that something was wrong. Even as it was, she resisted me. Even as it was, she asked, suspiciously, "Why do you take me away from him?"

What excuse could I make? I was at my wit's end.

She repeated the question. For once fortune favored us. A timely knock at the door stopped her just as she was trying to release herself from me. "Somebody coming in," I said. The servant entered as I spoke with a letter from the rectory.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

OH, the welcome interruption! After the agitation that we had suffered we all stood equally in need of some such relief as this. It was absolutely a luxury to fall back again into the commonplace daily routine of life. I asked to whom the letter was addressed. Nugent answered, "The letter is addressed to me; and the writer is Mr. Finch."

Having read the letter, he turned to Lucilla.

"I sent a message to your father, asking him to join us here," he said. "Mr. Finch writes back to say that his duties keep him at home, and to suggest that the rectory is the fitter place for the discussion of family matters. Have you any objection to return to the house? And do you mind going on first with Madame Pratolungo?"

Lucilla's quick suspicion was instantly aroused.

"Why not with Oscar?"

"Your father's note suggests to me," replied Nugent, "that he is a little hurt at the short notice I gave him of our discussion here. I thought—if you and Madame Pratolungo went on first—that you might make our peace with the rector, and assure him that we meant no disrespect, before Oscar and I appeared. Don't you think yourself you would make it easier for *us*, if you did that?"

Having contrived in this dextrous way to separate Oscar and Lucilla, and to gain time for composing and fortifying his brother before they met again, Nugent opened the door for us to go out. Lucilla and I left the twins together in the modest little room which had witnessed a scene alike memorable to all of us for its interest at the time, and for the results which were to come of it in the future.

Half an hour later we were all assembled at the rectory.

Our adjourned debate—excepting one small suggestion emanating from myself—was a debate which led to nothing. It may be truly described as resolving itself into the delivery of an Oration by Mr. Finch. Subject, the assertion of Mr. Finch's dignity.

On this occasion (having matters of more importance on hand) I take the liberty of cutting the reverend gentleman's speech by the pattern of the reverend gentleman's stature. Short in figure, the rector shall be here, for the first time in his life, short in language too.

Reverend Finch rose and said—he objected to every thing. To receiving a message on a card instead of a proper note. To being expected to present himself at Browndown at a moment's notice. To being the last person informed (instead of the first) of Mr. Nugent Dubourg's exaggerated and absurd view of the case of his afflicted child. To the German surgeon, as being certainly a foreigner and a stranger, and possibly a quack. To the slur implied on British surgery by bringing the foreigner to Dimchurch. To the expenses involved in the same proceeding. Finally, to the whole scope and object of Mr. Nugent Dubourg's proposal, which had for its origin rebellion against the decrees of an all-wise Providence, and for its result the disturbance of his daughter's mind—"under my influence, sir, a mind in a state of Christian resignation; under your influence, a mind in a state of infidel revolt." With those concluding remarks, the reverend gentleman sat down—and paused for a reply.

A remarkable result followed, which might be profitably permitted to take place in some other Parliaments. Nobody replied.

Mr. Nugent Dubourg rose—no! sat—and said he declined to take any part in the proceedings. He was quite ready to wait until the end justified the means which he proposed to employ. For the rest, his conscience was at ease; and he was entirely at Miss Finch's service. (Memorandum in parenthesis: Mr. Finch might not have got off so easily as this but for one circumstance. I have already mentioned it as part of the strange constraint which Lucilla innocently imposed on Nugent that her father could always talk him down in her presence. She was present on this occasion. And Reverend Finch reaped the benefit.)

Mr. Oscar Dubourg, sitting hidden from notice behind his brother, followed his brother's example. The decision in the matter under discussion rested with Miss Finch alone. He had no opinion of his own to offer on it.

Miss Finch herself, appealed to next: Had but one reply to give. If her whole fortune was involved in testing her chance of recovering her sight, she would cheerfully sacrifice her whole fortune to that one object. With all possible respect for her father, she ventured to think that neither he nor any one possessing the sense of vision could quite enter into her feelings as the circumstances then were. She entreated Mr. Nugent Dubourg not to lose one unnecessary moment in bringing the German surgeon to Dimchurch.

Mrs. Finch, called upon next. Spoke after some little delay, caused by the loss of her pocket handkerchief. Would not presume to differ in opinion with her husband, whom she had never yet known to be otherwise than perfectly right about everything. But if the German surgeon *did* come, and if Mr. Finch saw no objection to it, she would much like to consult him (gratis, if possible) on the subject of "baby's eyes." Mrs. Finch was proceeding to explain that there was happily nothing the matter, that she could see, with the infant's eyes at that particular moment, and that she merely wished to take a skilled medical opinion, in the event of something happening on some future occasion, when she was called to order by Mr. Finch. The reverend gentleman, at the same time, appealed to Madame Pratolungo to close the debate by giving frank expression to her own opinion.

Madame Pratolungo, speaking in conclusion, remarked:

That the question of consulting the German surgeon appeared (after what had fallen from Miss Finch) to be a question which had passed beyond the range of any expression of feeling on the part of other persons. That she proposed, accordingly, to look beyond the consultation at the results which might follow it. That, contemplating these possible results, she held very strong views of her own, and would proceed to give frank expression to them as follows: That, in her opinion, the proposed investigation of the chances which might exist of restoring Miss Finch's sight involved consequences far too serious to be trusted to the decision of any one man, no matter how skillful or how famous he might be. That, in pursuance of this view, she begged to suggest (1) the association of an eminent English oculist with the eminent German oculist; (2) an examination of Miss Finch's case by both the professional gentlemen, consulting on it together; and (3) a full statement of the opinions at which they might respectively arrive to be laid before the meeting now assembled, and to become the subject of a renewed discussion, before any decisive measures were taken. Lastly, that this proposal be now submitted in the form of a resolution, and forthwith (if necessary) put to the vote.

Resolution, as above, put to the vote.
Majority—Ayes.
Miss Finch.
Mr. Nugent Dubourg.
Mr. Oscar Dubourg.
Madame Pratolungo.
Minority—Noes.
No (on the score of expense), Mr. Finch.
No (because Mr. F. says no), Mrs. Finch.
Resolution carried by a majority of two. Debate adjourned to a day to be hereafter decided on.

By the first train the next morning Nugent Dubourg started for London.

At luncheon, the same day, a telegram arrived reporting his proceedings in the following terms:

"I have seen my friend. He is at our service. He is also quite willing to consult with any English oculist whom we may choose. I am just off to find the man. Expect a second telegram later in the day."

The second telegram reached us in the evening, and ran thus:

"Everything is settled. The German oculist and the English oculist leave London with me by the 12:40 train to-morrow afternoon."

After reading this telegram to Lucilla, I sent it to Oscar at Browndown. Judge for yourself how *he* slept, and how *we* slept, that night!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMENITIES OF POLITICS.

How One Candidate for the Presidency Attacks Another.

[From George Francis Train's Speech at St. Joseph, Mo.]

Grant is the most gigantic sell ever played off on an outraged people. [Sensation.] He is an ignoramus. He thinks Lafayette came from Germany and the Hessians from France. [That's so.] Hence he sided with a rotten empire against a live republic. [Hisses.] Don't hiss him; he don't know any better. I never see the General that I don't feel like saying: General, I've only five minutes, tell me all you know. [Laughter.] You might as well try to light a wet squib as to get a popular cheer for the great dead-beat, deadhead, bribe-taker! [Sensation and applause.] His passage through the East and West is a funeral cortege, with Morton, Butler, and the official thieves as pall-bearers. [Sensation.] His own party swallowed him as they would a dose of salts and senna. [Laughter.] They are ashamed of him. His ignorance, his nepotism, his disgusting habits, are minutely portrayed by Sumner, Tilton and Phillips, once his bosom companions. [Laughter.] Greeley and Butler loathe him, while the party obliges these profession al hacks to sleep with him. [Laughter.] A fast horse, a short six, some rotgut, a tanyard, a big steal, and stolid stupidity make up his grand total. [Hisses.]

Death of Judge McHenry.

[From the Owensboro Shield.]

We are pained to chronicle the death of our aged and distinguished fellow-citizen, Hon. J. H. McHenry. He died at his residence in Owensboro, on Wednesday evening, after a protracted illness of many weeks. Mr. McHenry was far advanced in years, and had lived the greater portion of his life in our county and city. He has held many positions of honor and trust, conferred upon him by a people who respected his talents, appreciated his attainments, and confided in his sterling integrity and unflinching devotion to conviction and principle. He was a member of the convention, and had a voice in forming the present constitution of Kentucky, was a Representative in Congress from this District, and has from the beginning of his career to its close enjoyed the singular confidence and respect of our people. He had many virtues that endeared him to family and friends, and his death will be lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. We deeply sympathize with the family in their sore bereavements.

THE FRENCH SENSATION.

What Bismarck, Moltke and the Whimpering Wimpffen Said at Sedan.

Leaves from Ducrot's Book.

General Ducrot has just published a book entitled "La Journee de Sedan." It contains the following highly interesting account by Captain d'Orcet, a French officer, who was present at the interview of General Wimpffen with Count Bismarck and Count Moltke after the battle and immediately before the surrender of Sedan. It will be rembered that General Wimpffen was the commander-in-chief of the French army at the time of the surrender:

"We were introduced into a parlor on the ground floor, where we awaited for about ten minutes the arrival of the man who was to acquaint us with the wishes of King William. At last General Moltke entered, accompanied by Count Bismarck, General Blumenthal, and several officers. After a cold salute, Count Moltke inquired of General de Wimpffen whether he had proper powers and credentials, and, upon the affirmatory reply of the latter, asked to verify them. This being done, General Wimpffen presented Generals Castelnau and Faure. Count Moltke desired to know in what character these two generals were present. General Faure replied that he had come as chief of staff of Marshal McMahon, simply to accompany General Wimpffen, but without any official character. General Castelnau then said that he was the bearer of a verbal official communication from the Emperor, but that it was only to be made at the end of the conference, in which, however, he was not otherwise authorized to take part. Count Moltke presented Count Bismarck and General Blumenthal by simply pointing with his finger to each of them. We then took seats around a square table covered with a red cloth in the following order: At one side of the table Count Moltke, to his left Count Bismarck and General Blumenthal; at the other side of the table sat General Wimpffen, alone; behind him, and almost in the background, were Generals Castelnau and Faure and the other French officers. There were also in the room seven or eight Prussian officers, one of whom, upon a sign from General Blumenthal, placed himself near the mantelpiece, on which he leaned forward to take down all that was being said during the conference. After all were seated perfect silence prevailed for a moment, and it was felt that General Wimpffen was embarrassed as to how to begin the convention; but Count Moltke, seeming determined not to break silence,

General Wimpffen began: I should like to know the terms of the surrender which his Majesty the King of Prussia intends to grant us.

Count Moltke—They are very simple. The whole army to be prisoners, with arms and baggage; the officers may retain their arms as a testimonial of esteem for their courage, but they will be prisoners of war like the men.

General Wimpffen—These terms are very hard, and it seems to me that the French army deserves something better for its courage. Could not a surrender be obtained on the following conditions:

"The town and the fortress, with the artillery, shall be handed over to you. You shall allow the army to retire with its arms, baggage and flags, on condition that it will not serve again during the war against Prussia. The Emperor and the Generals will engage their word for the army, and the officers will pledge themselves personally and in writing to keep the same terms. The army will be conducted in any part of France designated by Prussia, or to Algeria, there to remain until the conclusion of peace."

He then began to enter into details regarding his proposition, seeming to consider the conclusion of peace near at hand; but Gen. Moltke remained impassable, and contented himself with replying that he could make no change in the conditions. General Wimpffen renewed his request. He first appealed to the sympathies which his personal position might inspire Count Moltke.

General Wimpffen—I arrived here only two days ago from the interior of Africa. My military reputation until now has been spotless, and here I am ordered to take command in the middle of a battle, and am thus fatally forced to attach my name to a disastrous surrender, the whole responsibility of which I am compelled to assume, without having myself prepared the battle that led to it. You, who are a general, like me, you can understand better than any the bitterness of my position. It is possible for you to soften my and fate by granting me more honorable terms. Why would you not do it? I know very well that the principal cause of our disaster was the fall, at the outset of the battle, of the valiant Marshal who commanded before me He would not, perhaps, have been the victor, but he might, at least, have operated a good retreat. As for me, if I had commanded at the outset, I do not say that I should have done better than Marshal MacMahon, and gained the battle, but I should have prepared a retreat; or, at least, being better acquainted with our troops, I should have succeeded in uniting them in one supreme effort to effect a sortie. Instead of that I am bound to assume command in the midst of the battle without knowing the situation of my troops. In spite of all, I might, perhaps, have secured a retreat but for an unfortunate incident, which it is useless here to relate. [This was doubtless an allusion to the confusion of orders resulting from the fact that Marshal MacMahon had handed over the command to General Ducrot, who exercised it up to ten o'clock in the morning, when General Wimpffen claimed it on the strength of a letter from the War Minister, of which he was the bearer.] General Wimpffen continued in the same strain, but seeing that Count Moltke was little moved by this personal pleading he took a different tone, saying:

"If you cannot grant me better terms I can not accept those which you want to impose on me. I shall make an appeal to my army and to its honor, and I shall succeed in cutting my way out or in defending myself in Sedan." (It must be owned that he himself did not appear to be convinced of what he said.) He was interrupted by

Count Moltke, who replied—I have great esteem for you. I understand your situation, and am sorry not to be able to do what you ask of me; but as for attempting a sortie, that is just as impossible as to defend yourself in Sedan. Assuredly you have troops that are really excellent; your crack infantry is remarkably good; your cavalry bold and enterprising. Your artillery is admirable, and has done us much harm, too much harm, but the greater part of your infantry is demoralized; we have made to-day more than 20,000 unwounded prisoners. Not more than 80,000 men now remain to you. It is not under such circumstances that you can pierce our lines; for you know I have at present around you 240,000 men and 500 mouths of fire, of which 300 are already in position to open on Sedan. The other 200 will be there by to-morrow's dawn. If you wish to convince yourself I can have one of your officers conducted around the different positions which are occupied by my troops, and he will be able to testify to the correctness of what I have said. As for defending yourself in Sedan, that is quite impossible; you have not forty-eight hours' rations, and you have no more ammunition.

General Wimpffen replied—I think it is your interest, even from a political standpoint, to grant the honorable surrender to which our army is entitled. You are going to make peace, and, no doubt, you desire to make it soon. The French nation, more than any other, is generous and chivalrous, and, consequently, appreciative of the generosity with which she is treated. If you grant us the terms which would flatter the pride of the army, it would please the country and diminish the bitterness of defeat in the eyes of the nation. A peace concluded under such auspices would have a chance of being durable, and your generous act would open the door to a renewal of friendly feelings such as ought to exist between two great nations that are neighbors, and such as you desire to exist. If, on the contrary, you persist in using harsh measures toward us, you will surely excite anger and hatred in the hearts of our soldiers. The nation would be likewise wounded in her pride, and share the same feelings. You would thus awaken all the bad instincts lain dormant through the progress of civilization, and you would risk to inflame an interminable war between France and Prussia.

Count Bismarck here replied—"Your arguments, General, seem, on first thought, to be serious, but will not really bear discussion.

I HAVE LITTLE BELIEF IN GRATITUDE

in general, and none at all in the gratitude of a people. One might believe in the gratitude of a sovereign, and sometimes in that of one's family; one might even, in some circumstances, place perfect faith in it; but, I repeat, there is nothing to expect from the gratitude of a nation. If the French were a people like any other, if they had solid institutions as our people, if they had veneration for their traditions, or if they had a sovereign firmly established upon the throne, we might believe in the gratitude of the Emperor and his son, and attach some importance to that gratitude; but for the last eighty years the governments of France have changed with such singular rapidity, so much out of the ordinary course of events and beyond all foresight, that nothing can be relied upon in your country, and that to found hopes on the friendship of a French monarch would, on the part of a neighbor nation, be simply insanity; it would be like attempting to build castles in the air. Besides, what folly to imagine that France could forgive our successes! You are an irritable people, you are envious, jealous and excessively proud. Since two centuries France has 30 times declared war to Prussia—that is, to Germany—and this time you have declared it as usual, from jealousy, because you could not forgive us our victory of Sadowa; and yet Sadowa did not cost you anything or in the least tarnish your glory; but you thought that victory was a monopoly which was solely reserved for you. You could not bear to see near you a nation equally strong as you. You could not forgive us Sadowa, where neither your interests nor your glory were in the least compromised; and

WILL YOU FORGIVE US THE DISASTER OF SEDAN?

Never. If we are to make peace now, in five years, in ten years—as soon as you were able—you would recommence the war. This is all the gratitude which we could expect from the French people. We Germans are, on the contrary, an honest and peaceable nation, who are never actuated by the desire of conquest, and would ask nothing but to live in peace, if you did not constantly disturb us by your quarrelsome humor. Our patience is exhausted. France must be chastised for her pride and her aggressive, ambitious character. We want at least to insure the safety of our children, and to do this we must have between France and us a territory, fortresses and frontiers that can protect us for ever from attack on her part.

General Wimpffen—Your Excellency is mistaken in judging thus the French nation. You believe that she is the same as in 1815, and you judge her after the verses of a few poets and the writings of a few journals. The French of to-day are entirely different. Thanks to the prosperity of the empire, all minds are turned to speculations, to business and to art. Every one tries to increase the amount of his well-being, and thinks rather of his individual interests than of glory. They are ready in France to proclaim the fraternity of peoples. Look at England. What has become of that hatred which once divided France and England? Are not the English our best friends to-day? Such will be the case with Germany if you show yourselves generous—if harsh measures do not revive the extinguished passions.

Count Bismarck, shaking his head doubtfully at General Wimpffen's boast of the friendship between France and England, replied: I must interrupt you here, General. No, France is not changed; it is she that wanted the war, and it is to flatter the popular mania for glory that Napoleon III., in the interest of his dynasty, provoked us. I know very well that the solid and reasonable part of the French people did not clamor for war; still they received the idea with favor. We know very well that it was not the army any more than the people that was hostile to us, but the party in France which did clamor for war is even that which makes and unmakes the governments. With you it is

THE POPULACE AND THE "JOURNALISTS"

(be laid a particular stress on the last word). It is they whom we want to punish, and to do this we must go to Paris. Who knows what may happen? Perhaps there will form itself among you a government which respects nothing; which makes laws to suit its convenience; which will not recognize the surrender you will have signed for the army; which will, perhaps, compel the officers to violate their promises; for they will no doubt defend themselves at any price. We know very well that in France soldiers are quickly formed, but young soldiers are not worth veterans, and moreover, what can by no means be improvised, is a corps of officers. We want peace, but a lasting peace, and on the terms which I have already mentioned. To attain this we must take away from France the possibility of resisting us. The fate of battles has delivered over to us the best soldiers and the best officers of the French army. To set them at liberty, so as to expose ourselves to see them again march against us, would be folly; that would be prolonging the war, and the interest of our people is opposed to such a policy. No, General, however we may sympathize with your position, however flattering be the opinion we have of your army, we cannot comply with your request and change the first terms which have been proposed to you.

General Wimpffen (with dignity)—Well, then, it is equally impossible for me to sign such a surrender; we shall recommence the battle.

General Castelnau here began with a hesitating voice—I think the moment has arrived for me to deliver the message of the Emperor.

Count Bismarck—We are ready to hear you, General.

Gen. Castelnau—The Emperor has charged me to inform His Majesty, the King of Prussia, that he sends him his sword unconditionally; that he personally and absolutely surrenders himself to his mercy, but that he acted thus only in the hope that the King will be moved by such a complete self-abandonment, and in consideration of it he would grant to the French army a more honorable surrender, such as it deserves for its courage.

Count Bismarck—Is this all?

General Castelnau—Yes.

Count Bismarck—What manner of sword is that which the Emperor Napoleon III. surrenders? Is it the sword of France or his own sword? If it is the sword of France the conditions may be singularly modified and your message would be of a very grave character.

General Castelnau—It is only the sword of the Emperor.

Count Moltke (hurriedly and almost joyfully)—In that case there is no change in our terms. The Emperor will obtain for his person all he may be pleased to ask. (Here there appeared to be a secret difference of opinion between Count Bismarck and Count Moltke; for the former, it seemed, would not have been sorry to terminate the war, while Moltke was, on the contrary, desirous of continuing it).

General Wimpffen replied—"We shall recommence the battle."

Count Moltke—The truce expires to-morrow morning at four o'clock. At four o'clock precisely I shall open fire.

Here all arose, and gloomy silence prevailed for a moment.

Count Bismarck again addressed General de Wimpffen: Yes, General, you have valiant and heroic soldiers I doubt not that they will do wonders of valor to-morrow and cause us serious losses; but what good will it do you? To-morrow you will not be any further advanced than to-day, and you will have on your conscience the blood of your soldiers and that of ours, which you will have uselessly caused to be shed. Let a moment of mortification not prevail on you to break up the conference. General Moltke will convince you, I hope, that to attempt resistance would be folly on your part.

All took seats again, and

General Moltke said: I assure you again that a sortie can never succeed, even if your troops were in the best condition. For, independently of the great numerical superiority of my men and artillery, I occupy positions whence I can burn Sedan in a few hours. These positions command all the outlets by which you would attempt to break the circle that encloses you, and are so strong that it is impossible to carry them.

General Wimpffen—Oh, they are not so strong as you would have us believe—these positions are not.

Count Moltke—You do not know the topography of the environs of Sedan; and here is a droll fact which exposes your presumptuous and inconsistent nation. At the outset of the campaign

YOU DISTRIBUTED MAPS OF GERMANY.

to all your officers, when you had not the means of studying the geography of your country, since you had no maps of your own territory. Well, then, let me tell you, our positions are not only very strong, but formidable and impregnable.

General Wimpffen had nothing to reply to this stern truth. After a brief silence he said: I shall avail myself, General, of the offer you kindly made me at the beginning of the conference. I shall send an officer to see those formidable forces of which you tell me, and on his return I shall take a decision.

Count Moltke (in a dry tone)—You will send nobody. It is useless; you can believe me. Besides you have not much time to reflect, for it is now midnight and by four o'clock to-morrow morning the truce expires and I shall not grant you an instant of delay.

General Wimpffen (already abandoning the plan of examining the position of the enemy)—And yet, you must well understand that I alone cannot undertake such decision. I must consult my colleagues, and I do not know where to find them at this hour in Sedan. It is impossible for me to give an answer by four o'clock, and absolutely necessary that you should grant me a prolongation of the truce.

Count Moltke obstinately refused. Count Bismarck bent toward him and whispered a few words in his ear, which seemed to signify that the King would arrive at nine o'clock, and that it would be better to wait. Count Moltke, in fact, arose and told General Wimpffen that he consented to a prolongation until 9 o'clock, but that it would be the last limit. The surrender was by this time, in principle, decided upon by General Wimpffen, and if he did not sign it immediately, it was only to save appearances and to diminish the responsibility which fatally fell upon him, by dividing it as much as possible with the other Generals

The Council of War Accepting Count Moltke's Terms for the Surrender of Sedan.

The following is the official report of the decision of the French council of war which was held in Sedan a few hours after the above interview took place:

HEADQUARTERS AT SEDAN, Sept. 2, 1870.

This day, 2d September, at 6 o'clock in the morning, a council of war met at the summons of the Commanding General, to which all the Generals in command of divisions, the Chief of Artillery and the Chief of the Military Engineers were invited. The Commanding General gave the following explanations: "In obedience to the commands of the Emperor, and in accordance with the armistice concluded between the two armies, I met General Count Moltke, who had received full powers from the King of Prussia, in order to obtain the best possible terms for the army which had been driven into the fortress after an unsuccessful battle. After the first words of our interview, I perceived that Count Moltke was unfortunately thoroughly informed as to our situation, and knew that our army was neither supplied with provisions nor amunition. General Moltke yesterday gave me to understand that he had fought with an army of 220,000 men, which had surrounded us on every side. 'General,' he said to me, 'we are inclined to grant honorable terms to your army, which fought so bravely to-day. The conditions, however, must not be opposed to the demands of our policy. The French army must capitulate. Your troops will become prisoners of war. The officers will retain their swords and their personal property. The weapons of the men will be deposited in one of the arsenals of the town and surrendered to us.' The General then asked the generals who composed the council of war whether they considered it possible to continue resistance. The majority replied in the negative. Only two generals expressed an opinion that an attempt should be made to defend the citadel or to make a sally. Their attention was then drawn to the fact that it was impossible to defend the citadel, as the provisions and ammunition were entirely exhausted; that the streets were so crowded with men and carriages as to render all traffic impossible; that under these circumstances the fire of the enemy, who had taken possession of the heights around the town, would cause terrible bloodshed without any useful result, and that a sally was impossible, because the enemy had already seized the barriers of the town, and directed his guns against the narrow entrances. On this the generals withdrew their opposition to the views of the majority. The council of war consequently declared to the commanding general that, in consideration of the material impossibility of continuing the struggle, we are compelled to accept the conditions offered, as every delay would expose us to the danger of painful consequences.

Wimpffen, Ducrot, Forgeat, Lebrun, Douay, Dejeau.

Queen Elizabeth.

In Paul Heintzner's "Travels," 1598, is the following description:

"She was said to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white, and somewhat wrinkled; her eyes small, black and gracious; her nose somewhat bent, her lips compressed; her teeth black (from eating too much sugar). She had ear-rings of pearls, red hair (but artificial), and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered (as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England), and round her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful, her fingers long. She was of middle size, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak was of black silk, with silver lace and a long train was carried by a marchioness. She spoke English, French and Italian; but she knew also Greek and Latin, and understood Spanish, Scotch and Dutch. Wherever she turned her eyes people fell on their knees. When she came to the door of the chapel, books were handed to her, and the people called out, 'God save the Queen Elizabeth!' whereupon the Queen answered, 'I thank you, myn good peuple.'"

Evil of Fractional Paper Currency.

Very proper censure is visited upon the boastful announcement that the United States Treasury had saved $220,484 by the destruction and loss of fractional currency in the hands of innocent holders of the same. It is suggested that we should have offices that may be readily reached where mutilated fractional currency may be redeemed by the government in sums of small amounts; but the most effectual mode of remedying the grievance complained of is the entire withdrawal of all paper currency for the fractional part of a dollar. It is true this consummation can not be very well brought about before resumption, without a resort to metal tokens, which are objectionable on many accounts, but especially as tending to perpetuate a debased currency. A war, however, against ragged, dirty, and dilapidated fractional currency should be kept up unceasingly by those who suffer most from its use, until Congress shall devise some effectual and permanent relief.

MUSK.

Musk is an animal secretion, obtained from *Moschus moschiferus*, or musk-deer, an inhabitant of the great mountain ranges of Central Asia.

The *Moschus moschiferus* takes its English name from a strong resemblance, in shape, to the deer with which we are familiar in this country. Its usual size is about two feet in height, and three in length. The ears long and narrow; the tail very short. The nature of its coat approaches that of fur; the color is a dark gray.

The musk is secreted by the male animal only, and is found in a sac, or closed pouch, under its belly. As soon as the deer is killed, this sac is cut off and dried with its contents; in this state it is sent to market.

The capture of the deer is by no means an easy task. Timid in nature, and possessed of great activity and nimbleness, it frequents crags and retreats in the mountains, almost inaccessible to man, and prefers the regions of snow to lower grounds, which renders the labor of hunting still more arduous.

Snaring is largely practised, and is probably the most successful method of taking them. Early travelers describe the hunt as being made by lying in wait for the deer, and attacking them with arrows and other missiles.

Musk is in little grains, or lumps, adhering to each other, soft and somewhat unctuous to the touch, and of a dark reddish-brown color. By age and exposure it loses water, and, perhaps, other liquid constituents, and consequently has less adhesiveness. Its odor, so well known to every one, is one of the most durable and persistent of any found in Nature or producible by art. It is so strong and diffusive, that one part of musk will impart its scent to three thousand parts of inodorous matter Exposed to the air, it will, after reaching a certain state of dryness, continue to give off odor indefinitely, and with scarcely any appreciable loss in weight. Leather scented with it retains the odor for years, and, in fact, its scent once diffused in any substance or place, which suffers little exposure, will remain for an almost incredibly long time.

Musk is largely used as a perfume. Although not usually liked in its pure state by persons of cultivated taste, there is scarcely an odor more popular in compounds, or which is of greater use to the maker of perfumery. Its warm, aromatic smell and great durability, and the peculiar property it has (in common, however, with some other substances), of giving fixity or permanence to prefumes more volatile than itself, make it one of the most valuable of all his materials.

It is also employed, to a limit extent, as a medicine.

As before intimated, musk usually comes to us in its natural envelopes, known commercially as "pods," which range in weight from about three-eighths to one and a quarter ounce. The average yield of "grain-musk," i. e., the musk itself, from each pod, is about one half its gross weight. Three varieties are known in market—Russian, Indian, and Chinese—which are named in the order of their excellence. The best Chinese is said to be that from the province or district of Tonquin, but the name "Tonquin musk" is probably now applied indiscriminately to all the Chinese product. Our chief supply of Chinese musk comes to us direct from Canton; it is imported in caddies containing fifty to one hundred ounces.

Musk is prodigiously dear. Even at the present low rate of gold and absence of duty, the genuine Chinese, in pods, is worth ten to eleven dollars per ounce in first hands, and the pure article, separated from its envelope, in like proportion, namely, twenty to twenty-five dollars. Notwithstanding this high price, its preparations can be produced at a moderate cost, because a little of it "goes such a great way" in the matter of giving off odor.

As musk is in active demand in almost all countries, and, as might be inferred, especially in the East, and as the difficulty of procuring it is so great, it is not likely that its value will ever become very low.

Its high price offers great temptation to adulteration, which is freely indulged in as far as possible. The usual manner of selling it, in the natural sac, of course renders sophistication somewhat difficult, but it is still often practiced with great ingenuity and success. The intense odor of the musk itself so permeates any substance with which it may be mixed, that a small proportion of foreign matter is not at all recognizable by any change of smell, and chemical tests are not easily applied. The ordinary "grain-musk" of the shops is merely a skilful imitation, strongly scented with the real article. It is not, however, one of our home manufactures. The Chinamen are clever enough to make it in their own country. It is sent to the outside barbarians in characteristic little leaden cans, holding an ounce each, which are carefully covered all over with paper, on which are stamped various hieroglyphical signs, which perhaps assert, as strongly as do the types on American labels, used to cover the outside of similar productions of "home industry," that the contents are genuine, and warranted the best in quality that can be obtained even in the floweriest region of all their Celestial country.

The popular idea that musk, or something near akin to it, is obtained from other sources than the one named, is erroneous; the musk-deer is its only producer. It is true that a few odors are found in the animal kingdom that bear a slight resemblance to it, but they are all coarse and unpleasant, and can by no means be classed as perfumes.

Chemists describe an artificial musk, formed by the action of strong nitric acid and oil of amber, but, from its want of introduction into use as a substitute for the genuine (the cost of its production being comparatively trifling), it is safe to infer that a successful imitation has never been produced; that in this instance, as in most other works of nature, a secret is hidden we are unable entirely to fathom, and a skill displayed which is inimitable by the hand of man.—[John H. Snively in Appleton's Journal.

DAMPNESS.

It is not to be wondered at that the ancients regarded water as one of the elements of which all things are composed; for it is a truth demonstrated by modern chemistry, that almost all natural objects contain a large proportion of water. Not only the plants which drink in the summer showers, and show by their juicy succulence that they have incorporated the liquid streams into their very substance, but the very soil in which these plants grow, and the solid rocks themselves, contain a large proportion of water. And, when we take away from animals, and even from man himself, the water which they contain, the amount of solid residue left behind is surprisingly small. It is true, that, in all these cases, our senses give evidence of the presence of water, and do not require the corroborative testimony of chemical analysis. The moisture adhering to soil and to rocks, the juice of plants, and the blood and other fluids present in animals, all evidently acknowledge water as one of their chief constituents, and testify plainly to the presence of this liquid. But, if we were to suppose that water is always absent from those substances which to our senses give no evidence of its presence, we should commit a great mistake. The dry and solid rock consists largely of water; and clay, though baked in the summer sun and dried by the summer breeze, cannot be robbed of all its moisture. When the washerwoman buys fourteen pounds of transparent and apparently perfectly dry soda, she in reality pays for nine pounds of water, and gets but seven pounds of real soda, instead of the fourteen that she supposed she is getting. In short, water is present everywhere,—in the dry wood that has for years formed our furniture, and even in the apparently dry dust that blows about our streets. Even the air, on a dry and sultry day when everything is parched and when every breath seems to burn our throats, is charged with moisture. That warm and apparently dry air contains moisture, is easily proved. An ice-pitcher becomes covered with dew, not because the water *sweats* through from the inside, as it is said to do, but because the water held in suspension by the hot air is deposited on the pitcher whenever the air in contact with the pitcher is cooled sufficiently, as will be explained presently. The following very simple experiment shows that air, even when apparently dry, contains a considerable amount of moisture. Procure a small quantity of salt of tartar, a cheap drug that may be obtained from any apothecary, and, on a dry day, lay it on a common plate, and expose it to the atmosphere. In a short time it will have attracted from the air an amount of water sufficient to dissolve it, and it will have become converted into an apparently oily liquid, called by the old chemists, who did not fully understand the changes that take place, oil of tartar. The experiment will be more convincing, perhaps, if the salt with its containing vessel—which in this case, however, should be as light as possible—be placed in the pan of a moderately delicate pair of scales, and carefully counterbalanced. In this case, the abstraction of the moisture from the air is rendered evident by the gradual increase in the weight of the salt, and the descent of the pan in which it is placed.

If, then, moisture may be regarded as everywhere present, it becomes a nice point to determine when anything—such, for example, as the air we breathe, our houses, beds, clothes, etc.—may be considered damp. To look for perfect dryness would be a vain search; nor would it do us much good if we could find it. Perfectly dry air would remove the moisture from our bodies so rapidly, that we should wither as if smitten with the blast of the simoom. In such an atmosphere, our throats would be parched as if in an oven, plants would wither, and nature become one universal desert. But, on the other hand, air that is too moist—that is to say, air that is really damp—produces effects that are equally disastrous. In such an atmosphere, metals rust or corrode, vegetable matters rot, and the growth of fungi such as mildew, mould, etc., is greatly promoted. Air in this condition is therefore universally regarded a unwholesome; and it consequently becomes an important practical question to determine when our dwellings are really damp, and to distinguish between this condition and that in which bodies may be considered as ordinarily and properly moist. Theoretically, the question is confessedly one that is not easily solved; but, practically, it is not so difficult. Let us consider the case of the air, and find out, if we can, what the conditions are in which it may be said to be damp.

When perfectly dry air is brought into contact with bodies containing water in a free state, there instantly begins a strife for the possession of the liquid. Since water evaporates at all temperatures, even when it is frozen solid, the air surrounding the moist body becomes loaded with vapor, and, as it then gradually mixes with the air in its neighborhood, its place is supplied with drier air, until the whole air contained in the room or vessel has been saturated with water. The point at which this saturation occurs depends chiefly upon the temperature of the atmosphere. On a warm day the air is dry, not because there is little or no water present in it, but because, owing to its high temperature, it is capable of receiving and retaining a considerable additional quantity of moisture. In other words, air and everything else is capable of holding in its substance a certain definite quantity of water. If the amount of water present is so great that it appears in the form of moisture, or if the proportion even approaches the limit which the body is capable of holding even before it becomes evident to our senses, we call it damp. Absolute dryness, then, is to be carefully avoided, and so is that degree of moistness in which objects part easily with the water which they hold. The evil effects of the first condition are to be seen in the dry and oppressive condition of an atmosphere heated by a stove or furnace; the results of an excess in the opposite direction are most clearly seen in unwholesome basements and damp and malarious cellars.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The Marine Mole—A Wonderful Invention—Nearly Two Hundred Feet Under Water.

The tolpa marina, or marine mole, is a recent invention of Signor Toselli, of Naples, by which he descends into the sea with plenty of air and plenty of room, and is enabled to continue for four hours his minute scientific observations on surrounding submarine life, at a depth of 31 fathoms (186 feet) under water.

This wonderful machine has been built at Sestri de Ponente, near Genoa, after Signor Toselli's plans, and the inventor made his first experiment in the Bay of Naples, on the 26th of August, in the presence of the local authorities and several officers of the Royal Navy. We give a translation of a description of the apparatus as printed in an Italian periodical, *L'Italia Nuova*: "It is 4 yards 8 inches long, cylindrical in form, and made entirely of iron and bronze. Its diameter is about 1 yard 4 inches. It is divided into four superposed compartments or diaphragms, the central one being reserved for the divers. The upper chamber contains the compressed air necessary for respiration during immersion. The lower chamber acts like the air-bladder of fishes, as it increases or diminishes the weight of the machine proportionably to the quantity of water it displaces. Finally, the last compartment, which is at the end of the cylinder, is filled with the necessary quantity of lead to keep the machine in a vertical position, like an acrometer. Several holes, fitted with bronze round the surface, admit of various contrivances, without which it would be incomprehensible how a man, hermetically shut up in what may be called an iron castle, could catch external objects, bore, secure by the means of ropes, and collect them."

The same paper, in its following number (August 28) adds: "We have received letters from Naples which confirm the reported success of Signor Toselli's first descent into the Bay of Naples, by means of his diving apparatus, at a depth of 35 fathoms—namely, under a pressure of six atmospheres. * * * The weather could not have been lovelier, nor the sea more calm. As soon as the crowd of distinguished invited witnesses had arrived at Baja—the chosen place for the experiment—they were met by Admiral de Viry and his staff.

"The experiment began about noon. After soundings had been taken, the machine, then empty, was sunk into the sea, and left for some time at a depth of 30 fathoms, to try if it would bear that pressure without being smashed; as soon, however, as it was again seen floating upon the surface of the water without having received the slightest injury, the bystanders ceased to entertain doubts of Signor Toselli's safety, while he, perfectly calm, got into his marine mole, and descended slowly to the bottom of the sea. The lowering of the machine through thirty fathoms of water took three and one-half minutes. When, after awhile, it was seen floating again, and when the lid opened, Signor Toselli came out smiling and serene, cheering burst out on every side.

"During his sojourn at the bottom of the sea Signor Toselli wrote the following report of his experiment to the well-known director of the Royal Observatory of the Vesuvium, Signor Polmieri, who was a witness of the experiment, and expressed himself highly satisfied with it:

"'Sir: The sensations I experience at this moment are so strange and numerous, that should I wait to write them down I am sure they would slip from my memory.

"'First of all, I must tell you that the water here does not look like itself any longer, but seems to be a motionless mass of transparent glass, quite luminous enough to allow of reading or writing.

"'The bottom of the sea seemed at first to hurry toward me; then I saw it stop, and, after a while, glide away from me. I was quite astonished at this, and almost feared lest my eyes should be diseased; but, by observing that the movements of the manometer kept in direct communication with the sea, I felt reassured, having at once surmised the cause of the apparent movement. When I fancied the bottom of the sea was running toward me, it was a proof that I was sinking with a certain speed; when the bottom seemed to have stopped moving, it was myself, in fact, did not move; and when the bottom sunk rapidly as if running away from me, I was then ascending toward the surface.

"'It is very amusing to see so many fishes swimming to and fro on all sides, and to be able to enjoy so curious a spectacle without experiencing the slightest inconvenience.

"'Such silence prevails here that it would seem terrible to some people; but I consider it, on the contrary, a peculiar sort of pleasure to breathe in such a medium.

"'The barometer marks 81 centimetres of pressure, the igrometer in my sell indicates 26 degrees, and the one outside only 15. The manometer communicating with the sea shows the depth to be 13 fathoms. The other manometer still marks two atmospheres, which tells me that there is yet air enough in the chamber to allow me to stop here four hours longer, without running any danger of suffocation.

"'All the contrivances of my machine perfectly answer the purpose I had in view, except the lid, which shuts and opens too slowly.

"'I can venture to say that I have hit the mark at once. This makes me feel an indescribable joy, which I wish to share with you, and with all those honored and illustrious persons, who, by favoring me with their presence, have generously offered to my weary mind the best of all remunerations. Yours, &c.,

"'G. B. TOSELLI.

"'From the bottom of the Bay of Naples.'"

Signor Toselli also wrote the following letter to the directors of the engine manufactory at Sestri di Ponente, which, we think, is almost as full of interest as his report to Professor Palmieri:

"*Messrs Westermann Brothers, Engine Manufacturers, at Sestri:*

"I inform you, without dealy, that I put my marine mole to the test yesterday, before several military, civil, and scientific authorities who had told me that the sea was much deeper at Baja than anywhere else in that neighborhood. They kindly deceived me out of anxiety for my life, for on reaching the bottom I could read on the manometer that the depth, instead of being 55, as I had wished, was only 31 fathoms. At any rate the depth at which I have, descended is far below the depth which divers have as yet reached with their usual apparatus. The time from the moment I signalled telegraphically for my departure from the bottom of the sea to my arrival at the surface, was three minutes, as some bystanders said three minutes and a half, which constitutes a great difference in favor of my machine, if compared with what a common diver would have been able to achieve with his apparatus, which would have employed not less than 70 minutes to pierce the same thick layer of water. It is well known that the greatest number of fatal accidents occuring to drivers are to be ascribed to the sudden transition from a very high pressure to a much lower one, and that they can only avoid this by ascending slowly at the rate of forty inches per minute, and not more.

"The pressure inside my marine mole being exactly the same near the surface of the sea as at a depth of 55 fathoms, I could dart with impunity from the bottom to the surface, like a fish, without experiencing any pain in my lungs. This is one of the greatest advantages of my invention, and of which I had not even thought or hoped before.

"I wish to share the pleasures of my triumph with all the clever mechanics of your establishment, who have built my machine with so much care. By acting thus towards them, I do nothing else than my duty, because I know how few people do justice to the great merit of those, who, with their tools and their exhausting labor, succeed in giving a *de facto* existence to the products of intelligence."

RIDING.

Many years ago a British prelate, of extremely studious and sedentary habits, fell into a miserably hypochondriacal state of health, and resolved to consult an eminent medical man, remarkable at once for his ability and for his brusqueness.

The Bishop stated his case. "You must ride," quoth the man of medicine. His worship mildly submitted that he was no horseman. "No matter," replied the doctor, "you must learn to be one. Get a steady pad, bestride it first for half an hour, and increase your ride a quarter of an hour more each day until you ride three hours. You have asked my advice; there it is; if you don't choose to follow it I can offer no other prescription." The Bishop made a great effort and did as he was bid. After the first week he would not miss his ride for the world. In three months he was strong and hearty, and eventually attained extreme old age.

Surely there are hundreds of us here who would benefit equally if they would go and do likewise. It is a remarkable circumstance how many hard intellectual workers have been great riders. In our own country, to take two salient but very different instances of splendid success, Washington was devoted to riding, and John Jacob Astor was equally so.

In France, the first Napoleon was always in the saddle; his nephew rode admirably to hunt, and M. Thiers—that wonderful old man, who has been able to endure the frightful turmoils of the last six months, and to take the lead although he has passed eighty summers—is quite as proud of his horsemanship as of his intellectual abilities.

Lord Palmerston, who at times did a marvelous amount of work, scarcely ever missed his ride, and rode twenty miles a day at eighty. Mr. Gladstone is to be seen, daily, on his powerful cob, pounding down Rotten Row, and it is not many months since his horse ran away with him, and he had to give proof of the excellence of his seat by taking the four-foot bar at the entrance.

Nearly all those great English legal luminaries whose marvelously long lives, despite the wear and tear of forensic and political duties, has so often excited astonishment, have been daily riders, and thus have maintained unimpaired their digestive faculties. Go into Hyde Park in the morning, and judges and business men are taking their gallop before they go to work; at 12 o'clock nearly every member of the Cabinet will be there, and in the afternoon lawyers and merchants who had to be at work too early to get their ride in the morning. One of the most regular of riders is Mr. Delane, editor of the Times, whose horses are as well known to London *habitues* as that of the Duke of Wellington in the statue. Soft riding ground has now been extended almost to the Houses of Parliament, so that hard-worked senators can get away for an hour's gallop without having to pass over miles of stony streets.

We would suggest to brain-workers what an economy of health, and, therefore, in the end, of money, many of them would effect by taking to this capital exercise, and teaching their children, both boys and girls, also to enjoy it. Assuming that it involves an expenditure of time, and therefore of money, it yields an ample return in health which is surely well worth any outlay, for, as one of the wisest of modern philosophers says: "Happiness is not impossible without health, but it is of very difficult attainment. I do not mean by health merely an absence of dangerous complaints, but that the body should be in perfect tune—full of vigor and alacrity." It is just this "perfect tune," this "vigor and alacrity," of which so many among us feel the absence, and which a couple of hours daily in the saddle would do more than aught else to supply. It gives even more happiness than dollars.

Want of exercise produces unpleasant feelings of the body, which in their turn produce correspondent sensations in the mind, and a good gallop may shake up the liver and make the mind to resist temptations and overcome obstacles which it always experiences from the bad organization of its companion.

It has been said that if a murderer's liver were examined it would nearly always be found to be amiss, and we really are disposed to believe so, knowing as we do, by sad experience, how dyspepsia can make malevolent and morose those who would otherwise be the most amicable and urbane.—[N. Y. Post.

IRON VS. LEAD PIPES.

It would be difficult at the present moment, to decide to which term of the adage "out of the frying-pan into the fire" the iron and lead pipes may respectively belong; but there is no question there is not much choice left between them. Under certain circumstances and conditions, which vary with the locality, they are both to be feared as mediums for the conveyance of water as well as gas. Let us consider the case of iron pipes first, and investigate some of the objections urged against their use, as the whole subject is one of the most serious importance to the public at large. It is alleged that iron pipes are porous, allowing their contents to escape, or literally to permeate through the molecular interstices of the material; that, moreover, they leak considerably at the joints, speedily corrode and decay, especially when laid in damp ground, and are not suited for conveying certain descriptions of water which is to be utilized for potable and culinary purposes.

An obvious distinction must be made between the escape of gas by direct leakage and by permeation. The fact that absolute permeation does take place is incontestable; equally so with leakage. Where iron pipes are fresh laid, with new joints, in a perfectly hermetically tight condition, so that no direct leakage can take place, the ground in the vicinity nevertheless becomes in a very short time completely saturated with gas. Again, when gas-pipes have been laid near wells, the water has been found contaminated by the escape of their contents. But a still more remarkable circumstance has been observed at Croydon and elsewhere. When iron pipes, some containing gas and the others water, have been laid in contiguity, the gas has been found to escape from one pipe, and permeate through the other until it mixed with the water in it. Extraordinary as this occurrence may appear, it is readily explained in accordance with the chemical theory of the subtle diffusion of gases. It is, in fact, a species of endosmose. The gas, having once escaped from its own confinement, impregnates the ground lying about the pipes, and thus we have the pipe containing the water surrounded by gas. It therefore occupies the position of a porous medium between two fluids of different densities; and, by virtue of the chemical law already alluded to, they will tend to become intermixed, with a force inversely proportional to their respective specific gravities. The remedy for this is obviously to diminish the porosity of the pipe, which may be effected either by the employment of another material, or by coating the iron externally or internally with some description of protective paint. If this measure was effectually carried out, and the pipes protected externally, a double end would be answered. The permeation would be arrested, and the corrosion and gradual destruction of the pipes materially retarded, if not altogether prevented. It is for this reason that some of the recently laid gas-pipes have been well payed over on the outside with tar. A coating of tar is no doubt better than nothing; but it is not by any means the best preservative that might be used. There are numerous patent protecting and preserving paints; and it is probable that the true solution of the problem lies in the adoption of some of these, or in the preparation of a special description for the purpose. With regard to the chemical action of water upon iron pipes, so far as concerns the risk of endangering its potability, it may be almost disregarded unless the water be of an unusual degree of hardness.

Ever since the famous experiment at Hamburg, every substance has been acknowledged to be more or less porous, the degree of porosity being inversely proportional to its specific gravity. The same ratio will represent the permeability of the substance. The specific gravity of iron is 7.7, while that of lead is 11.35, or about half more than that of the former metal. The substitution of lead pipes for iron would thus at once prevent all leakage, except directly through imperfect joints; and the occurrence of this evil would be far more easily guarded against than in the case of the iron. These advantages possessed by leaden pipes, to which must be added their greater durability and freedom from corrosion, are counterbalanced by the manner in which lead is acted upon by water, which presents very unsatisfactory and even dangerous features. If a piece of clean lead be immersed in pure water, and afterwards exposed to the air, in a very short time a white, flaky, semi-crystalline powder is formed, which is soluble in water, and, similar to all preparations of this metal, is a rank poison. One merit belongs to this poisonous contamination, which is that it is easily detected. But, as pure water, in the chemical sense of the term, never constitutes the supply provided for towns, we must take the case of ordinary rivers, and spring-water of a moderate degree of softness. In this instance the same operation takes place, but in a much less observable degree. Most waters of this description contain a small proportion of sulphates, which causes the deposition of an exceedingly tenuous film of sulphate of lead upon the inside of the pipe, and thus the further formation of the salt is at once checked. Thus it is that leaden pipes and leaden cisterns are used with impunity, or apparent impunity, in numerous instances for conveying and storing water. However true theoretically this chemical protective action may be, it would obviously be in the highest degree culpable to rely upon its efficacy, when the purity of the water supply of a town was the question at issue. The third case that presents itself for consideration is when water containing a large proportion of carbonic acid is passed through leaden pipes. Under these circumstances, the formation of white lead would ensue, which is soluble in water containing carbonic acid.

The conclusion to be arrived at with respect to this important question is, that the mechanical advantages of lead are outweighed by its chemical disadvantages. It is well known that very soft water acts most injuriously upon this metal. Besides, lead pipes could not possibly be substituted generally for iron ones, but only on a certain scale, and under certain conditions. It is clear that local boards and sanitary authorities of towns are placed in a dilemma. They can not poison the inhabitants on the one hand; neither can they, on the other, permit the enormous waste and contamination of water which continually occurs. Nevertheless, the course to pursue is clear enough. Whatever may be the mechanical difficulties to overcome, whatever may be the loss by defective joints or corroded pipes, they must all be endured in preference to adopting a remedy which entails a peril to the public health, which can not be endured. It can not be too prominently kept in view that no amount of filtration will purify water chemically contaminated. We throw out this suggestion because we have so frequently heard the expression, "Oh, I filter my water, therefore it is all right, wherever it comes from." Filtration removes mechanically suspended impurities, but not those held in chemical solution.—[Build. News.

Renewing Forests—Artificial Lakes.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

I was much pleased by your timely article in Saturday's issue on the bad results of the destruction of forests. Already wet seasons are the exception in large tracts of country where formerly they were the rule. Springs begin to fail that were never known to dry up; and streams which I remember furnishing a good flow of water throughout the dryest season present only dry beds in summer. So widespread has become the disaster that only well-directed and persistent efforts will save the older portion of the country from the sterility which is now seen in some parts of the old world.

In some parts of the country, however, our forests have increased rather than diminished, and we are not altogether without encouragement.

Nature is kinder to man than he is to himself or to his kind, for everywhere, if he but follows her laws, he soon remedies the results of his own errors. In the older prairie states, like Ohio and Kentucky, and even in all those east of the Mississippi, forests have multiplied as the Indian and buffalo have been driven west. There are many men now living who see young forests spreading over miles of country which, when he was a boy, was open prairie. Portions of Kentucky which Daniel Boone and his companions saw as naked prairie are now covered with thrifty forests. Perhaps I have known more of Illinois than any western state during the last forty years, and I think I shall be sustained in my assertion by old residents when I say that the forest surface in that state has quadrupled in the last twenty years, and there is a fair prospect that it will be quadrupled in the next quarter of a century. The annihilation of the buffalo and the prevention of the annual fires of the Indian would in twenty years' time cover the vast country west of the Mississippi and to the ocean with thrifty forests; for it is only the annual fires and the close cropping of the herbage by the buffalo that keeps them back now.

One means of preventing the alternate inundations and droughts which follow the destruction of forests is the establishment of a system of reservoirs or artificial lakes, whereby surplus water may be stored, and be utilized for purposes of agriculture or motive power. In my opinion the first and most important step towards a proper correction of these terrible evils is to institute a system of artificial lakes. There is hardly a township in this state where a practical engineer could be made. Generally only poor or worthless not select the ground where such a lake could land would be covered, and besides the supply of good fish which could be raised, valuable water-power could be obtained. In this way these lakes should pay for themselves and not be a source of expense.

A. C. PETERS.

Shakespeare in French.

There was a period in Paris—it was in the time of Talma—when Shakespeare was a prodigious favorite in that gay capital. "Hamlet" was produced in English at the Theater Francaise, and the great French actor represented the melancholy Dane. John Howard Payne and Washington Irving witnessed the first performance. It was an immense success, and had a prolonged run. Talma's pronunciation of the English was very good—indeed, excellent; but his accent, Mr. Payne said, was characteristic and very peculiar. For example, he remarked that Hamlet was made to say:

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time
* * * * * * *
When he could his quietus make
With his bare bod-kin? Who would far-dels bear
To grunt and sweat," etc.

The passion for Shakespeare's plays at this time in Paris had become so intense that Frenchmen "saw in Shakespeare more than Shakespeare knew," as this authentic report of an enthusiastic admirer's verdict upon a representation of the character of Macbeth, delivered in a popular restaurant near the theater, sufficiently proves:

"Ah! you should see the grand simplicite, the simple grandeur of Shakispere in 'Mossu Macabess!' When he cry (capapie, ready, all in proof):

—— 'Come on, Macaduff!
And d—nd be he who first say,
Hold up!—Enoffs!'

"Macaduffs comes up. Mossu Macabess draw his rapier; he make demonstration; Macaduffs pink him in de stomac. He says, wizout delay: 'Enoffs!'

"Drums beat—they fight—he dies."

"Voila le grand simplicite! What for Mossu Macabess say 'Enoffs!' 'Cause he got enough; he got plaanty; and, though brave, he not ashamed to say so to a brave antagonistical!"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

IT IS STATED in a recent number of Dingler's Journal that a filter formed of very finely divided iron, or of what is called iron-sponge, will rapidly clear water of organic impurities.

PROFESSOR HENRY says that the observations of the Smithsonian Institute, which extend over a period of twenty years, has as yet failed to confirm the popular belief that the removal of the forests and the cultivation of the soil tend to diminish the amount of rain-fall.

FROM MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION of irons and steels, Mr. Schott, of Washington, infers that he can thus determine their various qualities; the height of the crystal-pyramids relatively to the sizes of their bases, and the arrangement of these crystals differing in different specimens.

THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY, under the authority of Congress, has made, for distribution to the different States of the Union, fifty acurate copies of the French metre, brought from Paris last year by the American commission to the international congress on weights and measures. The standards brought back are a metre bar of gilded brass and one of platinum.

CAOUTCHOUC is chemically acted upon by light in a remarkable manner. A film of this substance spread on a lithograph stone and exposed to the action of light gives the stone the property of taking up greasy inks upon the lighted portions. Upon this fact Swan, of England, founds a lithographic process. He exposes to the sun, under a negative, a film of caoutchouc obtained by dissolving this substance in benzole, and then transfers the film to the lithographic stone.

IN DINGLER'S POLYTECHNISCHES JOURNAL is the following process, by Professor Stolba, for nickel-plating wrought and cast iron, steel, copper, brass, zinc and lead. To a concentrated solution of chloride of zinc is added an equal quantity of water. The precipitate which forms on adding the water is dissolved by heating the liquid and adding muriatic acid; zinc powder is now added in small quantities, which produces a zinc coating on the metal vessel containing the fluid. Sufficient sulphate or chloride of nickel is now added to color the liquid distinctly green, and the objects to be plated are put in it, with some zinc clippings, and the liquid boiled. In about fifteen minutes the objects are found to be completely coated; and where the surface of the object was polished or dull, the plating will be also polished or dull. If a cobalt salt be used instead of nickel, a steel gray cobalt plating is obtained, which is, however, less lustrous and liable to tarnish.

IN THE AMERICAN NATURALIST, for September, W. J. Hays gives the following as the results of his investigations into "the range of the animals of America at the time of the arrival of the white men." The moose, now almost entirely driven out of the United States, was found as far south as New York city; the range of the carriboo was about what it is now; the musk-ox is not mentioned by the early travelers, but the common deer is spoken of as existing everywhere in astonishing numbers. The wapiti deer was found all along the coast from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico; the bison ranged along the coast from the valley of Connecticut to Florida, and roamed over the entire country now known as the United States, and reached the sixtieth parallel in British America. Mr. Hays computes that at least half a million of bisons are annually destroyed by man. The jaguar, not now found east of Texas, occurred in the mountains of North Carolina as recently as 1737; the dog was found in all parts of the country, and, from the descriptions, must have been of the same species as those now found with the Indians of the plains.

A REVOLVING SAFE was among the inventions which attracted much attention in the industrial department of the just concluded London international exhibition. It is made in a circular shape, and, when locked, and placed either against a wall, or built into it, the door is turned into the wall, the back facing the spectator. To open the safe, a lock is opened in a strong iron box on which the safe rests. This moves a spring, which enables the operator, by means of a small hand key, to bring the door of the safe round to the front, and causes a bell to ring a loud alarm. The door being opened by means of a key, another door presents itself, which is opened by being moved round to the back of the safe.

A NEW METHOD OF STREET ILLUMINATION has been devised by Mr. Skelton, a London architect, which consists in a novel, ingenious adaptation of the catoptric lenses already in use in light-houses to the purpose of street illumination. The inventor takes the ordinary street lamp, and, by the introduction of catoptric reflectors at the sides and on top of the lamp, increases the illuminating power of the jet three-fold. A very ingenious contrivance secures the reflectors from dust, it being simply to enclose each set within glass squares. There can be no doubt as to the increased light obtained by Mr. Skelton's arrangement, seeing that the comparative illuminating power can be easily tested by the photometer, and the expense of applying it to the whole of our 40,000 street lamps would be not more than 5 per cent. increase on the present annual outlay. The light will shortly be tried on Waterloo bridge, London, and, it is expected, will completely remove the semi-darkness that prevails there in consequence of the distance at which the lamps are placed. At present there is a place of almost total darkness between each two lamps in consequence of the rays of each falling short. Under Mr. Skelton's plan the lamps will appear as if each contained three jets, and the rays of each will cross and overlap its neighbor to a considerable distance. The London Daily News, after a careful inspection, comes to the conclusion that the invention is at once simple and original, and that it is calculated to be of great public utility in lighting our streets. It is already patented in England, on the Continent, and in America.

AN EXPLOSION ON THE SUN is the somewhat startling title of an article in the November number of the Boston Journal of Chemistry, in which Prof. C. A. Young, of Dartmouth college describes "an outburst of solar energy remarkable for its suddenness and violence," which he observed on the 7th of September, between half-past 12 and 2 o'clock. Just at noon the professor had been examining with a tele-spectroscope—a combination of the astronomical telescope and spectroscope—an enormous protuberance or hydrogen cloud on the eastern limb of the sun, which had remained with very little change since the preceding noon—a long, low, quiet-looking cloud, not very dense or brilliant, not in any way remarkable except for its size. It was made up mostly of filaments nearly horizontal, and floated above the chromosphere—the layer of hydrogen and other gases which surrounds the sun to a depth of about 7000 miles, of which the prominences are mere extensions—with its lower surface at a hight of some 15,000 miles, but was connected to it, as is usually the case, by three or four vertical columns brighter and more active than the rest. Lockyer compares such masses to a banyan grove. It was about 100,000 miles long by 54,000 high. At 12:30, Prof. Young continues, when I was called away for a few minutes, there was no indication of what was about to happen, except that one of the connecting stems at the southern extremity of the cloud had grown considerably brighter, and was curiously bent to one side; and near the base of another at the northern end a little brilliant lump had developed itself, shaped much like a summer thunder-head. What was my surprise, then, on returning in less than half an hour (at 12:55) to find that in the meantime the whole thing had been literally blown to shreds by some inconceivable up-rush from beneath. In place of the quiet cloud I had left, the air, if I may use the expression, was filled with flying debris—a mass of detached vertical fusiform filaments, each from 4500 to 13,500 miles long, by from 900 to 1350 miles wide, brighter and closer together where the pillars had formerly stood, and rapidly ascending. When I first looked, some of them had already reached a hight of nearly 100,000 miles, and while I watched them they rose with a motion almost perceptible to the eye, until in 10 minutes (1:05 P.M.) the uppermost were more than 200,000 miles above the solar surface. This was ascertained by careful measurement, and I am particular in the statement because, so far as I know, chromospheric matter (red-hydrogen in this case) has never before been observed at an altitude exceeding 135,000 miles. The velocity of ascent also, 166 miles per second, is considerably greater than anything hitherto recorded.

As the filaments rose they gradually faded away like a dissolving cloud, and at 1.15 only a few filmy wisps, with some brighter streamers low down near the chromosphere, remained to mark the place. But in the meanwhile the little "thunder-head," before alluded to, had grown and developed wonderfully, into a mass of rolling and ever-changing flame, to speak according to appearances. First it was crowded down, as it were, along the solar surface; later it rose almost pyramidally 50,000 miles in height; then its summit was drawn out into long filaments and threads which were most curiously rolled backward and downward, like the volutes of an Ionic capital; and finally it faded away, and by 2.30 had vanished like the other. The whole phenomenon suggested most forcibly the idea of an *explosion* under the great prominence, acting mainly upward, but also in all directions outward, and then, after an interval, followed by a corresponding in-rush; and it seems far from impossible that the mysterious coronal streamers, if they turn out to be truly solar, as now seems likely, may find their origin and explanation in such events. The same afternoon a portion of the chromosphere on the opposite (western) limb of the sun was for several hours in a state of unusual brilliance and excitement, and showed in the spectrum more than 120 bright lines whose position was determined and catalogued,—all that I had ever seen before, and some 15 or 20 besides. Whether the fine aurora borealis which succeeded in the evening was really the earth's response to this magnificent outburst of the sun is perhaps uncertain, but the coincidence is at least suggestive, and may easily become something more if, as I somewhat confidently expect to learn, the Greenwich magnetic record indicates a disturbance precisely simultaneous with the solar explosion.

Oil from Birds.

The oil obtained from several distinct species of birds possesses a decided economical value, and various sorts are recognized as articles of trade in different parts of the world. In our own domestic medicine, goose-grease is known as an emollient, and for other purposes. The penguins, petrels, mutton-birds, frigate-birds, Mother Cary's chickens, etc., are sometimes killed in immense numbers for their oil, and to such an extent is the destruction of penguins carried in this connection that, while the fat of eleven penguins is required to furnish a gallon of oil, a single vessel has been known to bring back, after a six weeks' cruise, twenty-five to thirty thousand gallons, representing, of course, over ten times that number of birds; this is taken to London and used almost exclusively in currying leather. Ostrich fat has much reputation in Africa as a remedy for the rheumatism, and is greatly sought after by the Arabs. The emu, or Australian ostrich, is hunted very much for a similar purpose; a single bird will produce six or seven quarts of a beautiful, bright yellow oil.

☞ An irregular surface of stone, about four feet square, is all that remains of Plymouth Rock.